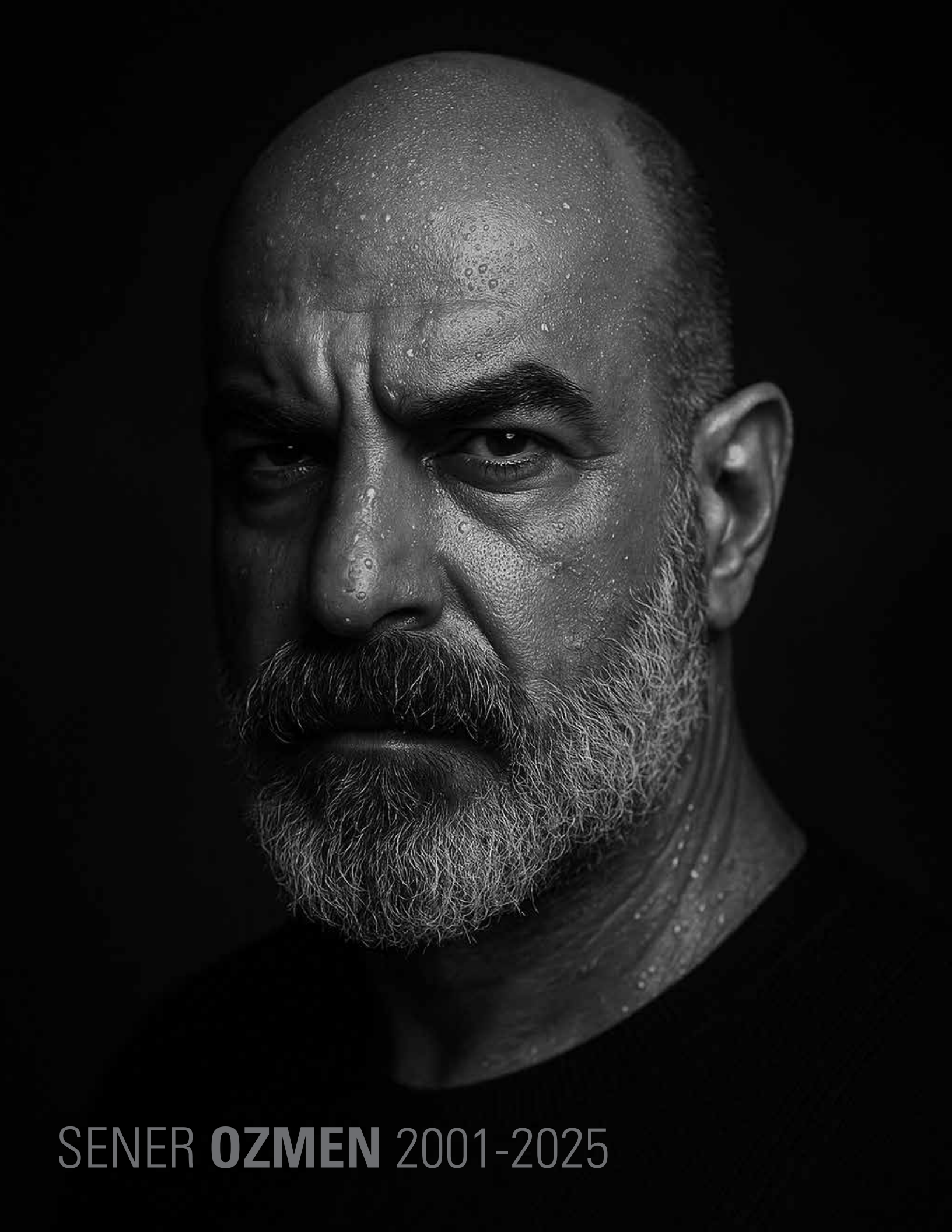




SENER **OZMEN** 2001-2025

Sener Ozmen is a new media artist, writer, editor and translator living in Chicago. He was an both actor of dissident contemporary art practices that developed in Istanbul after the 1990s, and in Diyarbakir in 2000s, the city where he lived and produced, and he was one of the art writers who wrote this development through period exhibitions and artists. His articles on identity, nationalism, militarism, sexism, production of art and literature in war and conflict zones, migration and post-migration trauma problems in his unique language have been published in art magazines and newspapers, and he has published two books on these subjects, as well as catalog texts. Ozmen’s short films and video works have been shown in the world’s most respected contemporary art museums and group exhibitions. In 2016, he was a judge at the Love & Change Film Competition at if Istanbul (If Istanbul International Independent Film Festival) together with documentary director and screenwriter Adam Curtis (UK) and documentary producer Philippa Kowarsky (Israel). Ozmen won the Prix Meuly (Hoch Hinaus, Kunstmuseum Thun, Switzerland) in 2005 and curated many exhibitions and performed solo exhibitions.

He participated in art and writing scholarships of Senatsverwaltung für Kultur und Europa Abteilung Kultur in 2018-2019 (Berlin, Germany), Elizabeth Foundation for the Arts, EFA Studio Program (NY, USA) in 2017 2018, ISCP (International Studio & Curatorial Program) in 2017, Artist Protection Fund Fellow (NY, USA), Institute of International Education-Artist Protection Fund, Montclair State University Art and Design Department, (New Jersey, USA) in 2017-2018, Q21 Museum Quartier Artist in Residency (Vienna, Austria) in 2016, Der nahe Blick / The Close View in 2008: Turkish-German City Writers Project 2008, Goethe Institut Istanbul, Literaturhaus München, Arte (München, Germany) and 2005 Transfer Turkey- NRW, Exchange and exhibition of artists from Turkey and North Rhine-Westphalia (Muenster, Germany). Ozmen’s novels and stories written in the Kurmanji dialectic of Kurdish, an endangered language, were highly appreciated by Kurdish readers. He is one of the authors and participating artists of the Luciano Benetton Collection’s Imago Mundi project called In-Between Worlds Kurdish Contemporary Artist catalog, which was published in 4 languages as part of the Imago Mundi project. Özmen participated in the contemporary art exhibition that featured Kurdish artists titled “Bêwelat-Unexpected Storytellers, 2021” at nGbK (neue Gesellschaft für bildende Kunst, Berlin), one of Berlin’s important cultural and artistic institutions, as one of the project advisors together with sociologist Engin Sustam (Paris), Bilal, Ata Aktas (Paris), Duygu Ors (Berlin) and Elif Kucuk (Berlin).

SOLO EXHIBITIONS

- 2019

2019

A New Hopelessness, Solo Exhibition, Pilevneli Gallery, Mecidiyekoy, Istanbul, Turkey
Mutterzunge: Afterword, curated by Adnan Yildiz, Uqbar, COPYRIGHTberlin, Berlin, Germany
- 2016

Unfiltered, Curated by: Süreyya Evren, Arter Space of Art, Istanbul, Turkey
- 2015

There is a way out, Co-Pilot, Istanbul, Turkey
- 2012

Zero Tolerance, Pilot Gallery, Istanbul, Turkey
- 2011

Die Geschichte von Sener Özmen / The Story of Sener Ozmen, Künstlerhaus Stuttgart, curated by: Adnan Yildiz, Stuttgart, Germany
- 2009

2005

Original Message, OUTLET, Independent Art Space, Istanbul
Vidéo Surveillance_002: Galerie Schleicher+Lange, Paris, France

GROUP EXHIBITIONS

- 2025

2025

Fragmented-Recaptured, The Ohio State University, College of Art and Sciences, Urban Art Space, Ohio, US
Everybody Knows... Curator: Bahar Adan, Gallery G-Art, Istanbul, Turkey
- 2024

Breaking Free. The collections, Curators: Stefanie Grünangerl, Doris Leutgeb, Marijana Schneider, Jürgen Tabor, Museum der Moderne Salzburg, Germany
- 2023

Unfair Game, Participating artists: Sena Basoz, Burak Delier, Fatos Irwen, Pinar Oğrenci, Sener Ozmen, Nazim Unal Yilmaz, and Nalan Yırtmac, Curated by Pinar Oğrenci, Exile Gallery, Vienna, Austria
- 2022

Lenin was a Mushroom – Moving Images in the 1990s, Exhibition curated by Nav Haq, M HKA, Museum of Contemporary Art Antwerp, Belgium
- 2021

2021

2021

Don’t Look Back Deep is Past, OMM (Odunpazari Modern Museum), Eskisehir, TR
PILEVNELI X KÖNIG, Kaplankaya, Bodrum, TR
Bê Welat - The Unexpected Storytellers, Künstler_innen der Ausstellung: Havin Al-Sindy, Deniz Aktaş, Beizar Aradini, Nuveen Barwari, Mehmet Ali Boran, Savaş Boyraz, Mahmut Celayir, Fatoş Irwen, Miro Kaygalak, Elif Küçük, Zelal Özkan, Şener Özmen, Hêlîn Şahin, nGbK-Projektgruppe: Bilal Ata Aktaş, Elif Küçük, Duygu Örs, Şener Özmen, Engin Sustamngbk, Berlin, Germany
- 2020

2020

2020

2020

2020

2020

Hassas Müdahale, Curated by Ahmet Ergenç, Kiraathane Istanbul Edebiyat Evi, Istanbul, Tr
Pilevneli Gallery Group Exhibition, Pilevneli Gallery, Istanbul, Tr
Crystal Clear, curated by Elena Sorokina, Pera Museum, Istanbul, Tr
Art Weeks Akaretler, Pilevneli Gallery, Istanbul, Tr
Experimental Shorts, 10. Kurdisches Filmfestival Berlin, Curated by Leyla Toprak, Berlin, Germany
These Are the Only Times You Have Known, curators: Arkadij Koschheew, Michaela Richter, NBK Neuer Berliner Kunstverein, Berlin, Germany
- 2020

2020

2019

Zonamaco, Mexico Arte Contemporáneo, Pilevneli Gallery, Mexico City
Speaking Across Mountains, curated by Heba Elkayal, MEI Art Gallery, Washington DC, USA
A New Hopelessness, Solo Exhibition, Pilevneli Gallery, Mecidiyekoy, Istanbul, Turkey

2019 Mutterzunge: afterword, curated by Adnan Yildiz, Uqbar, COPYRIGHTberlin, Berlin, Germany
2019 At The Factory: 10 Artists, 10 Individual Practices, Pilevneli Mecidiyeköy, Istanbul, Turkey

2018 Optimism, Third Endless Editions Biennial, curated by Oakland-based artist, curator, activist, and storyteller Lukaza Branfman-Verissimo, EFA Project Space, 323 West 39th Street, 2nd Floor, New York
2018 Mutterzunge, Film programs ...between us... and In This Way, Curated by Misal Adnan Yildiz, Babylon, Berlin, Germany
2018 Protest Club, An Exhibition Of Efa International Partnership Artists And Efa Studio Member Artists, Curated by Natalia Nakazawa, NY, USA
2018 Unleashing, Teacher College Columbia University, A project by: Richard Bochum, Curated by: Isin Onol-Livia Alexander, NY, USA
2018 Remote Memory, Curated by Yaren Akbal, Abud Efendi Konagi, Istanbul, Turkey
2018 The First Round – Selected of Banu-Hakan Çarmıklı’s Art Collection, Greek Primary School, Istanbul, Turkey

2017 Edition Pilot, Pilot Gallery, Istanbul, Turkey
2017 Schau_Raum, In this way, Museum für Neue Kunst –Städtische Museen Freiburg, Curated by: Adnan Yildiz, Didem Yazici, Germany
2017 Remember Lidice, Lidice Gallery, Czech Republic
2017 Out of Place, The 3rd Mediterranean Biennale, Sakhnin Valley, Curated by Belu-Simion Fainaru&Avital Bar-Shay, Tel Aviv, Israeli

2016 Beachhead’s Peace of Mind, Morehshin Allahyari, Marwa Arsanios, Khaled Barakeh, Don Driver, Harun Farocki & Andrei Ujică, Matthew Galloway, Bouchra Khalili, Şener Özmen, Savaş Boyraz, Khaled Sabsabi and Hito Steyerl, Art Space Auckland, New Zeland, Curated by Adnan Yildiz
2016 Open Spaces I Secret Places, Works from the SAMMLUNG VERBUND Collection, Vienna, kuratiert von Gabriele Schor, BOZAR, Center for Fine Arts, Bruxelles, Belgium
2016 In This Way, video screening, DSM Diyarbakır Art Center 22 Mayıs 2016. Berlin based artist and writer Hito Steyerl presents the world premier of her recent work “Extra Space Craft” (2016) in Diyarbakır as part of a video screening entitled “In this way” hosted by DSM (Diyarbakır Art Center). The screening program also includes recent film works from Sener Ozmen (Diyarbakır), Rojda Tugrul (Mardin) and Savas Boyraz (Stockholm), and refers to nothing else than its own content, location and time. This event is an outcome of a workshop process (Understanding Damage, 19-22 May), which runs parallel to the exhibition program of Artspace NZ, “Beachhead’s Peace of Mind” (on view 5 May- 25 June, www.artspace.org.nz) -conceived by Artspace NZ director, Misal Adnan Yildiz
2016 What is left?, curated by Gulsen Bal, Walter Seidl, frei_raum exhibition space, Museum Quartier, Wien, Austria
2016 Un Coup de Dés Jamais N’Abolira Le Hasard, Pilot Gallery, Istanbul, Turkey
2016 Why Not Ask Again: Arguments, Counter-arguments, and Stories, 11th Shanghai Biennale, China
2016 Turkish Flags, SÜDBAHNHOF, Krefeld, Germany
2016 Artists in Their Time, Istanbul Modern, Istanbul, Turkey

2015 Sanat International, 12 Star Gallery, Curated by: Carsten Recksik, London, UK
2015 Every inclusion is an exclusion of other possibilities, SALT Beyoğlu, Istanbul, Turkey
2015 Political Art and Resistance in Turkey, ngbk, Neue Gessellschaft für bilende Kunst, Berlin, Germany
2015 Ich kenne kein Weekend, Archive and Collection René Block, Curator: Marius Babias, Co-Curator: Annelie Lütgens, nbk, Berlin, Germany
2015 Concrete, Tophane-i Amire, curated by: Geraldine Kirrihi Barlow, Istanbul, Turkey
2015 Remember Lidice, Edition Block, Berlin and Museum Lidice, curated by René Block, Germany / Czech Republic
2015 “Istanbul. Passion, Joy, Fury”, MAXXI-Museo Nazionale delle Arti del XXI Secolo, Curated by Hou Hanru[39], Rome, Italy

2015 Global Control and Censorship, ZKM | Zentrum für Kunst und Medientechnologie Karlsruhe, Germany
2015 Artists in Their Time, Istanbul Modern - Istanbul Museum of Modern Art, Istanbul, Turkey
2015 “1 Day to 5”, Film and video screening, curated by Walter Seidl & Gulsen Bal, Vienna, Austria
2013 Envy, Enmity, Embarrassment, Curator: Emre Baykal, ARTER, Space Of Art, Istanbul, Turkey
2013 Histories Paralleles pays mêlés, Curator: Alain Buffard, Museum D’histoire Naturelle, Nimes, France
2013 Past and Future, Istanbul Modern (Istanbul Museum of Modern Art), Curator: Levent Calikoglu, Istanbul, Turkey
2013 Biennaleonline 2013, Reflection & Imagination, The participating curators are: Rodrigo Alonso (Argentina), Laurent Busine (Belgium), Iara Boubnova (Bulgaria), Adriano Pedrosa (Brazil), Josée Drouin Brisebois (Canada), Gerardo Mosquera (Cuba), Rebecca Lamarche Vadel (France), Martin Germann (Germany), Katerina Gregos (Greece), Chang Tsong zung (Hong Kong), Vincenzo de Bellis (Italy), Ranjit Hoskote (India), Gideon Ofrat (Israel), Javier Hontoria (Spain), Yuko Hasegawa (Japan), Hyunsun Tae (South Korea), Cuauhtémoc Medina (Mexico), Elena (Russia), Nataša Petrešin Bachelez (Slovenia), Lorenzo Benedetti (Netherlands), Joanna Mytkowska (Poland), Daniel Birnbaum (Sweden), Giovanni Carmine (Switzerland), Man ray Hsu, (Taiwan), Fulya Erdemci (Turkey), Catherine David (UAE), Hans Ulrich Obrist (UK), Nancy Spector (USA East), Jens Hoffmann (USA), ART+
2013 Agoraphobia, Curated by Fulya Erdemci, TANAS, Berlin, Germany
2013 13th Istanbul Biennial, Curated by Fulya Erdemci, Istanbul, Turkey
2013 Censorship_2013, Move on Asia, Alternative Space Loop, Seoul, Korea
2013 Histoires Parallèles: Pays Mêlés, Centre Chorégraphique National Montpellier Languedoc-Roussillon, Curated by: Alain Buffard, Montpellier, France

2012 “iRonic”, Die feinsinnige Ironie der Kunst, Curated by Claudia Emmert, Sonderausstellung in der Städtischen Galerie. Bissingen, Germany
2012 Road To Tate Modern@The Worldly House-dOCUMENTA(13) / Şener Özmen&Erkan Ozgen’s video work Road to Tate Modern is included in The Worldly House, a diverse archive housed in the baroque Karlsau Park. The archive, compiled and presented by Tue Greenfort, is inspired by Donna Haraway’s (member of the dOCUMENTA (13) Honorary Advisory Committee and renowned feminist theorist) writings on multi-species co-evolution
2012 In which language shall I tell my tale... Stedelijk Museum Schiedam, Amsterdam, NL

2011 Screening of Conditioned, LOWAVE, Pera Museum, Istanbul, Turkey
2011 Superheroes, At Casita Maria Center for Arts and Education 928 Simpson Street, Bronx NY, Curated by: Wirth Art Advisory
2011 Where Fire Has Struck, Group Exhibition, Human Rights Foundation of Turkey, Depo, Istanbul, Turkey
2011 Yes, We Don’t, Group Exhibition, Curators: Joël Benzakin, independent curator based in Brussels, Nathalie Ergino, director of the Institut d’art Contemporain, Institut d’art Contemporain, Villeurbanne / Rhône-Alpes, France
2011 East By South West, Galerie Krinzinger, Curated by_René Block, Wien, Austria
2011 Alternativa, International Contemporary Visual Art Festival, Curated by: Aneta Szylak, Hiwa K., Max Boochenek, WYS-PA-Institut of Art, Gdansk, Poland
2011 “iRonic”, Die feinsinnige Ironie der Kunst, Curated by Claudia Emmert, Kunstpalais Erlangen, Germany
2011 Archive-II, Open Screen, New Media Arts Gallery, Curated by Ali Akay, Istanbul, Turkey
2011 Life in the forest, Curator: Rael Artel, Galeria Arsena, Bialystok, Poland, Participating artists: Jakup Ferri (Priština, Kosovo / Amsterdam, the Netherlands), Laura Garbštienė (Vilnius, Lithuania), Pawe Grześ (Gródek, Polska), Tina Gverović (Dubrovnik, Croatia / London, UK) & Siniša Ilić (Belgrade, Serbia), Tanja Muravskaja (Tallinn, Estonia), Kaspars Podnieks (Drusti, Latvia), R.E.P. group (Kyiv, Ukraine), Silja Saarepuu & Villu Plink (Tallinn, Estonia), Sener Ozmen (Diyarbakir, Turkey)
2011 Fiktion Okzident, Curators: Cetin Guzelhan, Johannes Odenthal, Emre Zeytinoglu, Tophane-i Amire, Istanbul, Turkey

2010 ‘Emploi Saisonnier/Seasonal Work’ project, proposed by Veronique Collard-Bovy and Celenk Bafra, is based on the research and exchange on and/or in the cities of Istanbul, Izmir, Antakya, Diyarbakir, Paris and Marseilles since 2008,

	Galerie de la Friche, Marseille, France
2010	Réseau, video screening, Curated by: Selim Birsal, CAJARC Maison des arts Georges Pompidou, Centre d’art Contemporain Route de Gréalou, Paris, France
2010	E figurà si l’ìsula / Fantasy & Island, Curators: Anne Alessandri, Çelenk Bafra, Adnan Yıldız, Frac Corse, Corte
2010	état d’âmes, École nationale supérieure des beaux-arts, Curated by: Yekhan Pinarligil Conseillère artistique Christine Van Assche, Paris, France
2010	“Turquie et Alors...”, Moderated by Yekhan Pinarligil, Centre Pompidou, Paris, France
2010	Videographies21, Asbl Videographie[s], RTBF-Palais des Congres Esplanade de l’Europe, Liege-Belgique, Curator: Bige Orer
2010	Conditioned Screening, Museum of Contemporary Art, Los Angeles, USA
2010	FRIK Festival - Skopje 2010, Curated by Yekhan Pinarligil & Silke Schmickl, Stara Carsija, Frik Center, Macedonia
2010	When Ideas Become Crime, Curated by: Halil Altindere, Depo/Tobacco Warehouse, Istanbul, Turkey
2010	Filmreihe Tüpisch Türkisch, Kölner Filmhaus, Curated by: Amin Farzanefar, Koeln, Germany
2010	The Festival: Underground City 21–Vienna, “the truth is worth to risk...”, Project curator: Gulsen Bal, Open Space Zentrum für Kunstprojekte, Vienna, Austria
2010	ART IST KUKU NU UT - Festival of Contemporary Art in Estonia, “Annex 6. The Politics of the Invisible Hand”, Curator: Rael Artel, Y-Gallery, Küütri 2, Tartu, Estonia
2010	13 September, Curator: Azra Tuzunoglu, Diyarbakir Art Center, Diyarbakir, Turkey
2010	Contemporary Istanbul, 24-27 November 2010, Outlet Gallery, Istanbul, Turkey
2009	Word-Tale, Mixed Narrations: A video parade from different viewpoints. Halil Altindere, Yael Bartana, Marie-Laure Cazin, Tracey Emin, Aemont Milk, Ayse Erkmen, Ferhat Ozgur, Sener Ozmen, Adrian Paci, Anri Sala, Erzen Shkololli, Silke Witzsch, Hacettepe Art Museum, Ankara, Turkey
2009	Creative Destruction, Outlet Gallery, Curated by: Azra Tuzunoglu, Istanbul, Turkey
2009	“Who Killed The Painting?”, Works from the Block Collection at the Neues Museum in Nuremberg, Curated by: René Block
2009	Dream and Reality, Contemporary Art from the Near East, Zentrum Paul Klee, Bern, Switzerland
2009	20 th Ankara International Film Festival, 12-22 March 2009, Ankara, Turkey
2009	Istanbul-Traversée, Palais des Beaux-Arts, Lille, Curator: Caroline Naphegyi, France
2009	(Very) Small Distortions in The Order, 28th International Istanbul Film Festival, Akbank Sanat, Istanbul, Turkey
2009	The 2009 Attitude Festival, Center For Contemporary Public Arts Bitola Macedonia, Project Curator: Gülsen Bal
2009	New Works, New Horizons, Curated by: Levent Calikoglu, Istanbul Museum of Modern Art, Turkey
2009	Made in Turkey, Positionen Türkischer Kunst 1978-2008, Ernst Barlach Museumsgesellschaft Hamburg, Germany
2009	Veillées du Ramadan, l’Institut des Cultures d’Islam (ICI) et au Théâtre du Châtelet à Paris, France
2009	City_net Asia 2009, Seoul Museum of Art, Curators: Natsumi Araki, Levent Calikoglu, Juhyun Cho, Xiaoqian LI, Seoul, East Korea
2009	Not easy to save the world in 90 days, Group exhibition, The recent Turkish art scene. Curated by René Block, TANAS, Berlin, Germany
2009	Istanbul Next Wave, Simultaneity - Parallels – Opposites Modern contemporary art from Istanbul, Curator: Levent Calikoglu, Akademie der Künste, Martin-Gropius-Bau, Berlin, Germany
2009	Livres de première nécessité, Curated by: Yekhan Pinarligil, Bibliothèque Kandinsky, Centre Pompidou, Paris, France
2009	The Malady of Writing. A project on text and speculative imagination, MACBA Barcelona Museu d’Art Contemporani de Barcelona, Kurator: Chus Martinez, Barcelona, Spain
2008	Gone City, Ergin Çavuşoğlu, Esra Ersen, Hristina Ivanoska, Peter Mörtlenböck & Helge Mooshammer, Sener Ozmen, Nasan Tur, STEALTH, Cur. Gulsen Bal, Magazin 4, Bregenzer Kunstverein, Bregenz, Austria
2008	Beyond Paradise Summer 2008, Group show with Olivo Barbieri, Hans Peter Feldmann, Mustapha Hulusi, Johanna

	Kandl, Matthieu Laurette, Sener Özmen, Sascha Pohle, Lisl Ponger, Martha Rosler. (list TBC), Curated by Delphine Bedel & Ayako Yoshimura, Stedelijk Museum Bureau Amsterdam, NL
2008	Schadenfreude, Belfast Film Festival 08, Ahmet Ogut, Christoph Buchel, Akram Zaatari, Miguel Calderon, Sener Ozmen, Erik van Lieshout and Marcin Koszalka, Curated by Tirdad Zolghadr, Conor Lecture Theatre, University Of Ulster Belfast, UK
2008	The New York Arab and South Asian Film Festivals, Curated by Ozkan Canguven, AIG NY, USA
2008	Article 23. Curators: Alenka Gregorič & Tina Smrekar, Galerija Škuc, Ljubljana
2008	Scènes du Sud II, Méditerranée orientale, Carré d’art - Musée d’art Contemporain Place de la Maison Carrée, Nîmes, France
2008	“Save As...” Arte contemporanea dalla Turchia Triennale Bovisa Un progetto di Santral Istanbul con la Triennale di Milano, Curated by: Derya Yücel, Milan, Italy
2008	What about Power Relations?, Galerija Škuc/Ljubljana, Vžigalica Gallery - Gallery of City Museum of Ljubljana
2008	Held Together with Water, The Verbund Collection (Austria), Curators: Gabriele Schor & Levent Calikoglu, Istanbul Museum of Modern, Istanbul, Turkey
2008	Made in Turkey / Positionen Türkischer Künstler 1978-2008, Deutsches Filmuseum, Frankfurt, Germany, Curators: Hande Aktansoy, Sabine Ott, Ole Stark
2007	Nobody’s Story, Second, Leeds University, Curator: Gulsen Bal, UK [Artists: Ergin Cavusoglu, Alban Muja, Servet Kocyigit, Sener Ozmen, Nasan Tur
2007	1 st Thessaloniki Biennale of Contemporary Art 2007: “Heterotopias”, Curators: Catherine David, Jan Erik Lundstrom, Maria Tsantsanoglou, Director of S.C.M.A., Thessaloniki, Greece
2007	Selection From 2005 Kunstfilm Bienalle Cologne, Istanbul Modern, Istanbul, Turkey
2007	Fourth Tashkent International Art Biennale-2007, Tashkent Uzbekistan
2007	TRANSFER-NRW 2005-2007, Ludwig Forum für Internationale Kunst, Aachen, Germany, Curated By: Harald Kunde
2007	TRANSFER-NRW 2005-2007, Museum Bochum, Germany, Curtated By: Dr. Hans Günter Golinski
2007	TRANSFER-NRW 2005-2007, Ausstellungshalle zeitgenössische Kunst Münster, Germany, Curated By: Dr. Gail B. Kirkpatrick
2007	TRANSFER-NRW 2005-2007, Santral Istanbul, Curated By: Emre Baykal & Basak Doga Temur, Istanbul, Turkey
2007	Modern And Beyond 1950-2000, Curators: Fulya Erdemci, Selma Germaner, Orhan Koçak, Zeynep Rona, Santral Istanbul, Istanbul, Turkey
2007	No Future, David G. Torres in collaboration with Graham Gussin and Sacha Craddock, Bloomberg SPACE, London, UK
2007	Art Without Borders, Curated By Edward Balassanian, Karsi Sanat Gallery, Istanbul, Turkey
2007	Best of Kunst Film Biennale Köln 2005, Apeejay Media Gallery, Apeejay Techno Park, New Delhi, Indien
2006	Strangers With Angelic Faces, Space, London, UK, Cur. Levent Calikoglu
2006	This is not America, Braverman-By Art Projects, Tel Aviv, Israel. Curator: Galit Eilat
2006	Normalization, The Exhibition Hall, Ground Level, the Micro Cinema, Rooseum Center for Contemporary Art, Malmö, Sweden
2006	Ethnic Marketing, Tracing the Limits of Artworld Internationalism Contemporary Art Exhibition at Av Gallery, Azad Gallery and the University of Tehran, Concept: Tirdad Zolghadr
2006	52 nd International Short Film Festival Oberhausen, Germany
2006	Transfer Video-Art, Kultur-Magazin Lothringen, Bochum, Germany
2006	Postcards, Kulturni Centar Beograda, Yugoslavia, Cur: Una Popovic, Aleksandra Mircic
2006	Art Without Borders, Group Exhibition of Contemporary Art From Armenia, Georgia, Iran and Turkey, Curator: Sonia Balassanian, in association with David Kareyan and Eva Khachatrian, Armenian Center for Contemporary Experimental Art, Yerevan, Armenia
2006	Impact Festival 2006, Centraal Museum, Amsterdam, NL

2006

Lapdogs of the Bourgeoisie Class Hegemony in Contemporary Art, Gasworks 155 Vauxhall Street London SE11 5RH, Curated by Nav Haq and Tirdad Zolghadr, London, UK

2006

Caucasus Biennale Tbilisi 2006, Georgia

2006

Radikal Art, Curators: Ovul Durmusoglu & Cem Erciyes, Istanbul

2006

Highlights from the Kunst Film Biennale Köln in Berlin, Kunst-Werke Institute for Contemporary Art, Berlin, Germany

2005

Hilchot Shechenim / Chapter C, The Israeli Centre for Digital Art, Holon, Israel, Curator: Galit Eilat, Eyal Danon

2005

9th International Istanbul Biennial, Istanbul, Turkey, Curators: Vasif Kortun, Charles Esche

2005

II Biennale Of Jafre, Girona, Organisers: Carolina Grau & Mario Flecha (Visual Arts), Daniel Teruggi (Music)

2005

Hoch Hinaus, Kunstmuseum Thun, Thun, Switzerland

2005

Etrangeté en soi: Unheimlich, Apollonia, Strasbourg, France, Curated by: Ali Akay, Dimitri Konstantinidis

2005

Etrangeté en soi: Unheimlich, Akbank Culture and Arts Centre, Istanbul, Turkey Curated by: Ali Akay

2005

Kunst Film Biennale, Köln, Germany

2005

FIAC 2005, Paris, France (Galerie Schleicher+Lange)

2005

An der Rallye-Bar, Ausgewählt von Anton Lederer + Margarethe Makovec, Graz, Austria

2005

THE ARTIST CINEMA, FRIEZE ART FAIR, SCHADENFREUDE, Regent’s Park, London, Curated by Tirdad Zolghadr

2005

Serial Cases_1 Acquaintance. The curators of the project are Michal Kolecek (Prague, Czech Rebuplic), Antonia Majaca (Zagreb, Croatia), Basak Senova (Istanbul, Turkey), Mateu Bejenaru (Lasi, Romania), Margarethe Makovec and Anton Lederer (Graz, Austria), Galia Dimitrova (Sofia, Bulgaria), Eyal Danon (Holon, Israel), Orfeas Skutelis and Branka Curcic (Novi Sad, Serbia and Montenegro). Prague, Zagrep, Iasi, Graz, Sofia, Holon, Novi Sad.

2005

Memory And The Imaginary, 7th BIENAL DE VIDEO Y NUEVOS MEDIOS DE SANTIAGO, Museo de Arte Contemporaneo, Santiago de Chile, Cur: Ali Akay

2005

This May Be What Parallel Play Looks Like, Sclupture Center, Long Island City, New York, USA, Curated By: Defne Ayas

2005

Posit 9B, Ikon Gallery in Birmingham, Curated By Nowember Paytner, UK

2004

The Ghost Line, Akbank Culture and Arts Centre, Istanbul, Turkey, Curated By Ali Akay, Levent Calikoglu

2004

Reappearance, Museum of Kosova, Prishtina,Kosova, Curated By Erzen Shkololli, Soqol Beqiri, Shkelzen Maliqi

2004

Mediterraneans, Museo D’Arte Contemporanea Roma, Italy, Curated By Vasif Kortun

2004

I Need a Radical Change, Gallery Nova Teslina Zagreb, Curated By WHW

2004

The Yugoslav Biennial of Young Artists Vrsac, Cultural Center of Vrsac Vrsac & Belgrade, Yugoslavia

2004

Merry Ramadan, Gallery Exit, EXIT Institute for Contemporary Art, Peja, Kosova, Curated By Erzen Shkololli

2004

Love It or Leave It / Cetinje Biennial V, Cetinje-Dubrovnik-Tirana, National Museum of Cetinje, Montenegro

2004

Ethnic Marketing - Le Centre d’Art Contemporain, Genève

2004

I International Biennial of Contemporary Art Of Seville, Spain, Curated By Harald Szeemann

2004

Love It or Leave It / Cetinje Biennial V, DSM, Diyarbakir Sanat Merkezi, Diyarbakir, Turkey

2004

The Visitor, Galerist, Istanbul, Curated By Emre Baykal & Rob Perree

2004

Placebo Effect, Sparwasser HQ, Berlin, Germany, Curated By Vasif Kortun

2004

Secret Face, K2 Art Centre, Izmir, Turkey

2004

“Art For “, Garanti Platform Contemporary Art Centre, Istanbul, Turkey, Curated By Vasif Kortun

2004

The Making of Istanbul Modern, Istanbul Modern Museum, Istanbul, Turkey, Curated by Fulya Erdemci

2003

2th Performance Days, Babylon, KV Istanbul, Bilgi Atolye, Istanbul, Turkey

2003

In Den Schluchten des Balkan, Kunsthalle Fridericianum, Kassel, Germany, Curated By René Block

2003

I Am Too Sad To Kill You!, Proje4L Istanbul Museum of Contemporary Art, Istanbul, Turkey, Curated by Halil Altindere

2003

U-Topos, Tirana Biennale-2, National Museum of History, Tirana, Albania

2003

Future Democracy, Akbank Culture and Arts Centre, Istanbul, Turkey, Curated By Ali Akay

2003

The Force Of Language, Keciburcu, Diyarbakir, Turkey, Curated By Ali Akay

2001

Short Stories, La Fabbrica Del Vapore, Curated by: Roberto Pinto, Milan, Italy

2001

Look Again, Proje4L, Istanbul Museum of Contemporary Art, Istanbul, Turkey

2000

AIAP Youth Action-3 at Ankara, Cagdas Sanatlar Merkezi, Ankara, Turkey, Curated by Vasif Kortun

1999

A Special Day, ICAP Office, Istanbul, Turkey, Curated by Vasif Kortun

1997

AIAP Youth Action-3, “Chaos”, TUYAP, Istanbul, Turkey

1997

The 18th Contemporary Artists Istanbul Exhibition, AKM, Istanbul, Turkey

1996

AIAP Youth Action-2,“Territory-Deterritorialisation”, TUYAP, Istanbul, Turkey

PRIZE

2005

“Prix Meuly”, Hoch Hinaus, Kunstmuseum Thun, Thun, Switzerland

ARTIST PROPOSAL

Sener Özmen

PHOTOGRAPHY WORKS

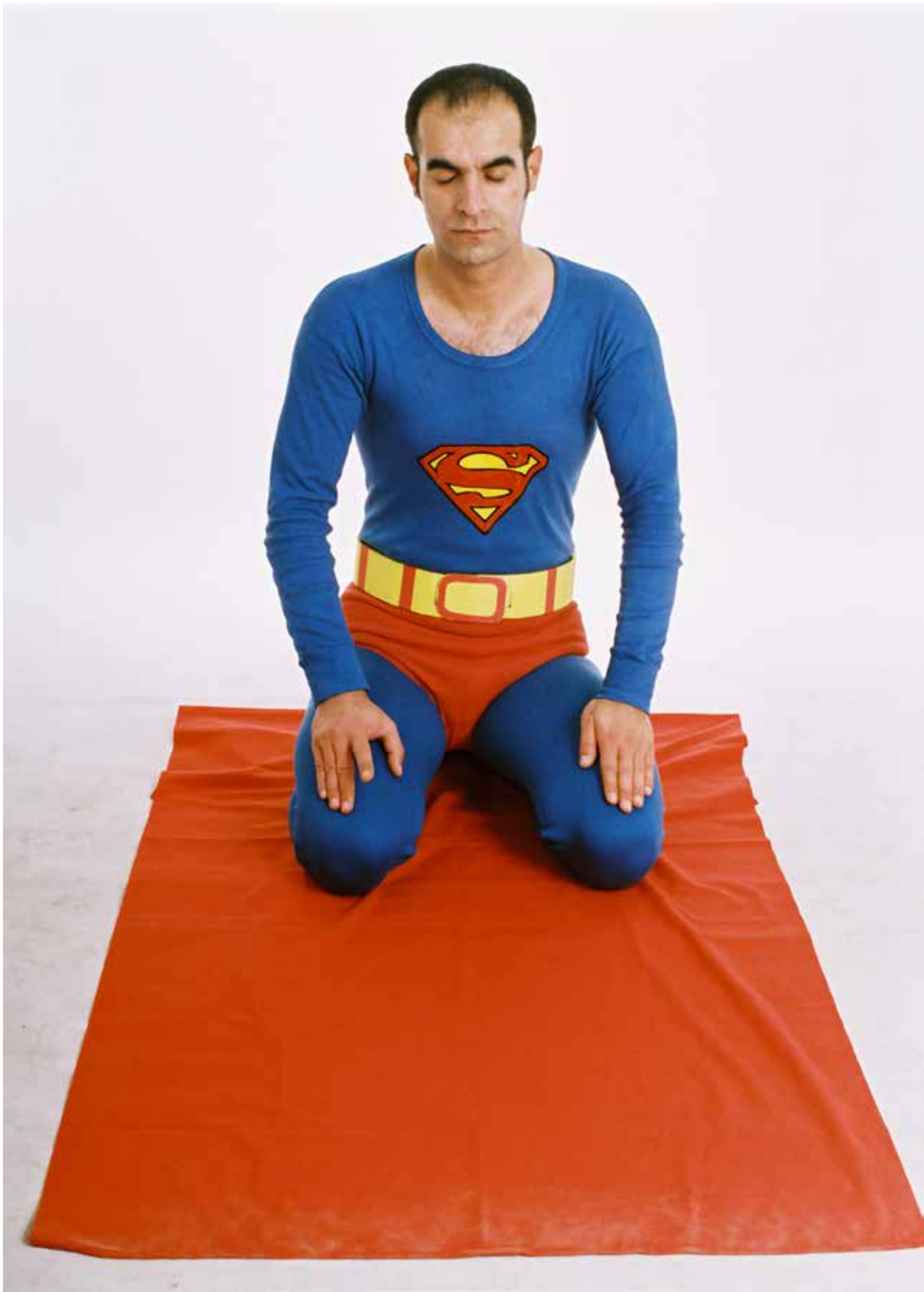


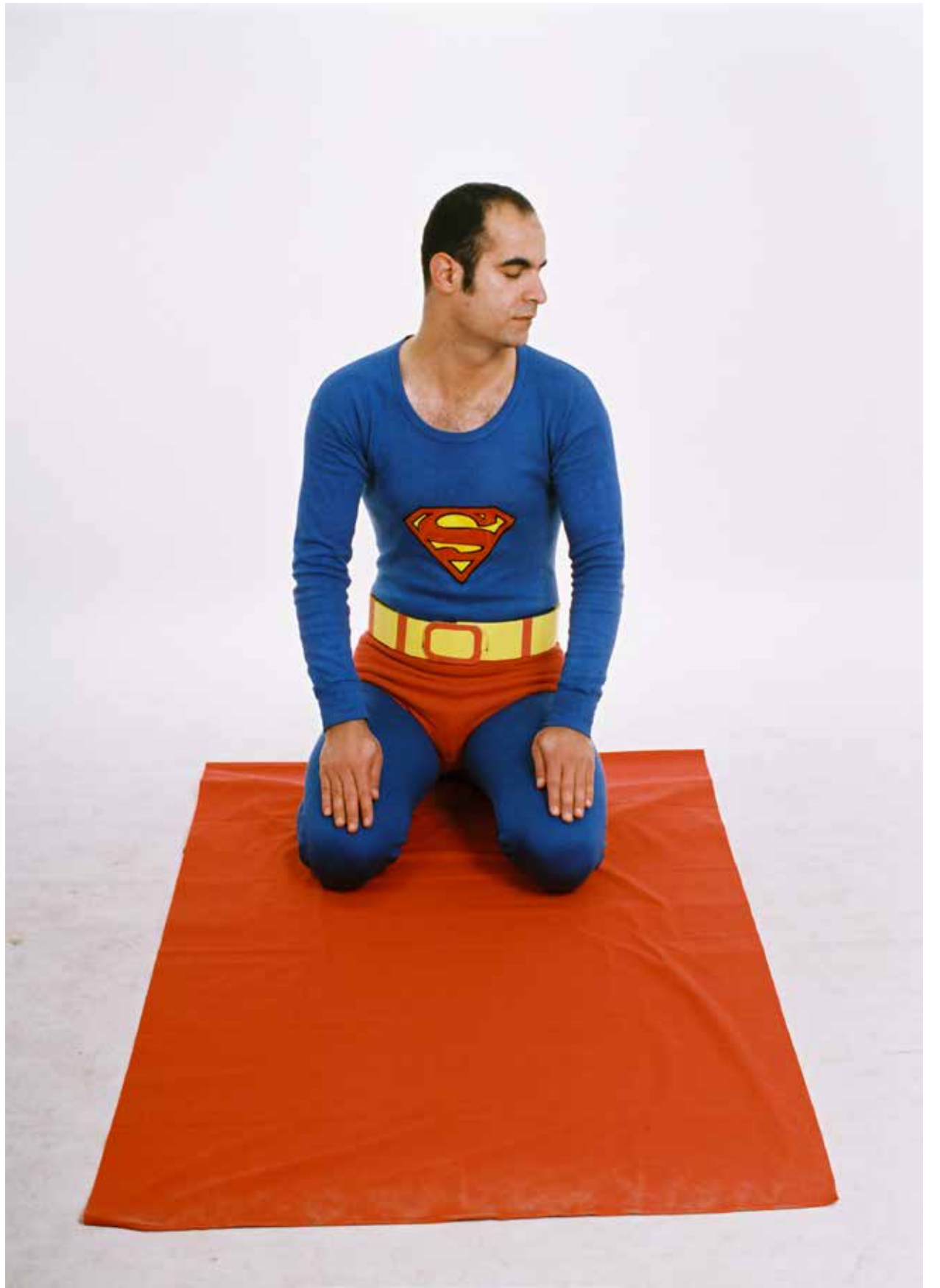
Supermuslim, 2003
Photography, c-print mounted on aluminium, 12x50x70 cm













Untitled-Megaphone, 2005
Photography, 5 piece, variable dimensions







Crossroads, 2009
Photography, 80x120 cm



Shut Up!, 2009
Photography, variable size

One of the uncanny works of Ozmen titled Shut Up! was stuck in peoples’ minds as a strong image with socio-political references, shows a man looking at a sandpit or a pool on the land, gesturing to those inside to keep quiet and to those outside to wait (as a mechanism that controls the inside and the outside). This rather strange scene, in which the artist forms connections regarding the nature of oppressive societies, is fictionalised like a detail in Pieter Bruegel’s painting titled Massacre of the Innocents.

Constructed in a rural area on an unknown date, an image of a pool we see as one of the elements of a construction not yet completed, the artist, through the visual production of colonial consciousness, takes us to the numerous methods used by bloody political powers working intently towards silencing a society forever.



Untitled, 2009
Photography, 100x100 cm



Flag, 2010
Photography, 100x150 cm

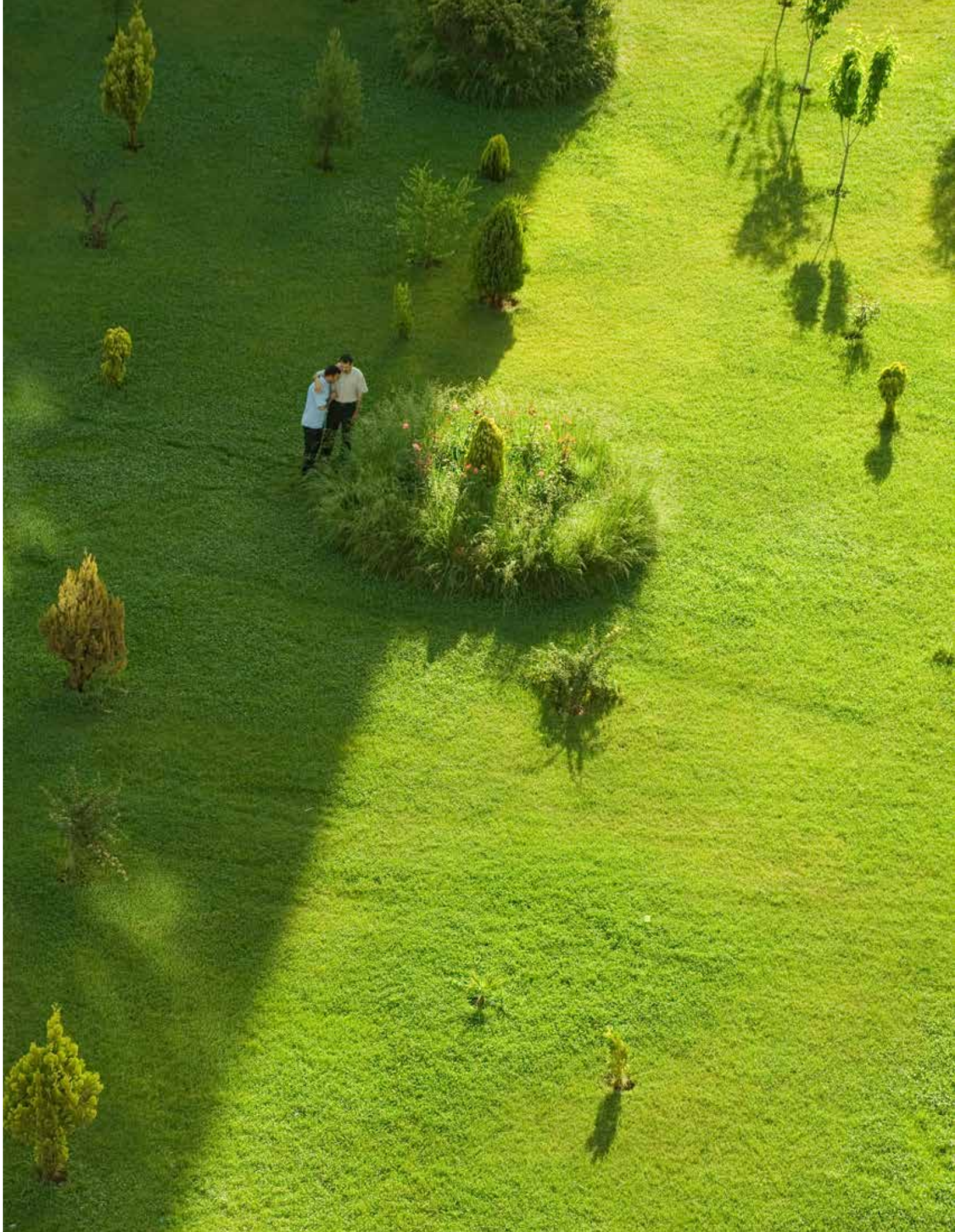
Ozmen's photographic work created during the years he was interested in flags, The Flag gathered enormous interest since the day it was released. The artist's installation called My Flags, that was made using various fabrics (from towels to satin, tulle, and calico) for his solo exhibition titled Zero Tolerance hosted by Pilot Gallery in 2012, was a reverence to the flag installations called Territories, made using soil, fabric, wood, and metal, by Pravdoliup Ivanov for the 4th Istanbul Biennial. On the other hand, Ozmen's sculpture named Pole Escaping Its Flag, created for the exhibition Envy, Enmity, Embarrassment (ARTER, 2013) curated by Emre Baykal, was about the traumatic relationship between two flagpoles entangled to each other like ivies, and the flag they belong to - a relationship that exists almost ever since national flags emerged. The city all these images came from was Diyarbakir. In the photograph The Flag, created in 2010 based on dreary memories from terrifying times he thought were never going to end, the artist showed impressively the end-point of a histo-incompatibility. Yes, the men in black wearing neck collars is melancholic, but Ozmen prefers the word frightful.

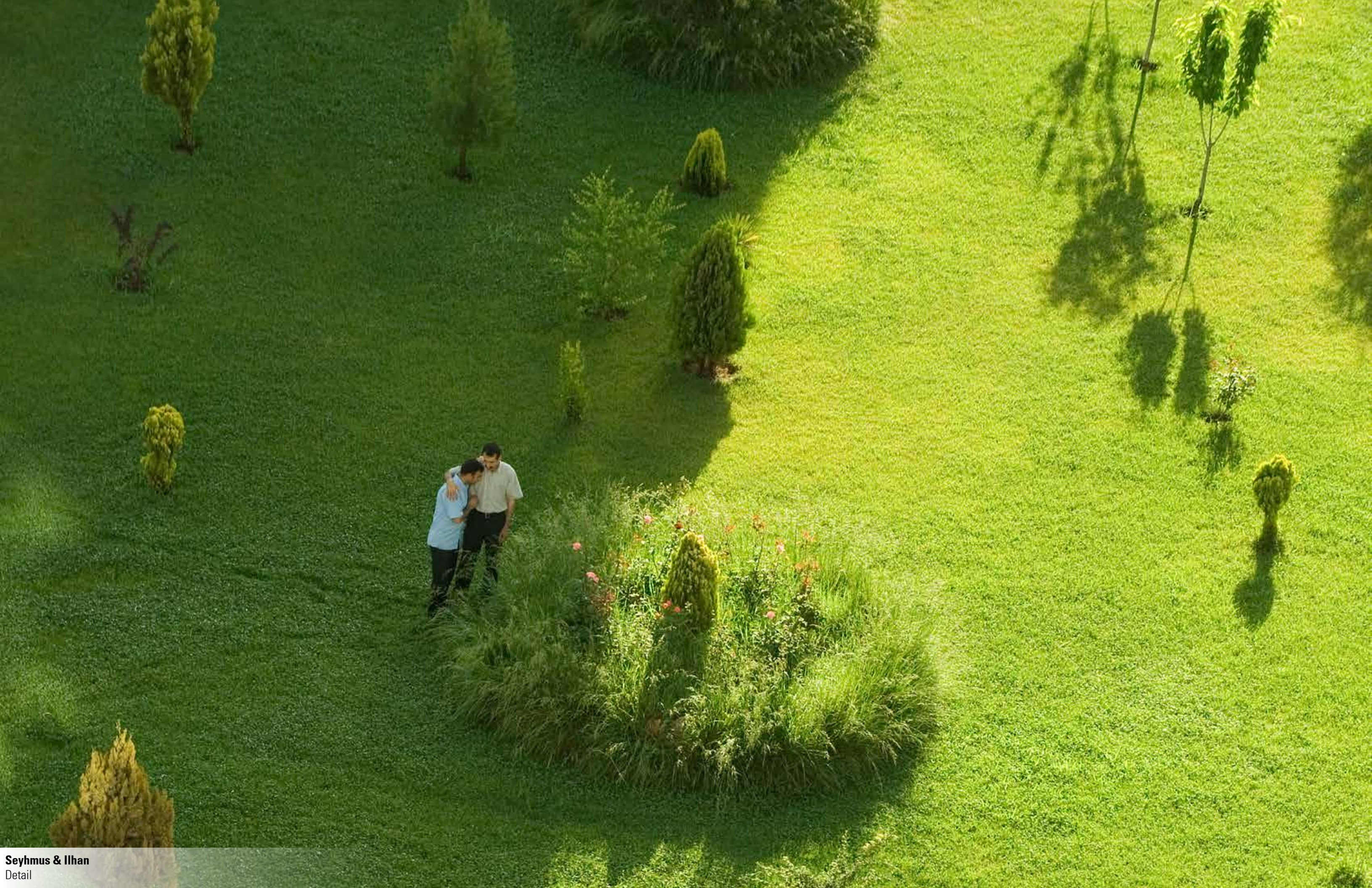


Catharsis or Lotoghabi, 2010
Photography, 100x150 cm

In his photographic work entitled Catharsis or Lotophagi, Ozmen starts his reading on a waterside, with a posture of a servant waiting for his master holding his clothes while the catharsis happens in the water. The artist again picks somewhere he is familiar with. In this torrid composition, where water and sky is almost equal and land comes down to a smaller portion, we think that what the artist actually wants to show is the crossing of a problematical piece of land that traverses the scene. Ozmen forces both looks to be anchored to the other side of the water, which we cannot see, or to another object inside the water. Is he referring to the Kurtie country mentioned in the Sumerian doorsteps from around 2000 BCE, to Kardukhs mentioned in Xenophon's Anabasis from about 2400 years ago, or to the Zab river that reach our day unchanged? Probably. Greek Xenophon talks about the abundance of grance in the Kardukh towns that were situated near riverbeds. He says; "There were towns along the Khabur River abundant with wheat and wine." During the Anabasis, he must have witnessed a period of abundance in Kardukhs' country that he addresses his army with these reproachful words to set their sights lower about staying in the region; "but I am afraid, if once we learn to live in idleness and plenty, and converse with the fair and stately wives and daughters of the Medes and Persians, we shall, like the Lotophagi, forget to return home". Ozmen places a beautiful tall Med girl somewhere along the riverside in his mind.

Seyhmus & İlhan, 2010
Photography, 100x150 cm







Optical Propoganda, 2012

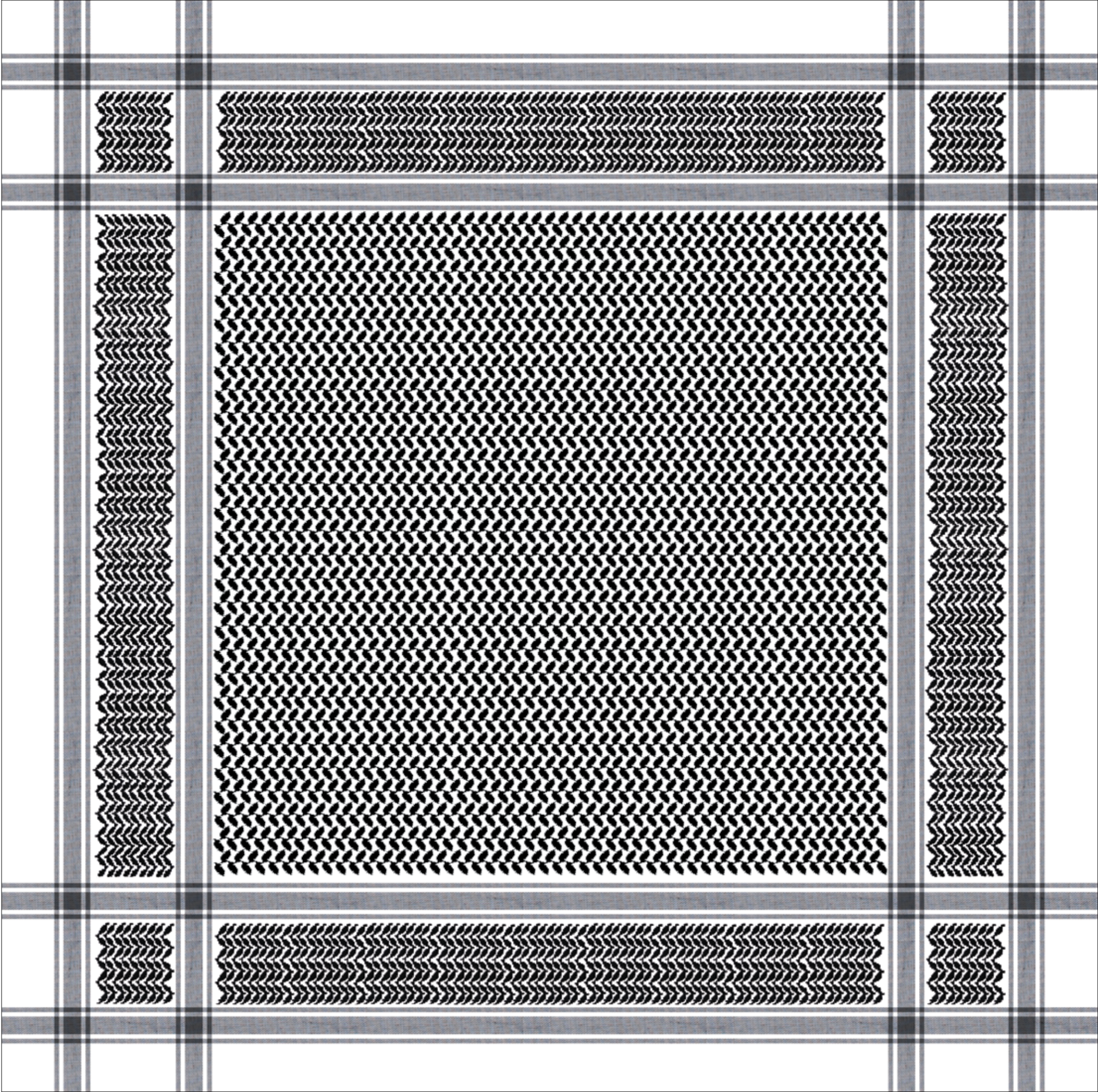
Photography, c-print mounted on aluminium, 100x120 cm



My Suit, 2012
Jacket, shirt, tie, pants, shoes in kefiyyeh print
Unique

Optical Propaganda and The Perfect Kefiyyeh are two works of the artist created simultaneously in 2012, that stand at a very important point in terms of showing the results of a pursuit of perfection that he undertook in an imperfect world. In Optical Propaganda, we see Şener Ozmen right in the center of an emptiness, decoupled and slightly shadowed, laying down in a comfortable position on a couch he covered with a kefiyyeh. Ozmen covers with pieces of kefiyyeh, everything he's wearing that constitutes a suit (jacket, pants, shirt, tie, shoes, socks). This way, he seems to be protecting himself (his art and way of thinking) against all external threat - whether the art environment, or thought - that may come. Through his body covered in kefiyyeh from head to toe and his stance, he shows that he is waiting there with this new costume he created himself. He implies that the punitive sanctions (strange laws stimulating and supporting one another, and incomprehensible racist reactions) he confronted from time to time are evident that the kefiyyeh isn't just an ordinary accessory. Ozmen's armor also refers to that of Don Quixote's, that illusively shows up in times of his cruel fights against the windmills. In terms of political discourse, Optical Propaganda makes us question what kind of a propaganda this image is, and what it threatens. The work salutes the illusion that is reputed to especially happen optically and Op Art, emerged as an opposition against the movements of Tachisme and kinetic art of the 60s. It manages to be and to remain emotional in this sense, even in areas politics have depredated.

Perfect Kefiyyah, on the other hand, connotatively investigates the possibility of perfect design. Ozmen, in this work, creates a perfect, printable - anytime and any where -, vectoral version of the black-and-white kefiyyah with tobacco leaf pattern in its original dimensions. But still, he does this with a concern that it may not be perfect, and his dream of a pefect life, just like his dream of freedom, may be flawed - although boring - and restricted.

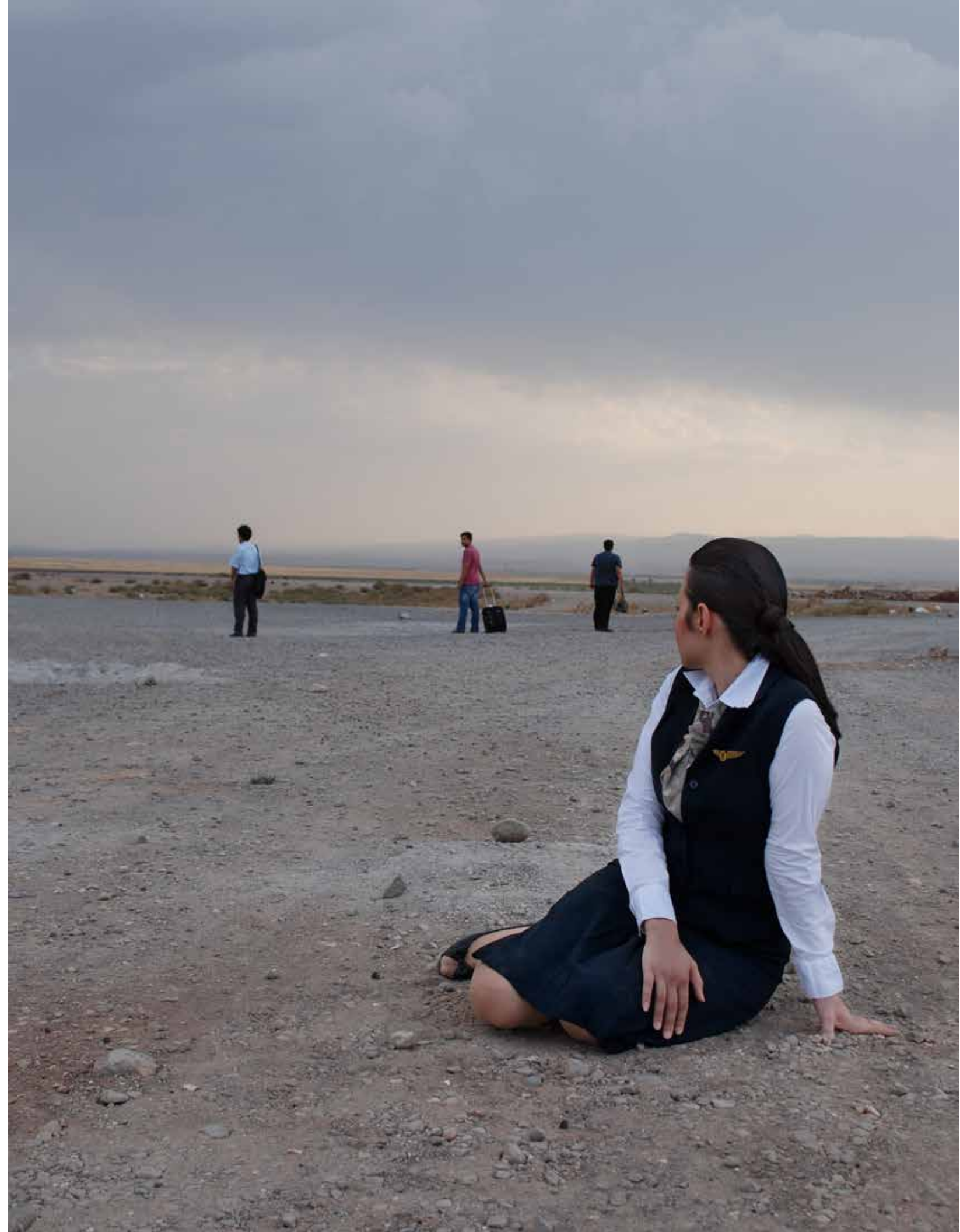


The Perfect Kefiyyeh, 2012
Photography, c-print mounted on aluminium, 100x100 cm



The Patient, 2012
Photography, c-print mounted on aluminium, 100x150 cm

Passenger, 2012
Photography, c-print mounted on aluminium, 100x150 cm





On The Road, 2012
Photography, c-print mounted on aluminium, 120x180 cm

In his photographic work titled *On the Road*, Ozmen focuses on the concepts of forced migration and displacement. This time, the artist portrays a migrating gymnast from the Middle East, on the road with his wooden suitcase packed with basic needs - dreams, hopes and memories of what he has left behind - practicing for a possible Olympic competition. When we look at the politics of a country like Turkey, where traditional diplomacy disregards the present living standards of those belonging to nations unfamiliar to theirs, we can see that not only socio-cultural and socio-economic variables, but also a fantastic historical background becomes involved. This situation could lead us having to regard to the ideological view of even the greengrocer we buy our parsley from. Oriented towards Syrian Arabs living in Turkey, whether the foundation is economic, cultural - or normative -, or ideological, we can see that their habitat attracts violent reactions from every sector of society - from the neo-nationalist to the liberal, the leftist to the pan-Islamist. The issue with Syrians who have taken over cities is that although they seem as if they deserve the anger that is directed at another nation trying to survive within the same habitat, we also know that this can change at any time. On top of it, this 'habitat' situation in Ozmen's work is not only limited to certain cities in Turkey that have received heavy migration; the artist, having lived and produced in a cosmopolitan capital like Berlin, also recognizes that the Turks, who spend their summer holidays in the coastlines of their motherland, aren't warm towards the Arabs who have run away from war and moved to Berlin. The Turks approach the Arab immigrants with the apprehension that they are going to do exactly what they did in Turkey to beautiful Berlin.

Following the introduction above, we should return to Ozmen's *On the Road*; however, this time through the fact that during forced migration their dignities are also insulted. Reports show that the civil war in Syria caused more than 45.2 million people were displaced, to which number we should also add human capital flight (intellectual migrants) and "muscle migration" (athletic migrants). The 2012 work *On the Road*, gains significance showing the immigrant transforming his escape-luggage (one that only male gymnasts use) into a carthorse, proving that even in such moments, creative solutions can be found.



Headache, 2015
Photography, c-print mounted on aluminium, 100x150 cm



Untitled - I (On The Rock), 2015
Photography, c-print mounted on aluminium, 100x150 cm



Untitled - II (On The Rock), 2015
Photography, c-print mounted on aluminium, 100x150 cm

In Ozmen's Untitled [Man on the Rock -1] and Untitled [Man on the Rock - II], a photographic dyptich displayed for the first time, we encounter a male in a rather unsafe area - probably again on a migration route -, abandoned by a space ship somewhere in the country side (on the highest rock of the property) in the planet he lives in. The artist commenting on this work, says that "It was the strangest dream I have seen about grey aliens... Plucked away from the reality I had reproached from a while, I was taken away to a ship filled with Greys, trying to get me to talk, terrifyingly torturing me in a dark cell. To me, this resembled my first charge, because there, too, they would tell me that they wanted to reintegrate me into society, while I laid there buck-naked with my nasal bone aching extremely badly." Ozmen's work is made up of two parts; in Untitled [Man on the Rock I], set in a rocky estate surrounded by yellowed, thorny weeds, we see a - probably unconscious- 'young clerk' in a suit, dangling his arms and legs over a rock and lying facedown with his buttocks out. Although Ozmen states that this image is connected to the 'officialdom' he cannot squirm out of, we can see that this explanation proves insufficient when we move on to Untitled [Man on the Rock - II]. Continuing along the photograph, leaning on the scorching rock the bushes are located in, with a 3G internet USB plugged into his laptop, doing some work - the artist essentially does not hint at what it is that he is doing -, unaffiliated with the subject on his side, we see another boy. From this point of view, the possibility of the picture being set during a crime scene investigation can come to mind. Ozmen, much like in his photographs Shut Up! (2009), Sick (2012) and Traveller (2012), can be seen to be searching for an escape from the uncertainty of his town, as well as the harsh and dry climate of domestic politics that are as durable as the metamorphic rocks the artist displays. The artist, rather than making societal critiques, is expressing the current times from the fantastic position that he has taken.



Photographic work *The Immigrant*, depicting the artist observing Manhattan for a short while with a skewed gaze from Edgewater, New Jersey, focuses on the assumption that a refugee or an immigrant may never become more than what he already transformed into. *The Immigrant* has been exhibited in two different ways curated by Adnan Yildiz; one printed transparently on a display window on a specific street in Berlin, where a lot of Arabic immigrants live, and the other on one side of an indoor wall, with the video *The Day I Saved the Kurds* projected on the other side. *The Immigrant* strongly interrelates with *Supemuslim*, the 12-photograph work the artist made for the 2003 exhibition *I'm Too Sad to Kill You* (Proje4L, Istanbul) curated by Halil Altindere, and the *American Dream* that turned into a nightmare.

The Immigrant turns into a photographic image the crowds of immigrant families watching magical Manhattan, drinking their Coca Colas and eating sunflower seeds, and their desire of living every moment in America to the fullest, historicising those precious moments. The moment of encountering Manhattan seems to have affected, or even transformed the immigrant physically. But the artist doesn't tell us if this transformation occurred during the encounter or before the migration. A science-fiction cliché, this "socio-mythological giant" (in artist's own words) has transformed into a being that loses his memories and desires in time, as well as himself, trying to explain that the West hasn't had enough of the Frankenstein myth. Is the freak in *The Immigrant*, enjoying the the view of skyscrapers?!



Energize Berlin, 2019
Fine Art pigment print on Hahnemuhle paper, 50 x 40 cm



Energize Sur, 2019
Fine Art pigment print on Hahnemuhle paper, 50 x 40 cm

The works titled Energize Berlin and Energize Sur, which are created after Ozmen started living and working in Berlin, are like photographic records of the performative videos, one of which set in the Marx-Engels Forum in Karl Liebknecht Street in Berlin, and the other by the city walls of Diyarbakir.

In the work that focuses on that critical moment, where the artist is waiting to be teleported, we can see that he is much smaller in mass, compared to the statues of philosophers Marx and Engels he stays in front of. However, when we look at Energize Sur, Ozmen as a figure, seems larger in size than the fortress walls (or rather the ruins of the walls), that, according to some sources, are thought to have been built around 3.000 - 4.000 B.C. by the Houries where the Inner Castle is located today.

Ozmen is trying to illustrate that there is nowhere left for teleportation in Diyarbakir, which was, until recently, an exceedingly “energised” city; that from now on no other place will be good for him, and in Berlin, the energy that was going to beam him up to the Main Ship - or wherever he wants to go - has almost been exhausted. In this sense, the photographs depict a disengagement that no apology can fix.



George Floyd, 46, died in hospital after being arrested by Minneapolis police on Monday, May 25, at the intersection of East 38th Street and Chicago Avenue in Minnesota. In a video taken by a witness, one of the police officers kneeling on Floyd’s neck can be seen as Floyd repeatedly says, “I can’t breathe!” Floyd died of asphyxiation after police officer Derek Chauvin pressed his knee against Floyd’s neck for approximately nine minutes. This incident sparked widespread protests around the world and further strengthened the Black Lives Matter movement.

Sener Ozmen returns to the screen after a long hiatus with his video *Sözüm Haritadan Dışarı* (My Words Outside the Map). Floyd’s desperate cries as he suffocated (sometimes in his own voice) are juxtaposed with the immigrant artist’s relentless struggle against the colorful political world map covered by satin fabric on his face, and in the scenes that follow, world issues that are unlikely to be resolved come to the fore. Every country he migrates to in the hope of breathing freely seems to be striving to deprive him of that freedom—even if that’s not the case; the coordinates on the map (oceans, large and small landmasses, borders, and country names) move across the migrant’s face—sometimes as he panics—and his efforts to escape from the other side of the map intensify.

VIDEO WORKS

Present Map Excluded
video, 4’14”, 2025











In *Energize!*, the first one among the videos made for the solo show in Pilevneli Gallery Mecidiyekoy, Ozmen, revives a teleportation scene we're familiar with from *Star Trek* movies, this time again putting himself in the center, in terms of forced migration and adaptation issues. *Energize!* also carries evidence from Ozmen's personal journey; having moved from Diyarbakir, to Berlin, right after New Jersey, almost like teleporting, the artist finds himself in a burgundy costume similar to those of the *Star Trek* crew, first by the city walls of Diyarbakir, then in Alexanderplatz, Berlin, strolling around, making some mental calculations, trying to communicate with Mother Ship through a Bolshevik-knockoff brooch attached on his chest.

The immigrant artist, in a state of some kind of madness triggered from time to time, draws a circle on the ground with the chalk he pulls out from his pocket (probably a habit from his days as a teacher) to show the spot that needs to be energized; and stepping inside the circle, waits for the teleportation to happen, yelling the command "Energize!".

In this video, where hope and despair are intertwined and the wait becomes deadly, the artist desperately repeats the commands he started with a quiet tone, with an aggression increased because of his tranquility gradually lost. What went wrong? Did the artist make a calculation error marking the energizing point? There come moments he almost gives up, he convinces himself that the point he stands on isn't suitable for teleportation and starts searching for a new one. Lastly he goes to Marx's and Engels' glorious forum on Karl- Liebknecht street. Symbolically supported by long-lost influence of Marxism, he goes on to command, imagining that the energy - at this point, salvation - will come right from where he stands, from Marx's gaze, from Engel's stance and no other power or ideology can save humanity from sinking.

Energize!, 2019

3-channel HD video installation

Video 1 (left): 2'22"

Video 2 (center): 3'54"

Video 3 (right): 2'22"



All Names



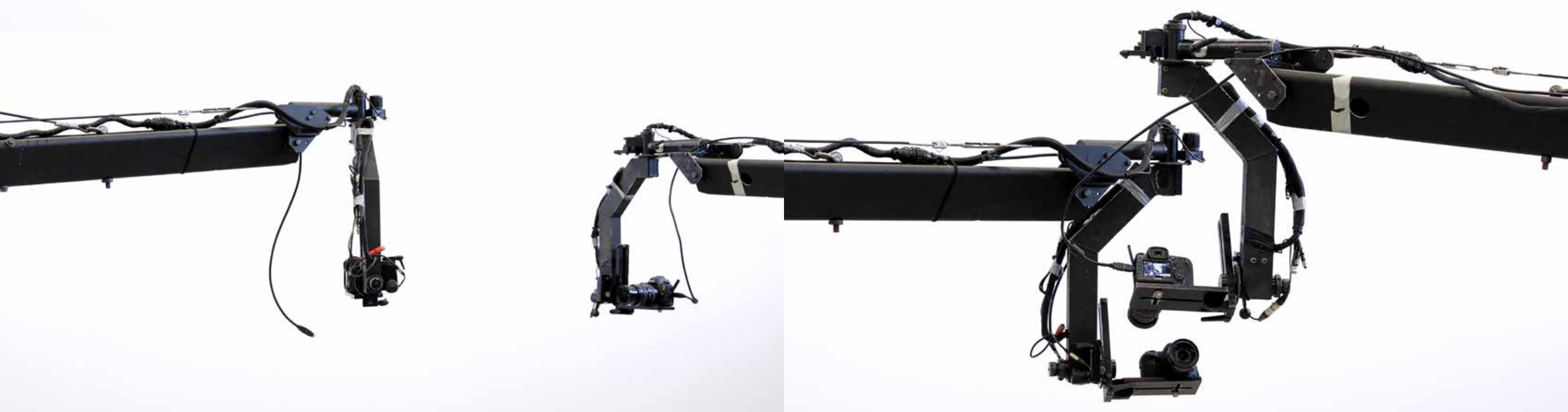
The artist's video titled All Names displays a young immigrant girl on a seashore, playing a game she just came up with, with a paper ship and an oval, mirror-like bowl. The little girl, whose face is only visible through the reflection of it on the mirror-like bowl, periodically leaves - green - pebbles of different sizes on the paper ship she placed carefully on the water while counting the 99 names of Allah.

Immigrants going on the road with hopes of a new life, the struggle for escape they embark upon between life and death, unfortunately does not always end the way they - or us - had hoped. The ships they board sink in the open sea, families either completely disappear or are split to the point where they cannot rejoin, and this situation occurs almost every day. Ozmen in All Names, with a fatalist culture, adds a pure sense of hope in that grey area, where the little girl has not yet understood what is going on, or has just made sense of what happened, although the paper ship cannot withstand the ethereal weight and the rough waves of the sea. The artist expresses through his tough, idiosyncratic approach that we are not on the same ship, and that we can't empathize.









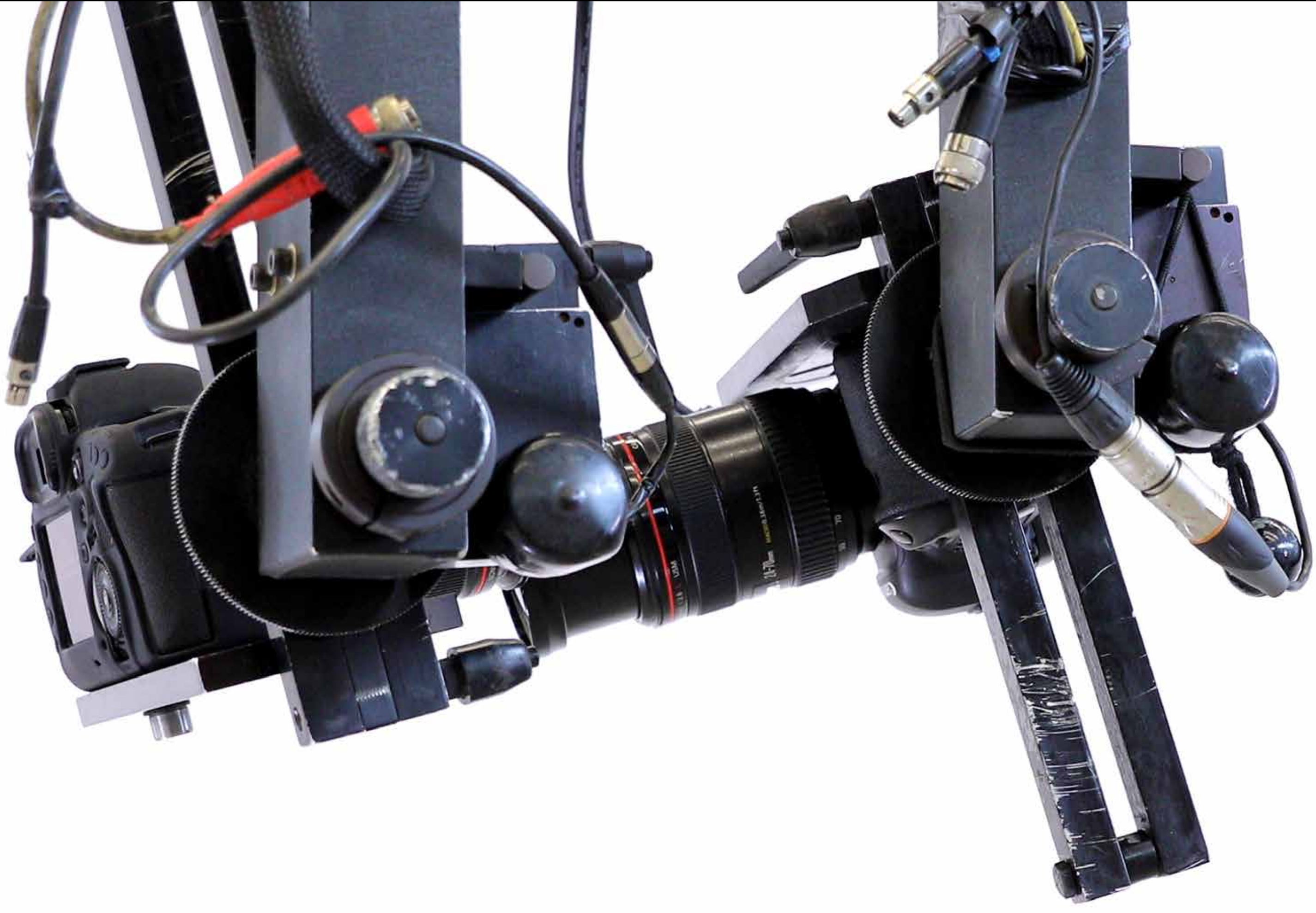
According to art critic and curator Barbara Heinrich's words; viewers who are familiar to Ozmen's video installations, which are focused on nature and human beings, created with "a tough figure of speech, a sharp sense of humour, a clear aesthetic language and an uttermost critical and provocative tone" might find Molestation quite shocking, as it is centralized on two cameras attached on Jimmy Jibs molesting one another. The artist wishes to try something new in this playground and leaves the rest to the viewer's understanding. The two cameras that are recording, record the behaviours of one another, while a fixed third eye, that is witnessing the situation, records all actions of the cameras that are perceived to be controlled by an artificial intelligence. Ozmen does not assign gender and/or ethnicity to a mechanic set up, but instead dangles a connection wire from one of the Jimmy Jibs that resembles a long string of hair, that will attract the attention. One camera after another enters the scene with a white background. Following a long-lasting acquainting, one of the cameras, demonstrates an archaic power play that looks familiar to us. Ozmen indicates that the mechanisms that create, feed and control violence within societies, contrary to the video you are watching, are not invisible entities - or operators -.

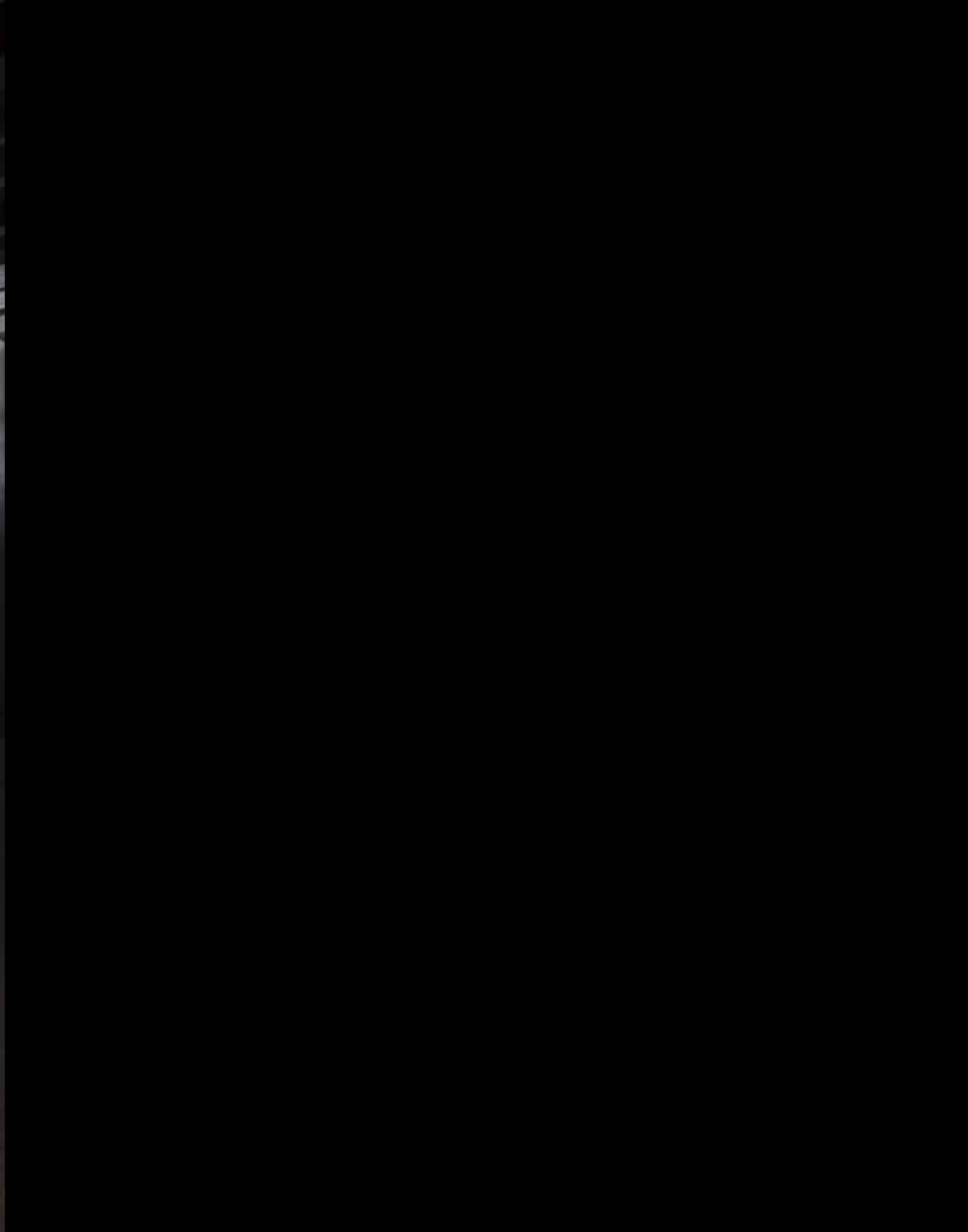


Molestation, 2019
Tek kanalli HD video, 8'38" (Renkli-Sesli) / Single-channel HD video, 8'38"
(Color-Sound)











In a world ruled by enablers, Ozmen, at an unexpected moment, poses a question that people living with the apprehension of its permanence think but cannot ask, through the lips of a young girl, poking her head out from the surface of the water (what she is doing, why she is there, and how long she has been living under such conditions we can't detect), looking straight at the audience: Is the war over? Can it be over? What war is the girl referring to? All of them, or a special one that prisons her into the water, changing her entire life - what can her entire life even be?! Ozmen leaves a grey area here, he invites us to rethink all the wars that are professed to be held for our sake, as well as the 'feeling of hopelessness' that gives the exhibition its title.



Is the War Over?, 2019
Single-channel HD video, 1'20" (Color-Sound)







meaning like “What’s it again?”, “What have we done!?” They were like “Quiet! Shut up! Move aside!” Fingers on the trigger like this,

In his video, Ozmen narrates a story about a black and white photograph, which is the only photograph from his childhood. The photograph was given to him only recently by his childhood friend “Assyrian Ferit,” who made an unannounced visit to his exhibition in Germany. In the early 90s, during a sudden police raid at Özmen’s family home, despite his mother’s persistent resistance, the family album —among other things— was seized never to be returned. Alongside the family album, Ozmen’s visual links to his childhood vanished. Under the ongoing effects of this impactful memory, the artist talks about the fact that he has no memory of his childhood likeness other than this single photograph that he received only a couple of years ago. For Ozmen, “the extorted image of the artist” indicates the damages of colonialist domination in the Kurdish region.

The Photograph, 2018
Single Channel Video, 8’00”
HDV-PAL, color, sound



I was trying to write something about my childhood -like they say, childhood can be reproduced- you want to reproduce something.



They were also my dad's friends. And, in Assyrian, they said "Ibn Fexrî wê?", meaning "Is this Fahri's son?" He said yes.



...so they would throw stones at them. I saw them throwing stones at people too. But it was like, huge stones...



<https://www.unleashing.tc.columbia.edu/>

Unleashing is a college-wide exhibition featuring site-specific, multi-media art installations and related public programming that highlight the concepts of American educational philosopher Maxine Greene, whose idea of “social imagination” provides the ground for the works on display.

Tethered concretely to their structural footprint, built characteristics, and physical materiality, buildings as such change over time, responding to architectural trends, ideological shifts and changing needs in society. Unleashing is driven by the idea of responding to a particular space, Teachers College—a complex of interconnected buildings whose eclectic architecture and whose spatial politics serve as an evocative testimony to how education and society have changed over time.

The exhibition and its title Unleashing are inspired by Maxine Greene’s book *Releasing the Imagination*. This title has become a hallmark of Greene’s educational philosophy, a philosophy that invites all learners and reconciles a deeply engaging and existential understanding of learning with a vision of equality and social justice. For Greene, artists, like educators, propose how the world could be otherwise. Drawing on a collaborative model, this exhibition puts forward an ethics of inclusion, one that is in dialogue with its built and natural environment, the diverse communities of students, teachers, staff and community members that traverse through or pass by the building daily. The building, as the gravitas of this exhibition, serves as an ethical reminder, to paraphrase renowned architect Mark Foster Cage, of the things that are greater than us.

Through an emphasis on process at the core of Unleashing, we seek to consider the place of education and knowledge production. As a structured form of transmitting knowledge, education is informed by the current ideals and perceived accomplishments of society and humanity more broadly. The fallibility of these assumptions—one that is integral to any form of knowledge—is therefore always potentially transmitted, too, thus making the possibility of failure part and parcel of education itself. Unleashing propagates, accordingly, a double view that links education with research-based forms of artistic practice as a fluid experimental process of dialectical inquiry that is anchored in deep engagement in constantly evolving dialogue, observation, and communication.

Taking our cue from Maxine Greene, Unleashing looks at positions taken by artists who are willing to unlearn what were made norms before them, develop their own artistic language and research based on possibilities that they create, thus participating in knowledge production processes to imagine new prospects and redefining that which is humanly possible.

The exhibition includes works by Fanny Allié, Nadav Assor, Brandy Bajalia, Burçak Bingöl, Jean Marie Casbarian, Gregory Climer, Stefani Jemison, Ebru Kurbak, Rafael Lozano-Hemmer, Elisabeth Molin, Yasmin Jahan Nupur, Jacob Olmedo, Bernd Oppl, Şener Özmen, Rafael Pagatini, Rit Premnath and Avi Alpert, Macon Reed, Saša Tkačenko, Hurmat Ul Ain and Rabbya Naseer, Jaret Vadera, Marion Wilson and Cathy Lebowitz, as well as Caroline Woolard and Jeff Warren. The exhibition is accompanied by the Unleashing ScreenSaver Project by (c) merry and a commissioned video work by Chelsea Knight that guides visitors throughout the building.

Unleashing is organized by Richard Jochum and curated by Livia Alexander and Işın Önoğlu. The project is made possible by the Office of the Provost and the Art & Art Education Program at Teachers College, Columbia University.



The Photograph, video still

Min xwe weke nepoxeke helyûmî
ya li qatîya xênî asê mayî hîs
dikir, felata min tune bû...



*I was feeling like a helium balloon
trapped at the ceiling of the house,
hopeless to escape!*

The thought of this video was shaped in the winter of 2017 in Montclair, New Jersey, where the artist lived almost for a year with his family. Only in December 2018 for the Mutterzunge: afterword project in Berlin, where he moved to live and produce, he was able to reconsider and make the video, nourished from the tension between science fiction and an almost fictional life spent with ‘displacements’. The central figure in this video is again the artist himself. The scene begins with a simple typographic arrangement on a black background - native language above and the English translation below. We hear the voice of Şener Ozmen, who stopped writing and reading poetry in 2004 after his last book Saving Your Map was published. He is reading poetry out loud, with a voice that impinges upon the audience and clearly wanting to be heard, hinting us of what we might see in the following scenes. Starting with the verse “I was feeling like a helium balloon trapped at the ceiling, hopeless to escape...”, and appear to be ending with “I saved the Kurds on a day snow told my story. Turns out that I was in a deep sleep...”, but comes to an actual end with an additional scene, where the leading character achieves a supernatural power - turning off one of the lightbulbs on a chandelier with a touch. The problematic of native language reemerges in a secure, tranquil and undesirably remote place after the artist left his hometown Diyarbakir, where he lived, worked and abandoned just after times of conflict. The scenes upside down demonstrate that “a state of emergency” is declared in the United States due to heavy storm and snow paralysing life. Ozmen understands that his new life is upside down and from now on it will go on like this - his feet up and head down. The artist, who is an immigrant, strangely misses the times of conflict he was desperate to leave behind, but doesn’t want to go back home either. The destructive effects of a life in limbo reach a climax with an American lifestyle and mentality, strengthening his paranoia about security. The video shows us New Jersey under snow, inside a Hoberman Sphere toy in the trunk of an old tree, through a nightmare the artist’s mother in Diyarbakir saw. In every stop, we hear Ozmen’s powerful voice, reading us poetry in his native language, telling us what he’s looking for - which is freedom, for some reason - is unable to go beyond a folding, collapsible image. Ozmen says: “The Day I Saved the Kurds is one of my few works that is not political.

Min xwe weke nepoxeke helyûmî
ya li qatîya xênî asê mayî hîs
dikir, felata min tune bû...



*I was feeling like a helium balloon
trapped at the ceiling of the house,
hopeless to escape!*



Herim û wê bi çavên serîyan bibînim. Wekî çawan
birîna xwe bi destê xwe dikewîne, wekî çawan
dikare vê yekê pêk bîne. Min berê xwe bi
daristana di bin berfê de mayî ve kir...



*Go to see her one last time.
To see how she is healing herself
And how she can do that at all
I turned round to the forest blanketed in snow...*



Xewnek dîtibû dayîka min, digot, *“Darek hebû, derîyekî fena derbasokê di qurmê wê de şîn hatibû, davên spî ketibûn rîha te, tiştê ku tu li bendê bûyî dihat wir, te destê xwe dirêjî wê dikir, te dest tê didayê, weke ku dest bidî kula dil...”*



*Mum had a dream, and said: “There stands a tree,
A passageway has grown through its trunk
Your beard has pepper and salt
Then comes along what you’ve been longing for
You reach for it, touching it gently
Like one touches a wounded heart...”*

“... Piştî ku hertişt serobino dibû û pê ve, te di dilê xwe de digot, ez dê çi bi vê azadîya ku weke Goga Hobermanî ye bikim!? Te digot, te bi her awayî digot...”



*“When things are wrecked,
you are murmuring to yourself,
What am I to do with this freedom like
Hoberman Sphere!?!
Saying that in all ways...”*





This taht is caught on the horns of a dilemma; it contains a double bind. First, hope and desire (we see three young women joyfully walking along a dirt road, jumping rope at the plain they reach – three friends in good spirits) and then, at the most enjoyable moment of their play, as the three friends jump rope amidst nature on a hill, we see dust rising up from the ground, the dust the jumping feet raise covers the entire scene. Much like in love, fear takes over – fear that in the best moment, everything can fall apart. Much like in love, the circumstances are not as flawless as we imagine them to be. In *Women Jumping Rope*, we see three young women on a field. After a short walk, the women find an appropriate place to put their scarves and purses, as if they are preparing for something. One of them pulls out from her bag a rope rolled into a ball, finds the two ends of it, takes one end to herself and gives the other to her friend. They start swinging the rope right after they decide on the distance in between. The third woman, who has been waiting for this moment, steps into the middle and the rope jumping game starts. They don't talk at all, for they are not there to chat, but to do exactly what they are doing - playing this game, like this game is of vital importance to them. They look radiant and happier than ever before. At least until that moment, when there hasn't appeared any indication of danger yet. Maybe later... But even after it shows up and there becomes a brownout around them, the women go on with what they have been doing. Yes, the artist talks about dust. As the rope touches the soft dirt surface, we realize that the scene slowly starts changing and transforming into something else. Until a veil of dust covers all the scene and captures what's inside of it. In between the layers of the transparent and xanthic veil of dust, with the help of light we see one of the women's silhouette, or sometimes all three of them, and be grateful for it.

Ozmen's *Women Jumping Rope* preaches that only after we've started reading poetry we can overcome the fear that has been enfolding our childhood dreams into a veil of dust.



Women Jumping Rope, 2016
Single Channel Video, '4'49''





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Offline-Medien
脱机媒体文件
Medios sin conexión
Oggetto multimediale non in linea
미디어 오프라인

Media offline
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미디어 오프라인

The video “The Remains of an Act of Censorship Applied by the Artist” on this taht takes the floor from such a broken unfiltered discourse that all we have left is merely the filter itself. What is more, filters are beautiful. Even charming, if what they filter becomes virtually invisible. “The Remains of an Act of Censorship Applied by the Artist”, in which censorships completely disappear and only leave behind the relationship, movement, and sweetness of aestheticised balls of censorship, might even possess a nihilistic aspect. The negative pan of the scale is heavier. It lacks the projections of the list of “I Want”s that contains future demands or wishes to transform the status quo in a desirable manner; nor does it include an unfiltered expression of one’s self and demands. On one hand, Taht 3 carries icons of selected Unfiltered Memories, allusions to coded states of unfiltered discourses, and, on the other hand, it possesses the possibility of only looking at the filter, merely contemplating the state of being unfiltered. The filter is so dominant in the video “The Remains of an Act of Censorship Applied by the Artist” that we have nothing to filter at hand anymore. The content cannot be found.

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미디어 오프라인



De Val van Icarus - İkarus'un Düşüşü

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Medios sin conexión
Oggetto multimediale non in linea
미디어 오프라인







An adult artist trying to explain to a living dove what peace is, without saying a single word, an inner voice accompanying him, needless to say my son's voice. A poem of a journey being gone on along with the after- shocks of a process that started with the Kobanî incidents; the returning of verse and magic; a video attempt at the eruption from the enormous crater of a volcano of what death or deaths leave behind, and at the multiplication of only the feeling of emptiness in me. Even that is intermittent, the phrases are in Turkish, the sounds are bent and twisted, the emphases are timid. The things that are derived not from a geography of fear, but actually from "the fear of geography"... You see how evil moves forward? Because it is easy to yell war cries. It is easy to feed upon war. Then what does this adult reticence tell us? This childish inner voice? Only at its beginning it says, "Frankly, dear white dove, we should have come together before our life not held in quite high esteem regressed into hell, not now!"



How To Tell Of Peace To A Living Dove, 2015
Single Channel Video, 4'32" HD-PAL, color, sound



Not now, not here!



I have seen people who somersault in the air for PEACE, just like this, we stumble and break our necks, somersaulting!



...disperse very soon though, just like art, ether, and childhood. Like my own childhood that won't reintegrate...





I'm aware that I've been unfair to you, keeping you busy like this.



Distance, 2014
Single Channel Video, 06'00"
HDV-PAL, color, sound







In the video “What Does an Artist Actually Want?” (2012), Ozmen himself is seen standing in a ploughed field, turning to face different cardinal directions, before speaking directly to the camera and gesturing at the ground, then at the viewer and, finally, with arms outstretched, at the empty landscape around him. What he is saying is entirely drowned out by the sound of airplanes taking off and landing. Lip-readers (and wall-label-readers) perhaps understood him to be asking: “Do you think it’s possible for me to influence global art from where I am standing?” Even though we cannot hear him clearly, and he certainly cannot hear us, our collective reply should be a resounding “yes”. After all, the self-determination of images - in spite of all that is happening around them - is their basic right.

H. G. Masters



What does an artist actually want?, 2012

Single Channel Video, 02'19" HDV-PAL, color, sound







Let's consider the video "Hope" (2010) for instance, water is there, Tigris is there; there is a hope holding on to the water. There are things we want to create among those living in the same geography, yet speaking different tongues. There are even people who cannot speak their own language. There is no dialog in Hope.

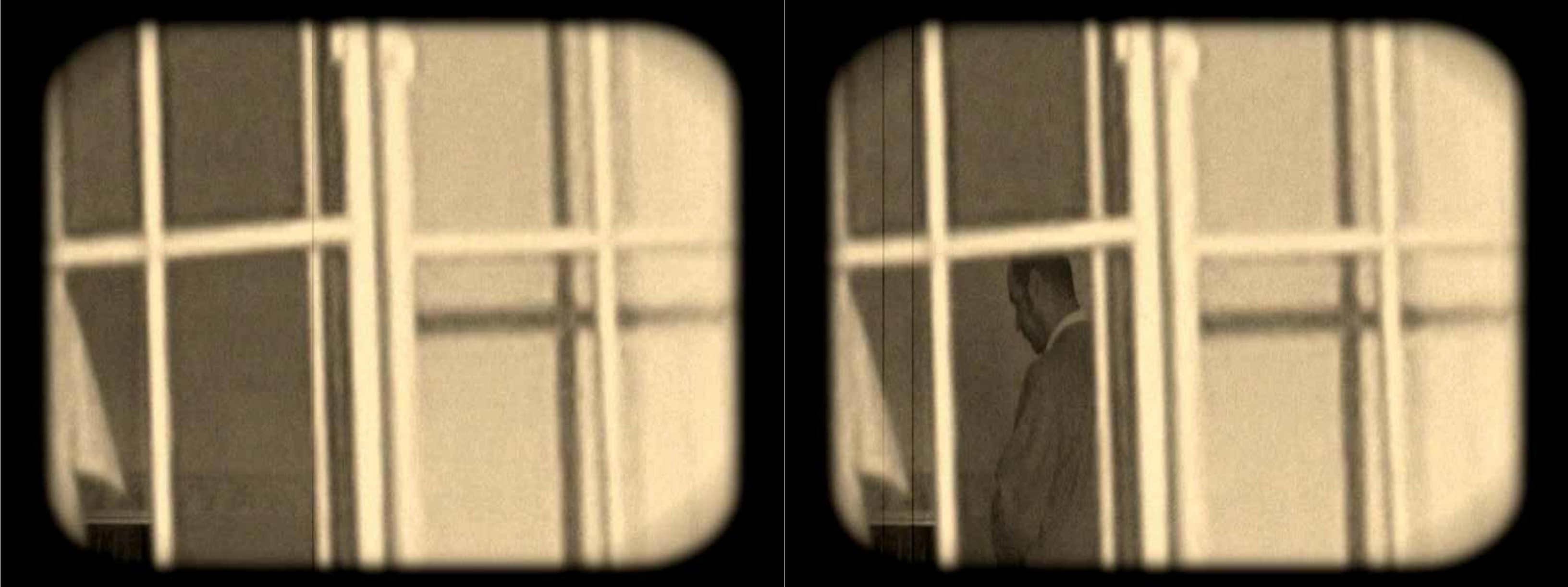
Hope, 2009
Single Channel Video, 02'42''
DV-PAL, color, sound







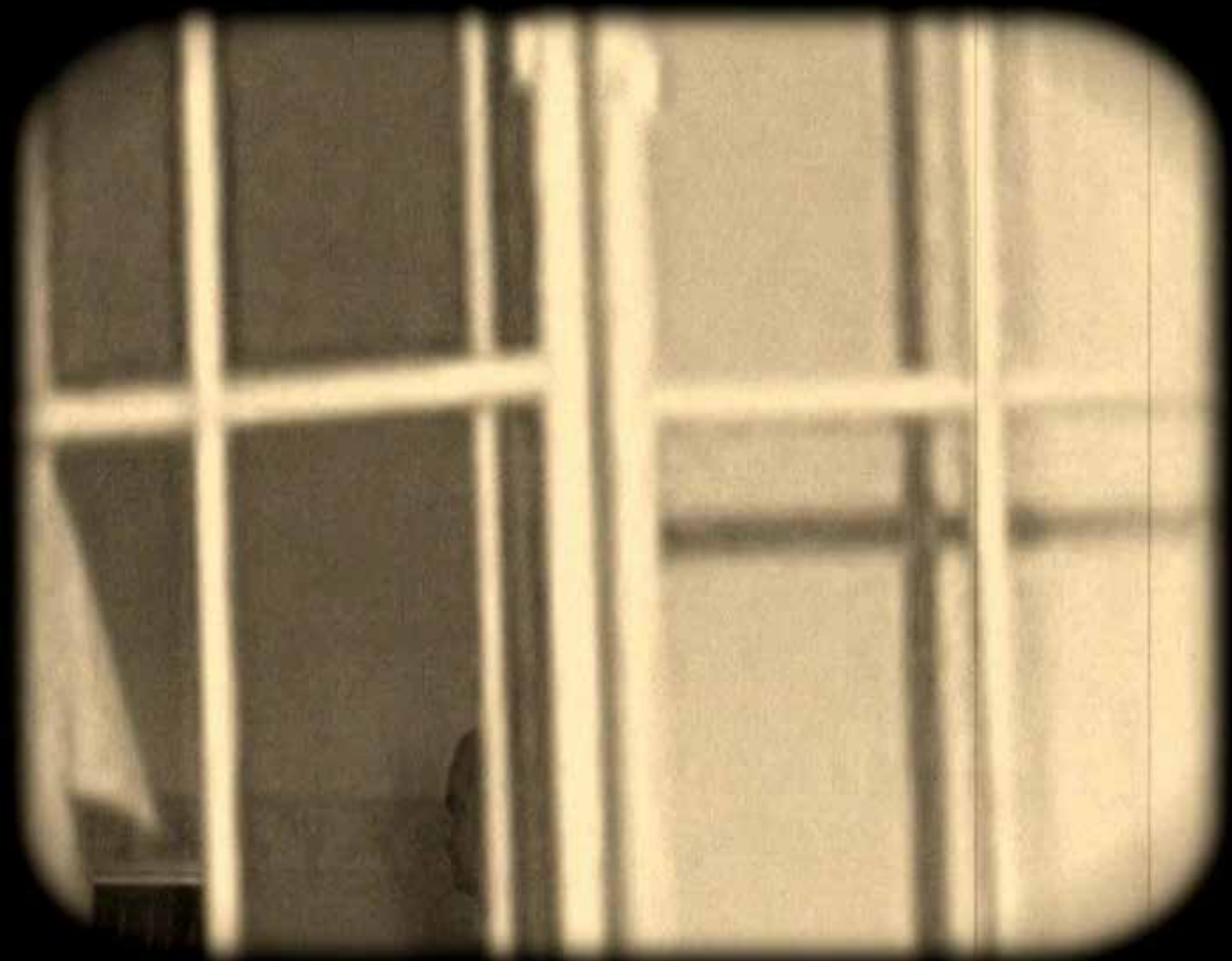


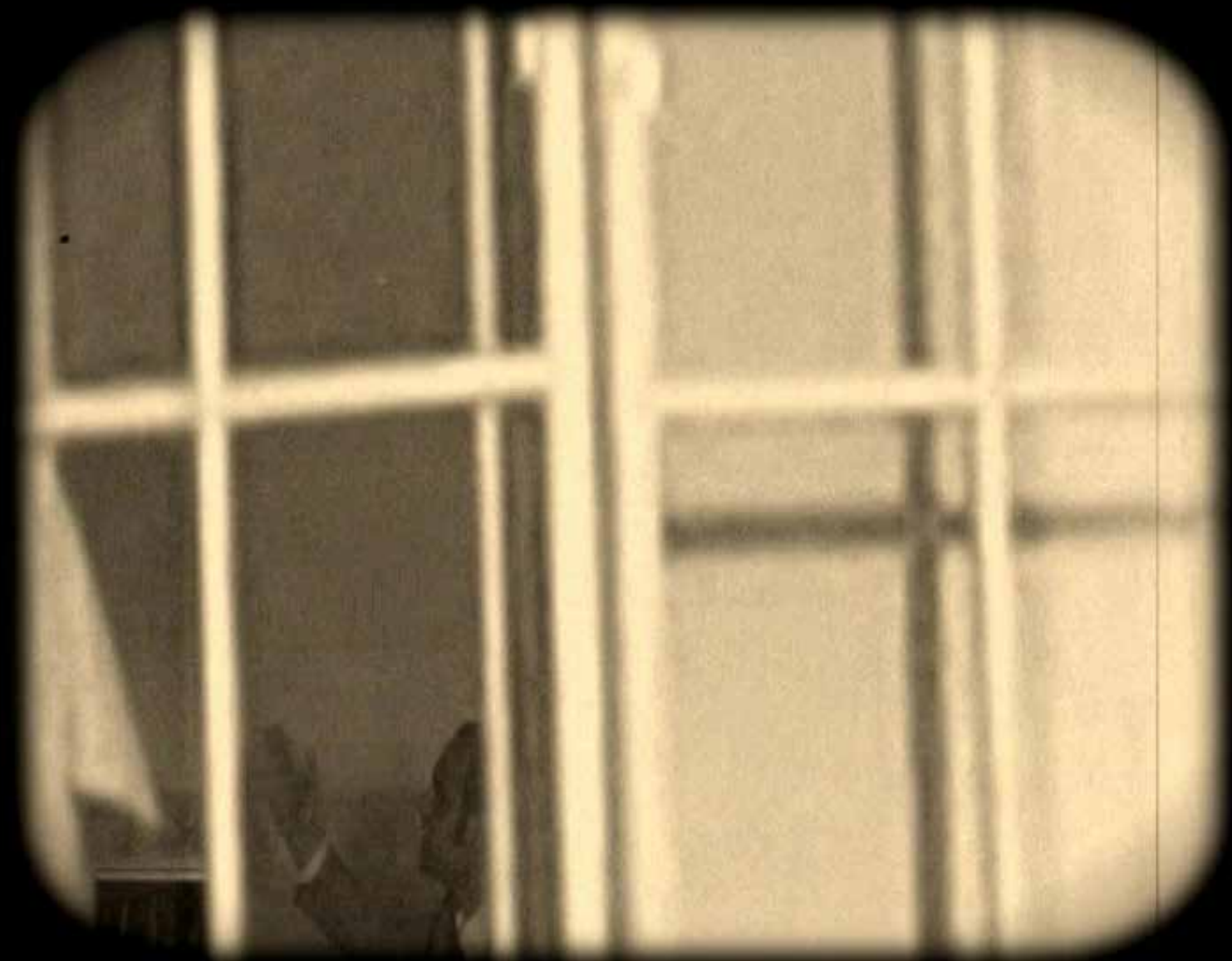
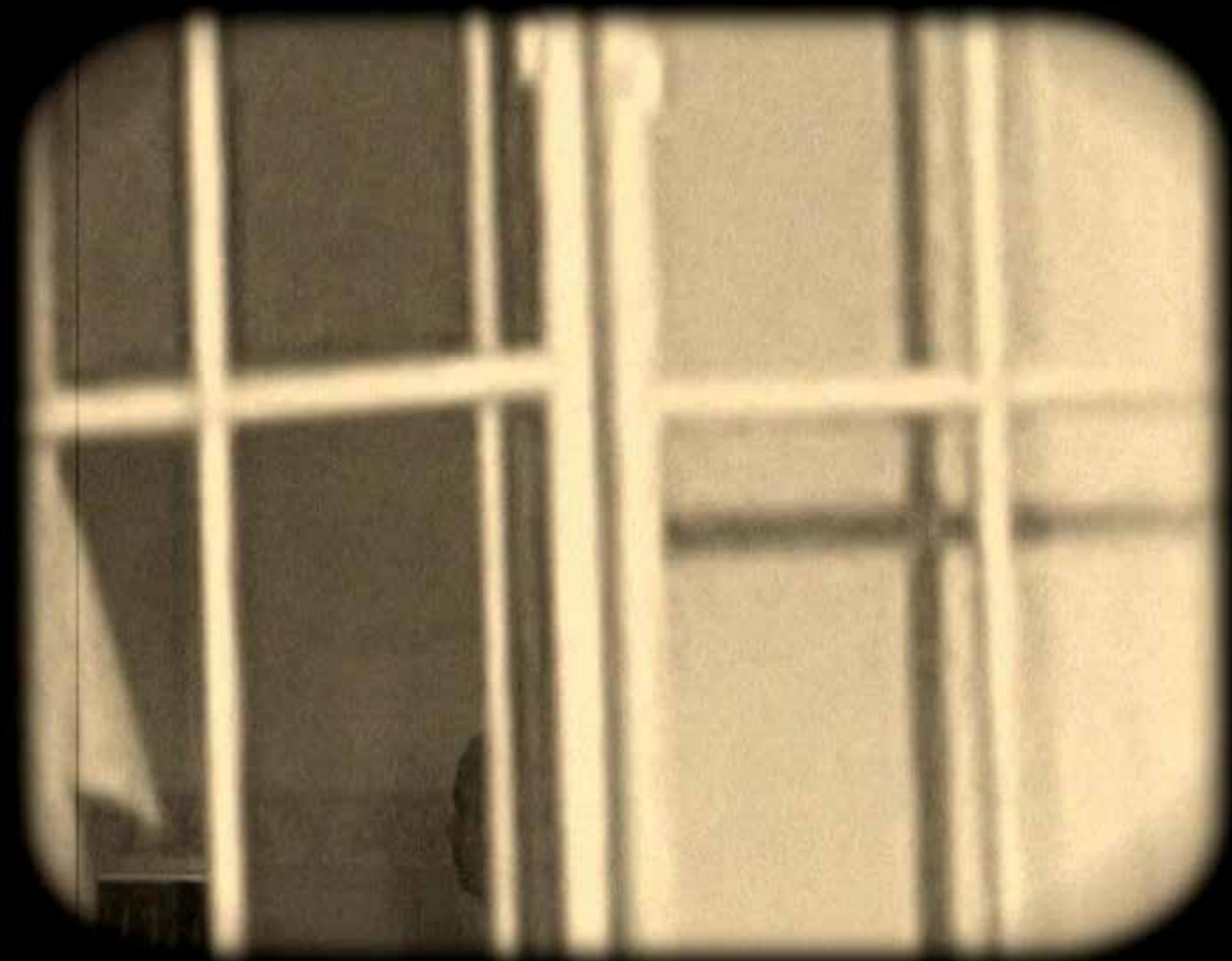


Apart from these, there is the documentary-like short film *Honorarium* from 2009, seemingly shot by an amateur camera and viewed in a state of voyeurism. The main issues of this film resembling a blackmail tape at first sight, dealing with the power struggles and small ploys in big institutions, is revealed by the protagonist -played by Özmen- initially in his negotiation with the unidentified symbolic power, with the system, over his supposedly well earned pay -also understood from the title of the film- which later on transforms into an unresolved dispute between worker and boss that leads to a revolt. The message of the film questions whether everyone has a price (including the contemporary artist as a knowl- edge worker) and reminds us of the honour related boldness of whether or not to use the right to revolt against this.

Honorarium, 2009
Single Channel Video, 02'39''
DV-PAL, color, sound











View (2008) was the first of these videos. The curtain opens up to a rocky landscape, as usual. The rocks completely fill the frame. Fixed, unmoving... Then, two heads appear behind the rocks, in close-up shots. We see that two heads belong to a drummer and pipe player. Two men in suits wearing sunglasses. The question is: Why and from whom are they hiding from? The answer is provided as they make it out to the flat land, upon finding the premises safe. They come out of their hide out, with drum and pipe. (S.O.)

View, 2008
Single Channel Video, 03'40''
DV-PAL, color, sound











The second subtitle and video was Bravo (2008). The video of a man clapping at the city. It is not possible to tell whether the clapping is intended as a celebration or protest.

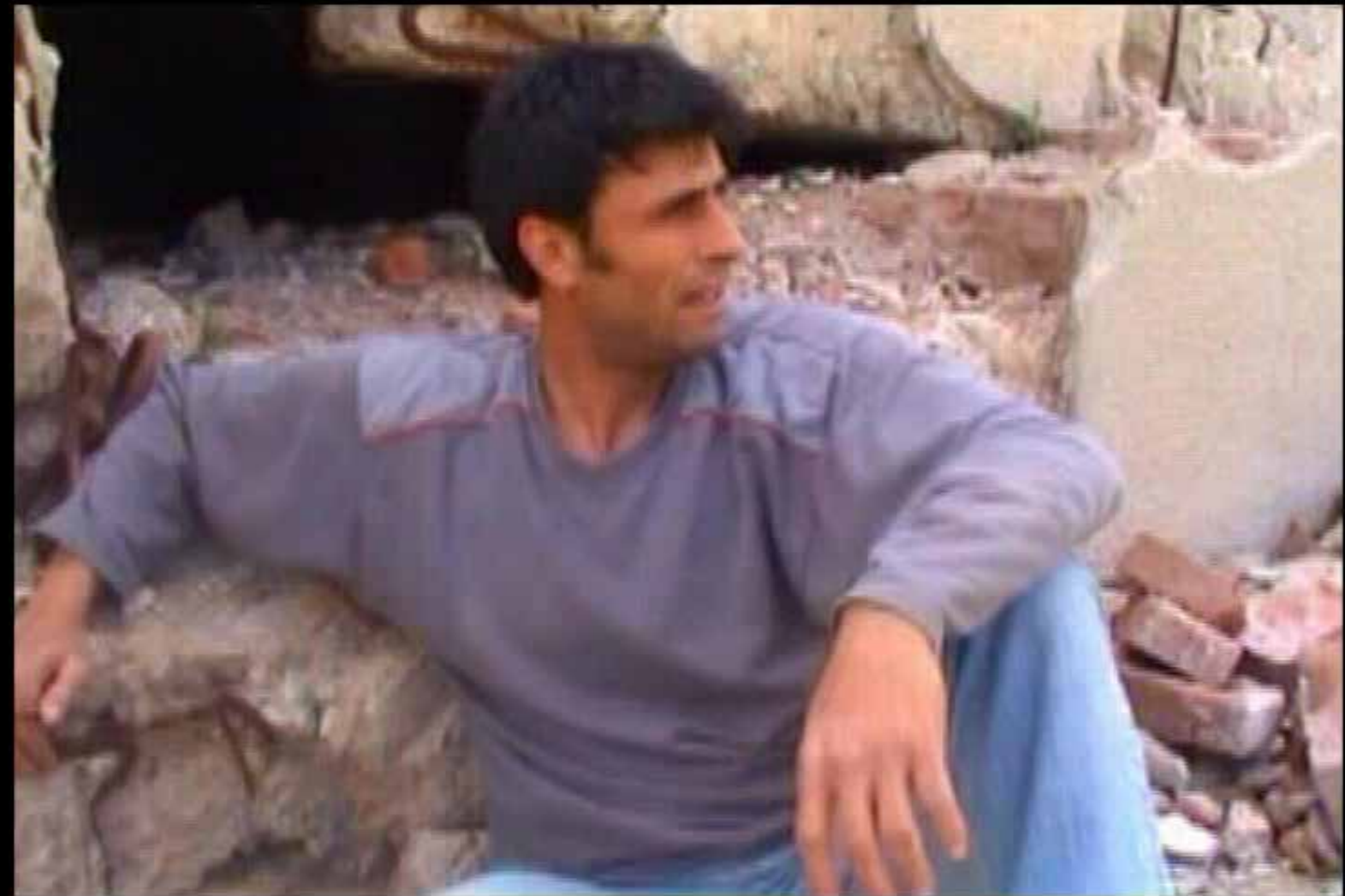
Bravo, 2008
Single Channel Video, 05'18"
HDV-PAL, color, sound





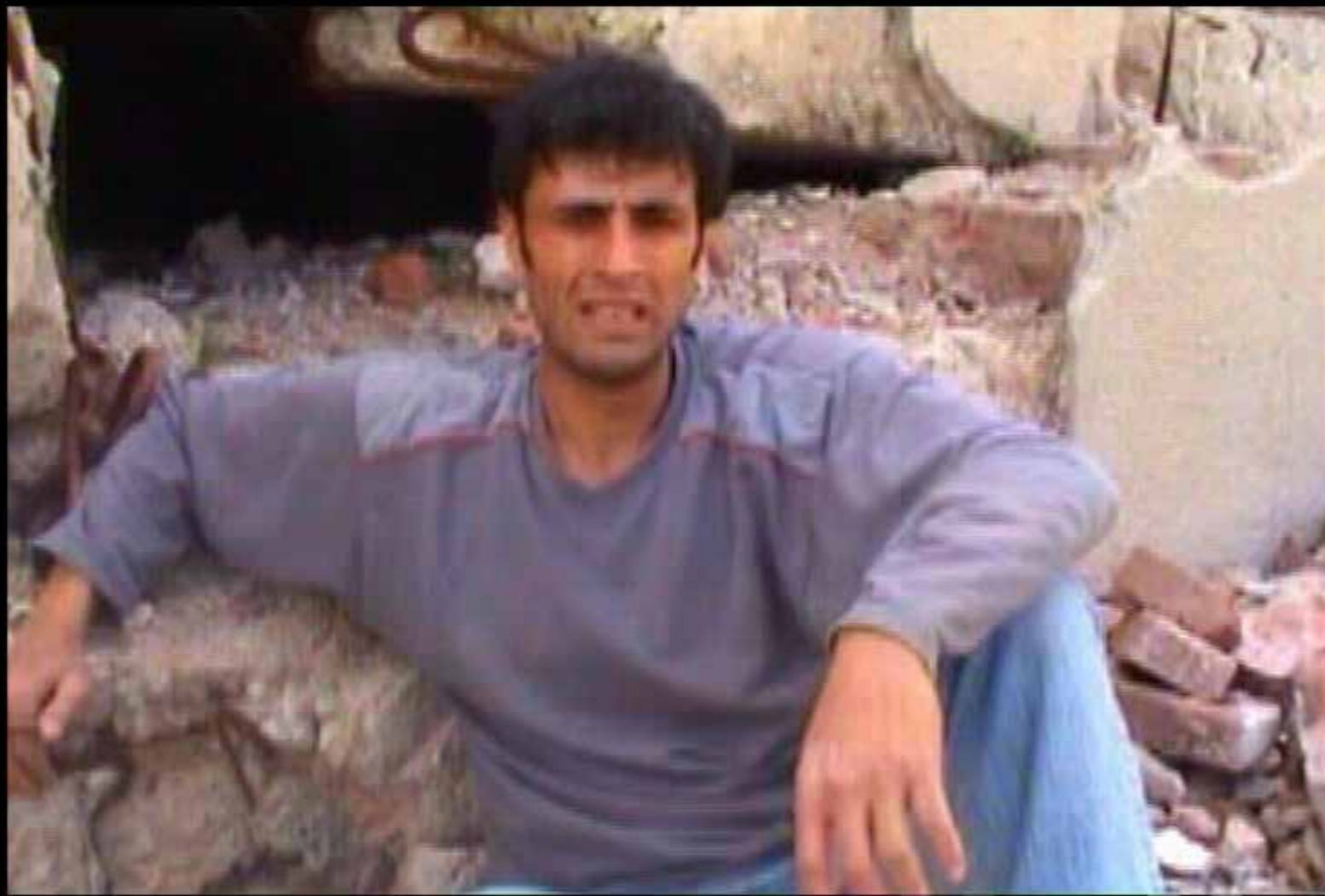






The Exit (2003) is about a man who wanders through the rubble of a collapsed building. With difficulty he digs his way through narrow gaps and removes stones and debris that block his way. The agony of this action is seen in him clearly. A way out is not in sight, because once the man seems to have freed himself, he finds himself yet again in the ruins. While on the one hand, on a concrete level, the video focuses on the fatal consequences of earthquakes and implicitly refers to the lack of building codes, on the other hand it works as a metaphor for the shock of existing conditions; the search for a way out and the struggle for liberation, which are often enough never-ending, Sisyphus-like tasks.

The Exit, 2003
Single Channel Video, 2'38"
DV-PAL, color, sound











The video work *Tractatus* produced with Cengiz Tekin in 2006 somewhat differs from the rest of the works. Here, language is transformed from being an issue into becoming an absurd and startling material in the work titled *Tractatus*. In this performance-like work, two men dressed in a manner reminiscent of Ku-Klux-Klan members and with a similar indifference try to tie knots each other's prickly (animal) tongues.

Tractatus, 2006
Single Channel Video, 07'30''
DV-PAL, color, sound













TIn the video One Day a T and a K, referencing the beginning of the art of the moving image with its nostalgic visual style of the art of the moving image with its nostalgic visual style and 'Charlie Chaplin'-like pace, the tension between the two observing protagonists constantly investigating and examining, and at times becoming intolerant to one another is portrayed. One of the two men stands to attention when the trayed. One of the two men stands to attention when the National Anthem of Turkey is heard. And later on the same person is shot by the fire of one or more unknown persons. It would not be wrong to state that differences in identity and the undeterminable nature of fate are issues spread all over the work.

One Day a T and a K, 2006-2008
Single Channel Video, 03'44"
DV-PAL, sepia, sound











In another video work dating from 2004, titled *The Meeting or Bonjour Monsieur Courbet*, produced in collaboration with Cengiz Tekin, Özmen makes a new move in his art historical contests. This is the tragicomical story of a painter who resists the mentality that the West exports to the East. The villagers find the painter strange, and threaten that they will denounce him. What Özmen does is simple. The video *The Meeting or Bonjour Monsieur Courbet* attempts to say, "If only this painting could speak...". The picture starts to talk. The realist Kurdish painter treated like a madman by the characters screaming "Fuck your revolution!", goes into a fierce discussion immersed in idealist-revolutionary left jargon, finally revolts and a fight with sticks and stones sparks off.

The Meeting Or Bonjour Monsieur Courbet, 2004
Single Channel Video, 13'16"
DV-PAL, color, sound



-Realism and terrorism are the same shit.



..You said good morning and we replied. What's the rest?







On the same plane, the vicious circle of the working habits of female labourers is documented in artist's 2005 video titled *Work*. The women here carry on their job with dedication and a sense of responsibility, no matter how pointless and tedious the duty may be. Özmen once more underlines the silent acceptance of this cycle of daily life by criticising not labour itself, nor the labourer but by questioning to what end work as an act actually leads.

The Work, 2005
Single Channel Video, 5'44"
DV-PAL, color, sound









The same costume but with the hood alone reappears in another video work in Kurdish, titled *Cute, Very Very Cute*, with another figure making music in front of a swastika.

Cute Vey Very Cute, 2003
Single Channel Video, 4'43" DV-PAL, color, sound





Our village is beneath the Mountain of Bingol

A similar sensibility is portrayed in the 2004 work *Our Village* in which the subject is domestic violence towards young girls of a deprived Kurdish household from Bingöl where the two proud victim girls are presented singing a moody folk song. In the Kurdish song the indelible situation that the girls are facing is told in their own language, freely, from within a dark spot, at the end of the tunnel. The chosen voice for lack of education, social inequalities and oppression here is two young girls, who are destined to become shepherdesses. The girls are also all too aware of being “watched”, from the other end of the tunnel. The mirror that Özmen regularly uses becomes an object of observation here, as an advocate of humanism and conscience. This is actually a magical, dramatical mirror used not by power, but by the victim who keep their eyes on the power. And their stories are no lie.

Our Village, 2004
Single Channel Video, 07'09"
DV-PAL, color, sound



In autumn comes the harvest, so nice is our village!





Nice springs we have, flowers spreading over valleys



My father isn't wealthy, we haven't got money to spend





In autumn comes the harvest, so nice is our village!



In many of his works, the artist makes himself the protagonist of the scene. His now most famous work, *Road to Tate Modern* (2003), created in collaboration with Erkan Özgen, shows the two artists, dressed in dark suits and ties (today's artist uniform), riding horses and mules through a mountainous and rugged landscape. It quickly becomes apparent that they do not know where to go, so they ask a passing man for directions. They want to go to the Tate Modern, one of the most important institutions of contemporary art in Europe. The passerby sends them over the mountains and remarks that the way is very long, but that they can make it. Formally, this is a clear reference to Don Quixote and his servant Sancho Panza from Cervantes' novel "Don Quixote de la Mancha." The "knight of the sad countenance" has lost touch with reality through reading novels about knights and throws himself fearlessly into adventures and dangers to fight injustice and earn eternal fame. In doing so, he fights against windmills and is often terribly beaten up by his opponents at the end of his adventures or otherwise comes to harm. The artists self-ironically address the long and rocky road to fame, the fight against the "windmill wings" of prevailing power relations in the art system, and include failure as a possibility. On the other hand, however, they refer in an impressive and critical way to the dichotomy between center and periphery. How can one succeed in finding a way out of isolation and become part of the local and global art scene? Which paths must and should one take? And isn't it ultimately utopian thinking that brings progress?

Road To Tate Modern, 2003

Single Channel Video, 7'13"

DV-PAL, color, sound









and it's pretty far away...

MARGIN OF ERROR

- 01: Absolute Return, 4'14"
- 02: Fade in, 3'55"
- 03: Hidden, 3'40"
- 04: Microzone-1, 4'19"
- 05: Microzone-II, 3'5"
- 06: Nightmare,
- 07: Peace Brigades, 4'2"
- 08: Rough Cut, 3'29"
- 09: Second Explosion, 3'20"
- 10: The Inverse Ninia Law, 3'24"
- 11: The Last Contractor, 3'
- 12: The Fertile Crescent, 4'34"



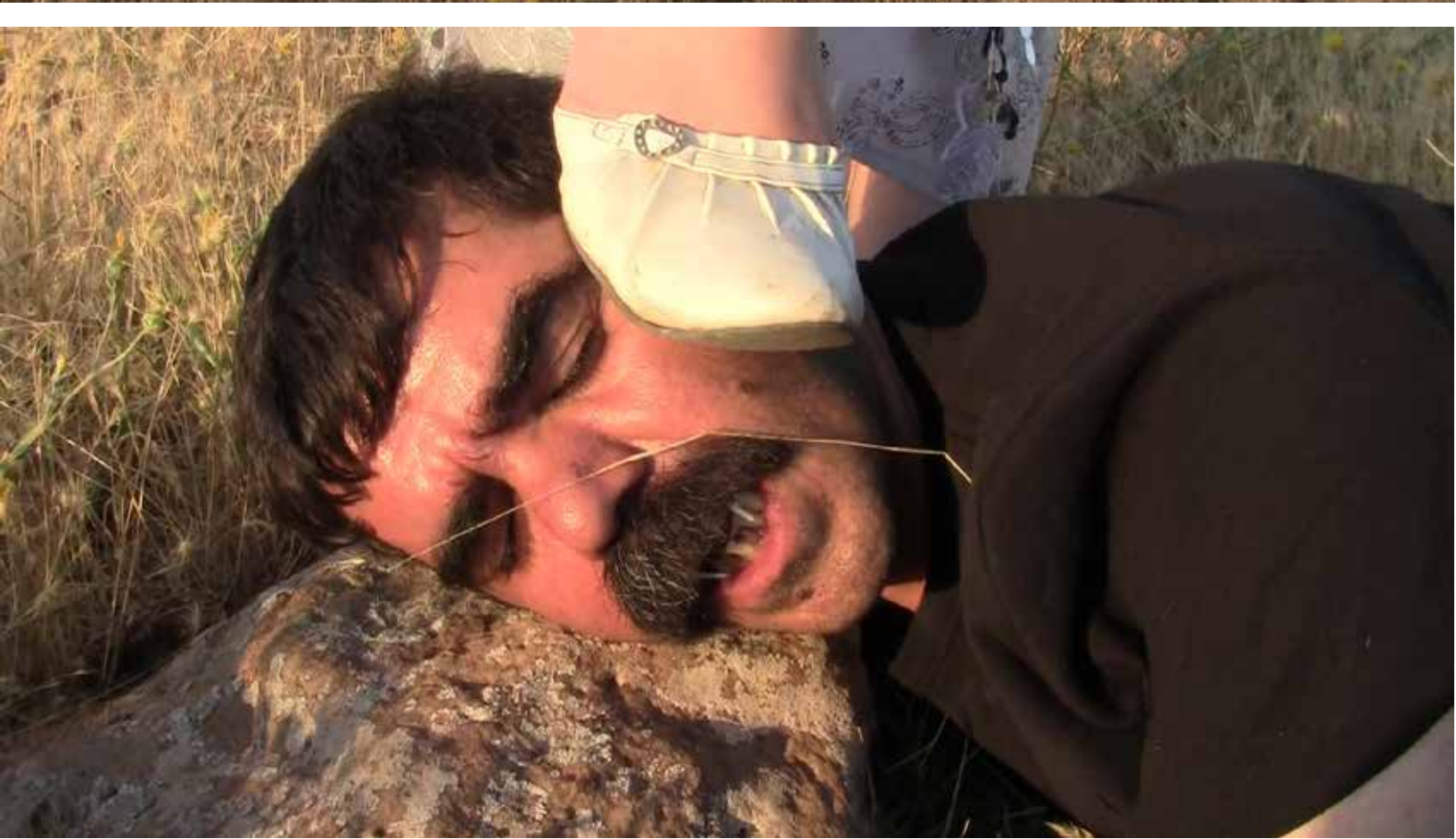
Absolute Return, 2011
Single Channel Video, 4'14"
HD-PAL, color, sound







Fade In, 2011
Single Channel Video, 3'55"
HD-PAL, color, sound







Hidden, 2011
Single Channel Video, 3'40"
HD-PAL, color, sound





Microzone - II, 2011
Single Channel Video, 3'5"
HD-PAL, color, sound





Microzone -1, 2011
Single Channel Video, 4'19"
HD-PAL, color, sound





Nightmare, 2011
Single Channel Video,
HD-PAL, color, sound





Peace Brigades, 2011
Single Channel Video, 4'2"
HD-PAL, color, sound





Rough Cut, 2011
Single Channel Video, 3'29"
HD-PAL, color, sound





Second Explosion, 2011
Single Channel Video, 3'20"
HD-PAL, color, sound





The Inverse Ninja Law, 2011
Single Channel Video, 324"
HD-PAL, color, sound



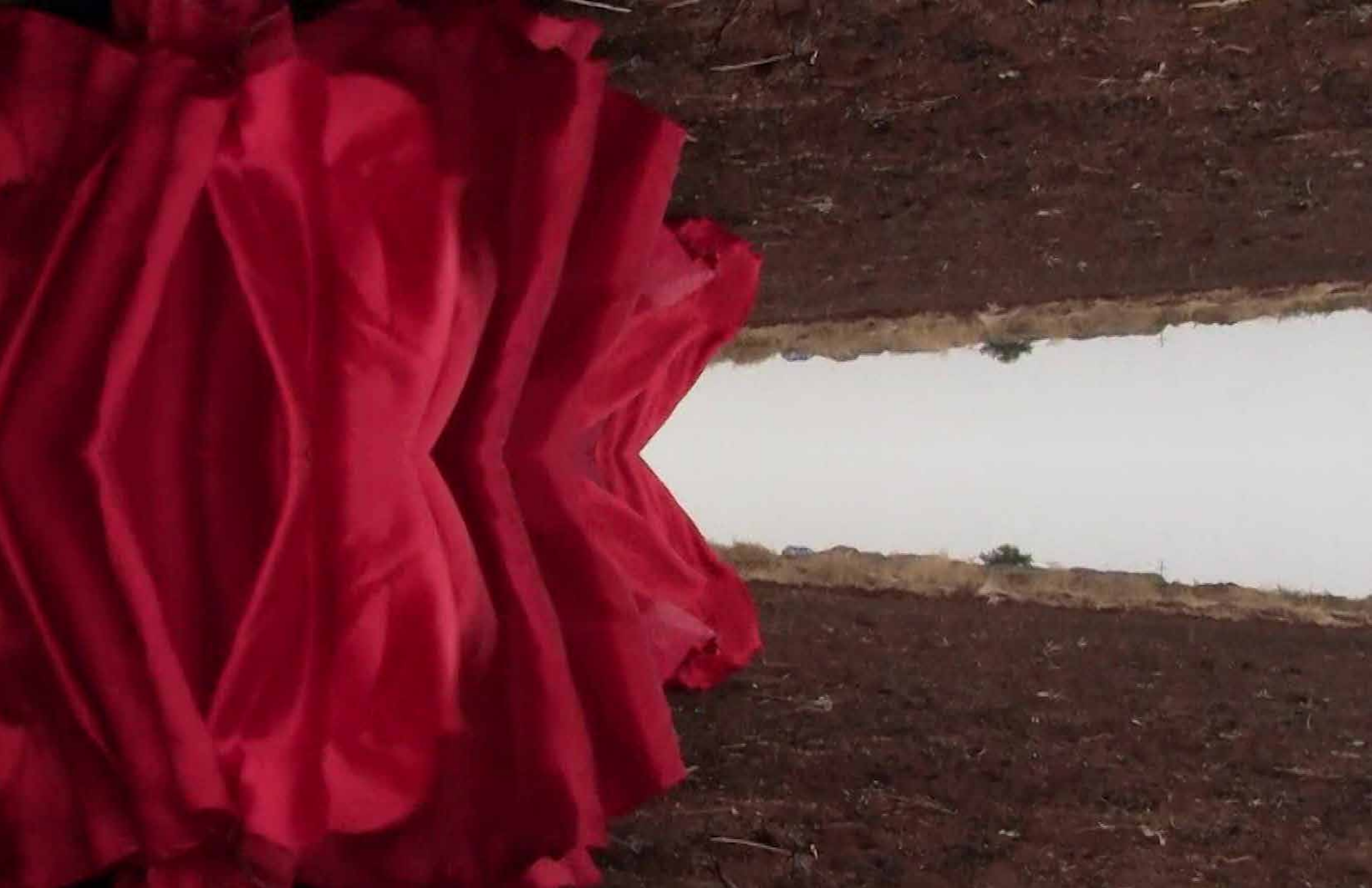


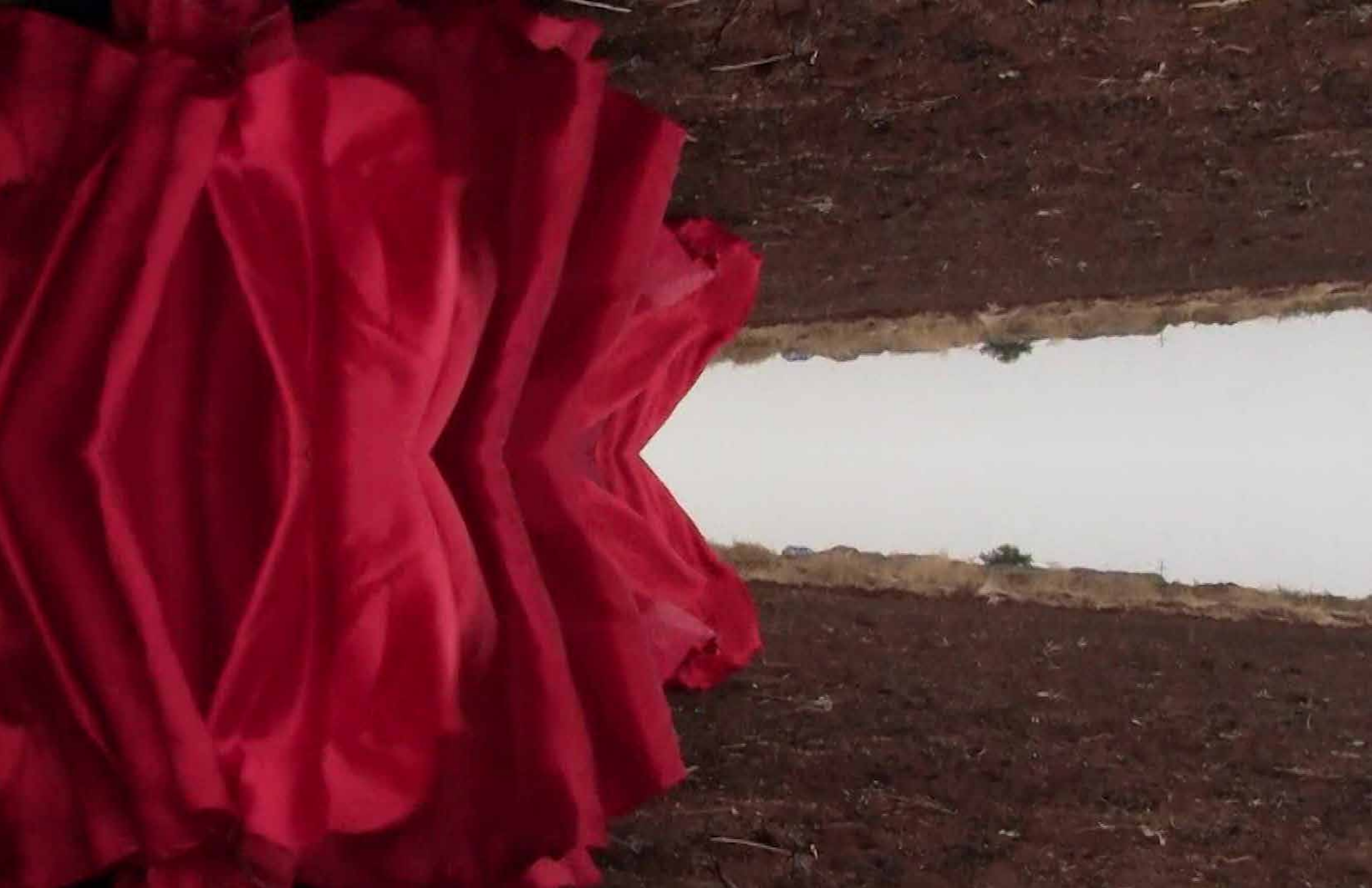
The Last Contractor, 2011
Single Channel Video, 3'
HD-PAL, color, sound





The Fertile Crescent, 2011
Single Channel Video, 4'34"
HD-PAL, color, sound







The Fertile Crescent, 2011
Photography, 30x42 cm



The Fertile Crescent, 2011
Photography, 30x42 cm



Second Explosion, 2011
Photography, 30x42 cm



Second Explosion, 2011
Photography, 30x42 cm



Peace Brigades, 2011
Photography, 30x42 cm



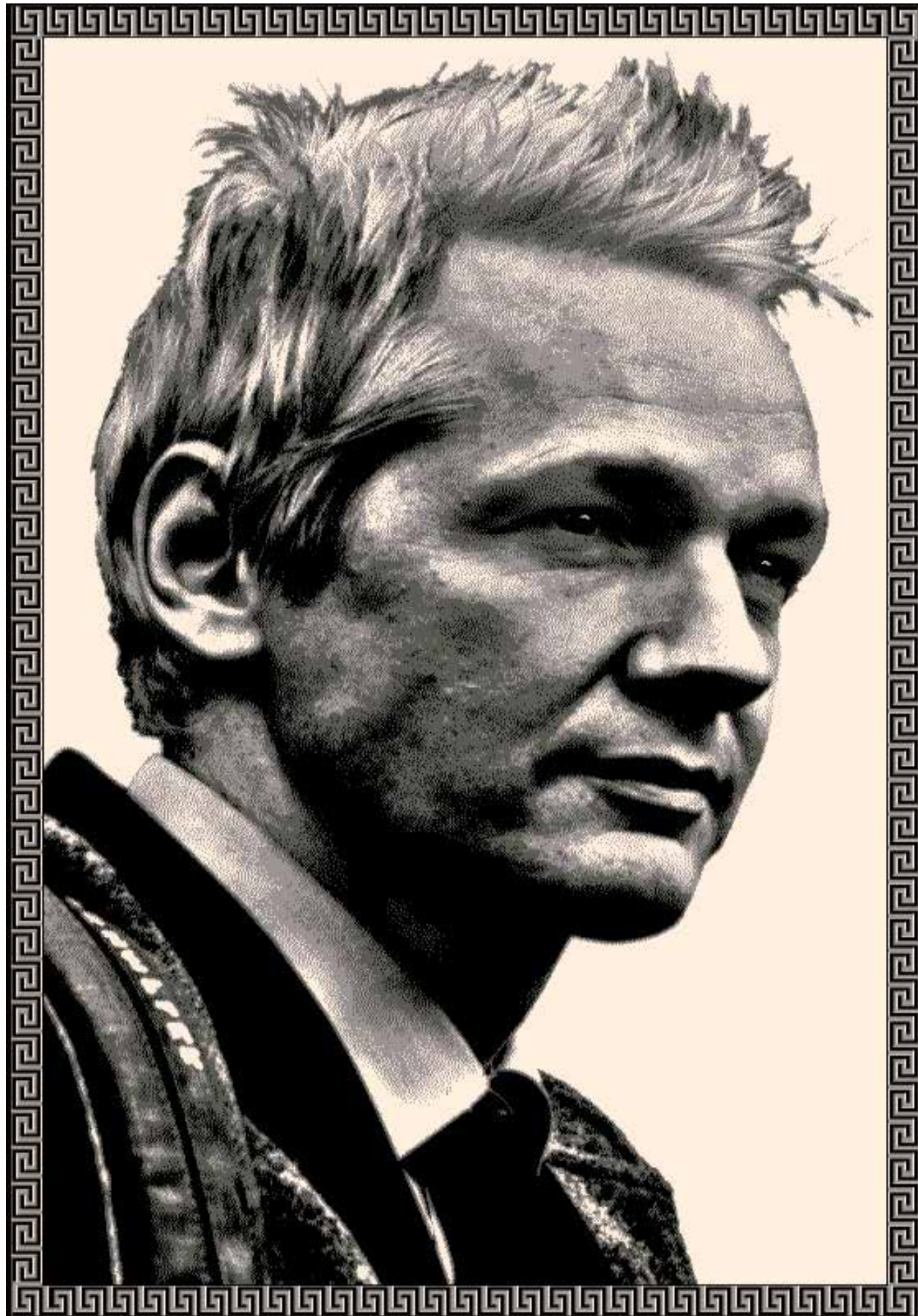
Nightmare, 2011
Photography, 30x42 cm



Absolute Return, 2011
Photography, 30x42 cm

OBJECTS
SCULPTURES

INSTALLATIONS
HANDMADE UNIQUE WORKS



In this work by Sener Ozmen, the cofounder and editor-in-chief of WikiLeaks, Julian Assange, serves as the motif on a prayer mat. Assange is elevated to the level of a potential savior, who makes resistance to ubiquitous surveillance possible, but at the same time, the motif seems over the top and corny. The work poses the questions whether Assange represents a new type of hero, or whether he is merely a figure whose worship replaces taking action oneself.

(Sebastian Althoff)

Assange, 2012
Silk Carpet,
140x200 cm



THE LEAD TRILOGY

The Lead Trilogy / The First Lead, “This lead for the Middle East”, 2015

3x40x40 cm (each) wooden frame, glass, melted lead poured into water, related metaphors, maledictions and wishes.

The Lead Trilogy / The Second Lead, “This lead for the World”, 2015

3x40x40 cm (each) wooden frame, glass, melted lead poured into water, related metaphors, maledictions and wishes.

The Lead Trilogy / The Third Lead, “This lead for the Mother Tongue”, 2015

3x40x40 cm (each) wooden frame, glass, melted lead poured into water, related metaphors, maledictions



This lead for the WORLD;
Check out these curves here! Your nature and any natural beings have been inter-
fered; the genetics of what God bestowed has been modified so that you can't re-
cover and restore yourself. All your resources that you thought were infinite are
either dried up or about to become so. And exactly here, I see the clear traces
of poverty. These series of scratches and that tight knot are the deeds of the
capitalists - they play both ends against the middle! Wars have spread all over;
terror has become daily food for some. It's all evil eyes, terrible evil eyes on
your white waters! Don't these clusters resemble the soaked bodies of the illegal
immigrants!? Or those stained areas the results of the immigration policies?
Those narrow valleys and tight tunnels are all the deeds of the evil spirits! The
most insidious devil has haunted you. May the evil eye blow out; may he/they peg
out who put the evil eye on you! May Lord endow your future with peace, your
life with health, and your leaders with mercy!



This lead for the WORLD;

Check out these curves here! Your nature and any natural beings have been inter-
fered; the genetics of what God bestowed has been modified so that you can't re-
cover and restore yourself. All your resources that you thought were infinite are
either dried up or about to become so. And exactly here, I see the clear traces
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out who put the evil eye on you! May Lord endow your future with peace, your
life with health, and your leaders with mercy!



I dipendenti del museo sono immortali, 2015
Typewritten text, black frame, 40x40 cm



Museum workers are immortal!, 2015
Typewritten text, black frame, 40x40 cm



Shahmaran (Şahmaran), 2015
Hand forged copper tray, R: 42 cm





Heterotopia, 2015
Silk carpet, 225x160 cm





Reserved, 2015
CNC engraving on 5 mm thick brass sheet, 120x40x30 cm





Conjoined, 2015
Dyptich photography, 27,5x40,5x74,5x27,5 cm

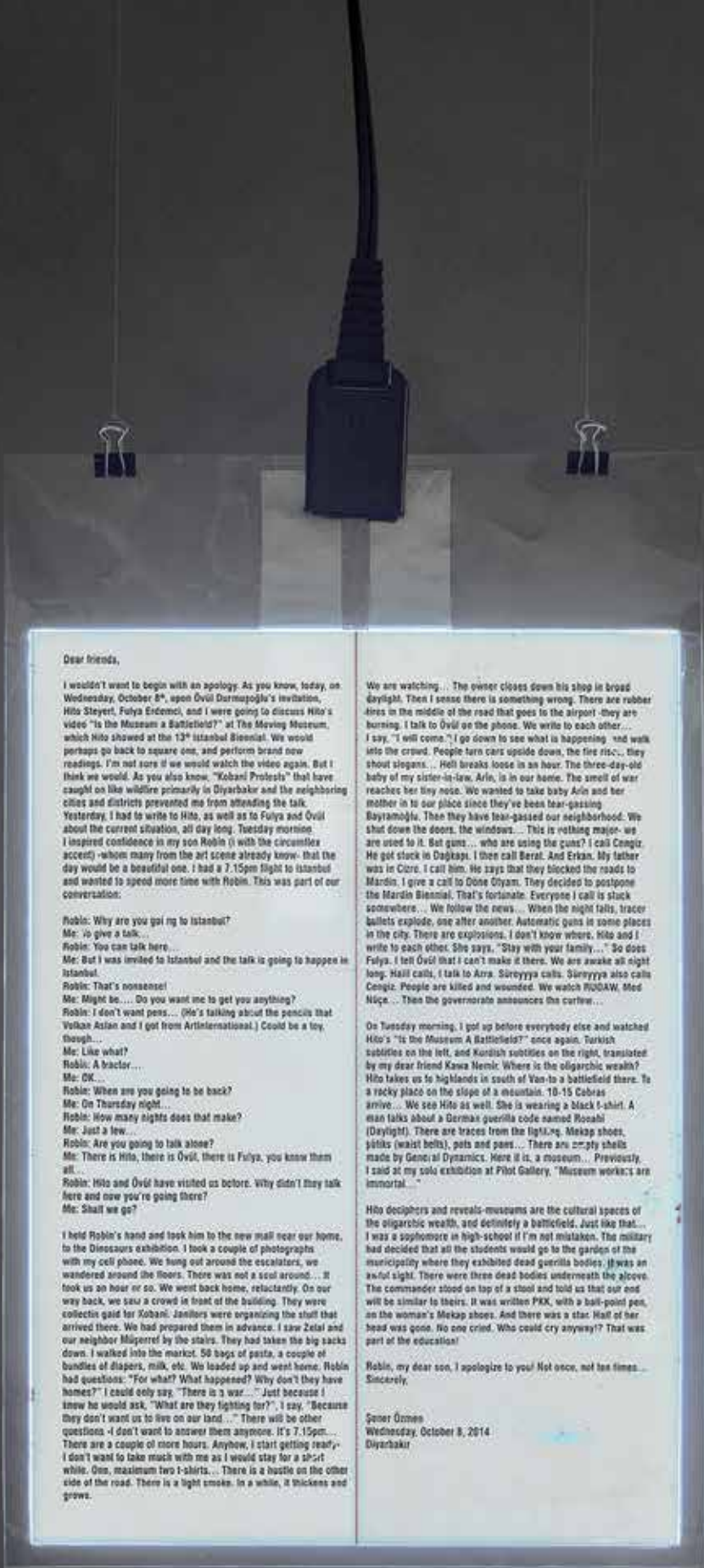




Tripod, 2015
Concrete casting, SLIK brand tripod, 40x40x130 cm

In another corner of the galleryz there is a tripod trapped in a concrete pedestal, its legs no longer able to be move. The sculpture. Tripod, seems scary in its immobile, unmoveable quality. But it's also funny: the tripod has been stripped of its function of balancing a camera, and now can't do anything. According to the exhibition. Tripod "takes us back to the years when Ozmen did not and could not use a tripod." And Ozmen now describes those years as a nightmare—even the existence of the tripod had seemed threatening. "I had carried the tripod with me everywhere, but there was no way to use it. Instead, I had to find a cameraman to balance the camera as if he were a tripod. The horizon line was always crooked. I had become an artist who lost his horizon line." The tripod posed a theo retical problem for Ozmen's artistic career. He couldn't feel safe outdoors because of how visible the equipment made him.

Kaya Genc



Dear friends,

I wouldn't want to begin with an apology. As you know, today, on Wednesday, October 8th, upon Övül Durmuşoğlu's invitation, Hito Steyerl, Fulya Ercenci, and I were going to discuss Hito's video "Is the Museum a Battlefield?" at The Moving Museum, which Hito showed at the 13th Istanbul Biennial. We would perhaps go back to square one, and perform brand new readings. I'm not sure if we would watch the video again. But I think we would. As you also know, "Kobani! Protests" that have caught on like wildfire primarily in Diyarbakir and the neighboring cities and districts prevented me from attending the talk. Yesterday, I had to write to Hito, as well as to Fulya and Övül about the current situation, all day long. Tuesday morning. I inspired confidence in my son Robin (i) with the circumflex accent) -whom many from the art scene already know- that the day would be a beautiful one. I had a 7.15pm flight to Istanbul and wanted to spend more time with Robin. This was part of our conversation:

Robin: Why are you going to Istanbul?

Me: To give a talk...

Robin: You can talk here...

Me: But I was invited to Istanbul and the talk is going to happen in Istanbul.

Robin: That's nonsense!

Me: Might be... Do you want me to get you anything?

Robin: I don't want pens... (He's talking about the pencils that Volker Astar and I got from ArtInternational.) Could be a toy, though...

Me: Like what?

Robin: A tractor...

Me: OK...

Robin: When are you going to be back?

Me: On Thursday night...

Robin: How many nights does that make?

Me: Just a few...

Robin: Are you going to talk alone?

Me: There is Hito, there is Övül, there is Fulya, you know them all...

Robin: Hito and Övül have visited us before. Why didn't they talk here and now you're going there?

Me: Shall we go?

I held Robin's hand and took him to the new mall near our home, to the Dinosaurs exhibition. I took a couple of photographs with my cell phone. We hung out around the escalators, we wandered around the floors. There was not a soul around... It took us an hour or so. We went back home, reluctantly. On our way back, we saw a crowd in front of the building. They were collectors paid for Kobani. Janitors were organizing the stuff that arrived there. We had prepared them in advance. I saw Zefar and our neighbor Mügeerref by the stairs. They had taken the big sacks down. I walked into the market. 50 bags of pasta, a couple of bundles of diapers, milk, etc. We loaded up and went home. Robin had questions: "For what? What happened? Why don't they have homes?" I could only say: "There is a war..." Just because I knew he would ask, "What are they fighting for?", I say, "Because they don't want us to live on our land..." There will be other questions. I don't want to answer them anymore. It's 7.15pm... There are a couple of more hours. Anyhow, I start getting ready. I don't want to take much with me as I would stay for a short while. One, maximum two t-shirts... There is a hustle on the other side of the road. There is a light smoke. In a while, it thickens and grows.

We are watching... The owner closes down his shop in broad daylight. Then I sense there is something wrong. There are rubber tires in the middle of the road that goes to the airport. They are burning. I talk to Övül on the phone. We write to each other... I say, "I will come." I go down to see what is happening. And walk into the crowd. People turn cars upside down, the fire rages, they shout slogans... Hell breaks loose in an hour. The three-day-old baby of my sister-in-law, Arin, is in our home. The smell of war reaches her tiny nose. We wanted to take baby Arin and her mother in to our place since they've been tear-gassing Bayramoğlu. Then they have tear-gassed our neighborhood. We shut down the doors, the windows... This is nothing major. We are used to it. But guns... who are using the guns? I call Cengiz. He got stuck in Dargazi. I then call Berat. And Erkan. My father was in Cilve. I call him. He says that they blocked the roads to Mardin. I give a call to Güne Geylan. They decided to postpone the Mardin Biennial. That's fortunate. Everyone I call is stuck somewhere... We follow the news... When the night falls, tracer bullets explode, one after another. Automatic guns in some places in the city. There are explosions. I don't know where. Hito and I write to each other. She says, "Stay with your family..." So does Fulya. I tell Övül that I can't make it there. We are awake all night long. Hito calls, I talk to Arin. Süreyya calls. Süreyya also calls Cengiz. People are killed and wounded. We watch RUDAW, Med Nüçe... Then the governorate announces the curfew...

On Tuesday morning, I got up before everybody else and watched Hito's "Is the Museum a Battlefield?" once again, Turkish subtitles on the left, and Kurdish subtitles on the right, translated by my dear friend Kawa Nemic. Where is the oligarchic wealth? Hito takes us to highlands in south of Van to a battlefield there. To a rocky place on the slope of a mountain. 10-15 Cobras arrive... We see Hito as well. She is wearing a black t-shirt. A man talks about a German guerrilla code named Roashi (Daylight). There are traces from the light. Mekap shoes, jütiks (waist belts), pots and pans... There are empty shells made by General Dynamics. Here it is, a museum... Previously, I said at my solo exhibition at Pilot Gallery, "Museum workers are immortal."

Hito deciphers and reveals-museums are the cultural spaces of the oligarchic wealth, and definitely a battlefield. Just like that... I was a sophomore in high school if I'm not mistaken. The military had decided that all the students would go to the garden of the municipality where they exhibited dead guerrilla bodies. It was an awful sight. There were three dead bodies underneath the alcove. The commander stood on top of a stool and told us that our end will be similar to theirs. It was written PKK, with a ball-point pen, on the woman's Mekap shoes. And there was a star. Half of her head was gone. No one cried. Who could cry anyway? That was part of the education!

Robin, my dear son, I apologize to you! Not once, not ten times... Sincerely,

Şener Özmen
Wednesday, October 8, 2014
Diyarbakir



Letter, 2015
1 mm Flatlite, Flexible electroluminescent panel, 21x30 cm

Dear friends,

I wouldn't want to begin with an apology. As you know, today, on Wednesday, October 8th, upon Ovul Durmuşoglu's invitation, Hito Steyerl, Fulya Erdemci, and I were going to discuss Hito's video "Is the Museum a Battlefield?" at The Moving Museum, which Hito showed at the 13th Istanbul Biennial. We would perhaps go back to square one, and perform brand new readings. I'm not sure if we would watch the video again. But I think we would. As you also know, "Kobani Protests" that have caught on like wildfire primarily in Diyarbakir and the neighboring cities and districts prevented me from attending the talk. Yesterday, I had to write to Hito, as well as to Fulya and Ovul about the current situation, all day long. Tuesday morning, I inspired confidence in my son Robin (i with the circumflex accent)-whom many from the art scene already know-that the day would be a beautiful one. I had a 7.15pm flight to Istanbul and wanted to spend more time with Robin. This was part of our conversation:

Robin: Why are you going to Istanbul?

Me: To give a talk...

Robin: You can talk here...

Me: But I was invited to Istanbul and the talk is going to happen in Istanbul.

Robin: That's nonsense!

Me: Might be.... Do you want me to get you anything?

Robin: I don't want pens... [He's talking about the pencils that Volkan Aslan and I got from ArtInternational.)

Could be a toy, though...

Me: Like what?

Robin: A tractor...

Me: OK...

Robin: When are you going to be back?

Me: On Thursday night...

Robin: How many nights does that make?

Me: Just a few...

Robin: Are you going to talk alone?

Me: There is Hito, there is Ovul, there is Fulya, you know them all

Robin: Hito and Ovul have visited us before. Why didn't they talk here and now you're going there?

Me: Shall we go?

I held Robin's hand and took him to the new mall near our home, to the Dinosaurs exhibition. I took a couple of photographs with my cell phone. We hung out around the escalators, we wandered around the floors. There was not a soul around... It took us an hour or so. We went back home, reluctantly. On our way back, we saw a crowd in front of the building. They were collecting aid for Kobani. Janitors were organizing the stuff that arrived there. We had prepared them in advance. I saw Zelal and our neighbor Muşerref by the stairs. They had taken the big sacks down. I walked into the market. 50 bags of pasta, a couple of bundles of diapers, milk, etc. We loaded up and went home. Robin had questions: "For what? What happened? Why don't they have homes?" I could only say, "There is a war..." Just because I know he would ask, "What are they fighting for?", I say, "Because they don't want us to live on our land..." There will be other questions-I don't want to answer them anymore. It's 7.15pm... There are a couple of more hours. Anyhow, I start getting ready-I don't want to take much with me as I would stay for a short while.

One, maximum two t-shirts... There is a hustle on the other side of the road. There is a light smoke. In a while, it thickens and grows. We are watching... The owner closes down his shop in broad daylight. Then I sense there is something wrong. There are rubber tires in the middle of the road that goes to the airport-they are burning. I talk to Ovul on the phone. We write to each other... I say, "I will come." I go down to see what is happening, and walk into the crowd. People turn cars upside down, the fire rises, they shout slogans... Hell breaks loose in an hour. The three-day-old baby of my sister-in-law, Ann, is in our home. The smell of war reaches her tiny nose. We wanted to take baby Ann and her mother in to our place since they've been tear-gassing Bayramoglu. Then they have tear-gassed our neighborhood. We shut down the doors, the windows... This is nothing major-we are used to it. But guns... who are using the guns? I call Cengiz. He got stuck in Dagkapi. I then call Berat. And Erkan. My father was in Cizre. I call him. He says that they blocked the roads to Mardin. I give a call to Done Otyam. They decided to postpone the Mardin Biennial. That's fortunate. Everyone I call is stuck somewhere... We follow the news... When the night falls, tracer bullets explode, one after another. Automatic guns in some places in the city. There are explosions. I don't know where. Hito and I write to each other. She says, "Stay with your family..." So does Fulya. I tell Ovul that I can't make it there. We are awake all night long. Halil calls, I talk to Azra. Sureyyya calls. Sureyyya also calls Cengiz. People are killed and wounded. We watch RUDAW, Med Nuge... Then the governorate announces the curfew...

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Sener Ozmen

Wednesday, October 8, 2014
Diyarbakir



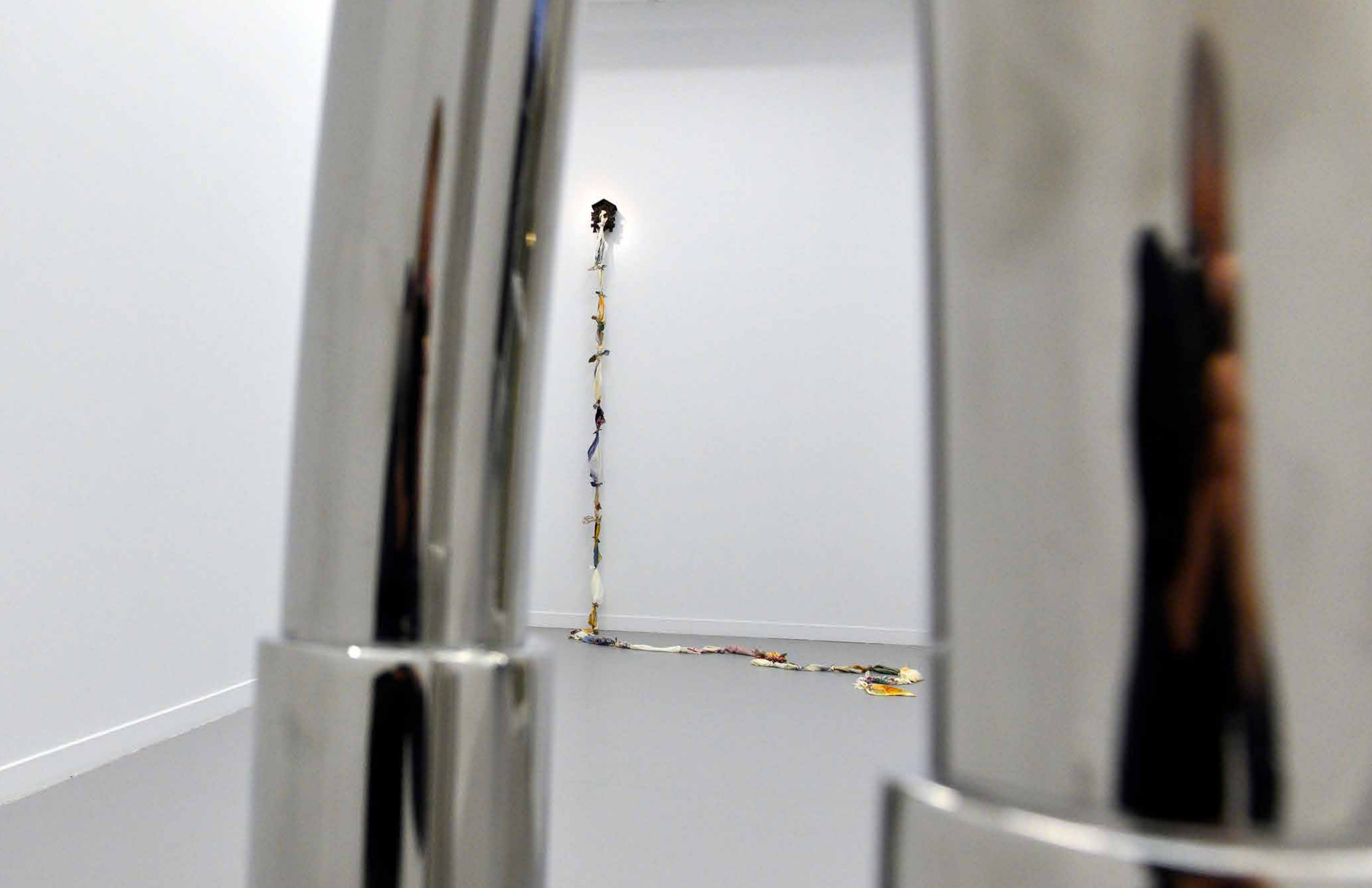
Pole Escaping Its Flag, 2012
Installation view: "Envy, Enmity, Embarrassment", Arter, 2013







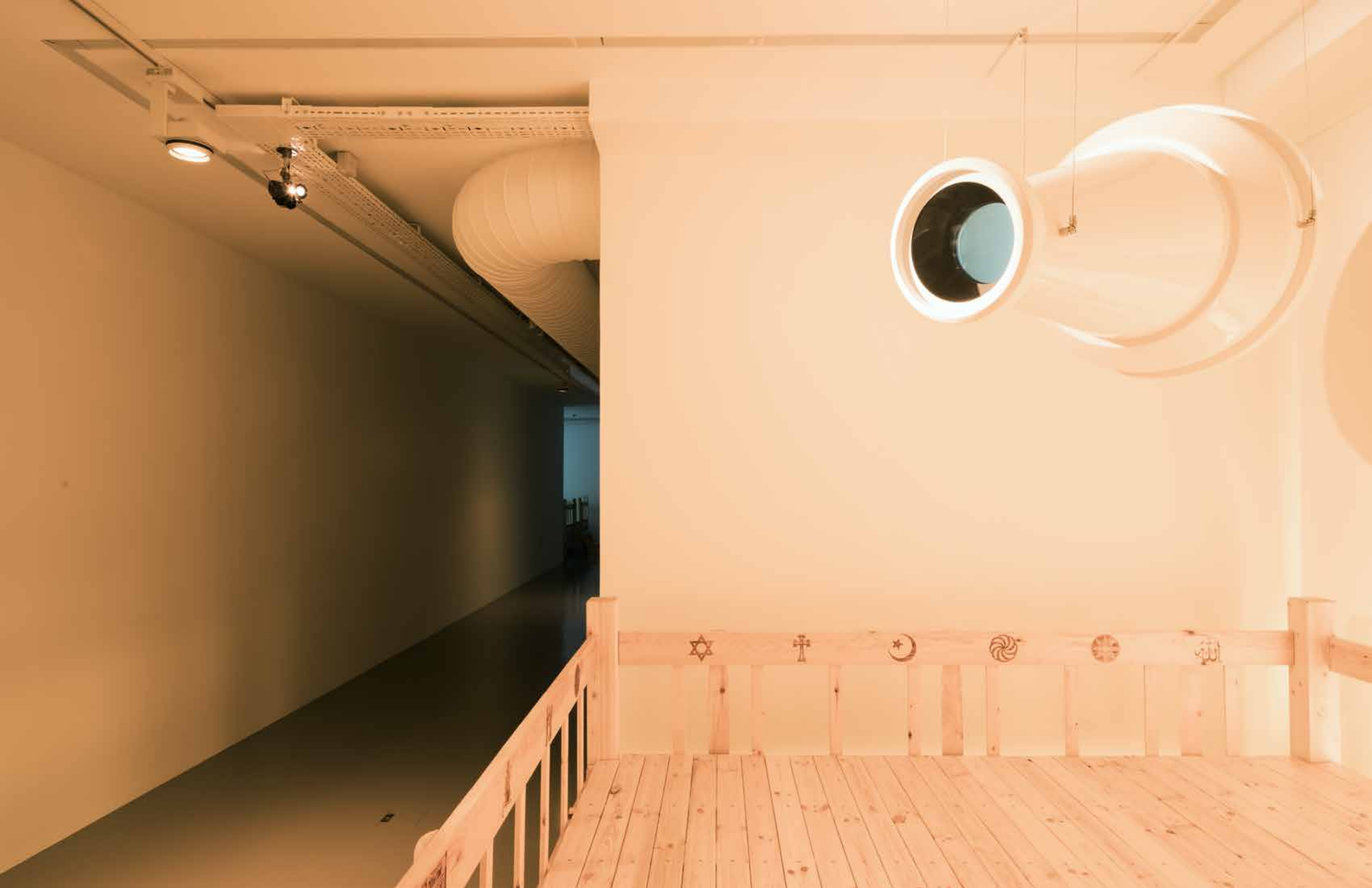


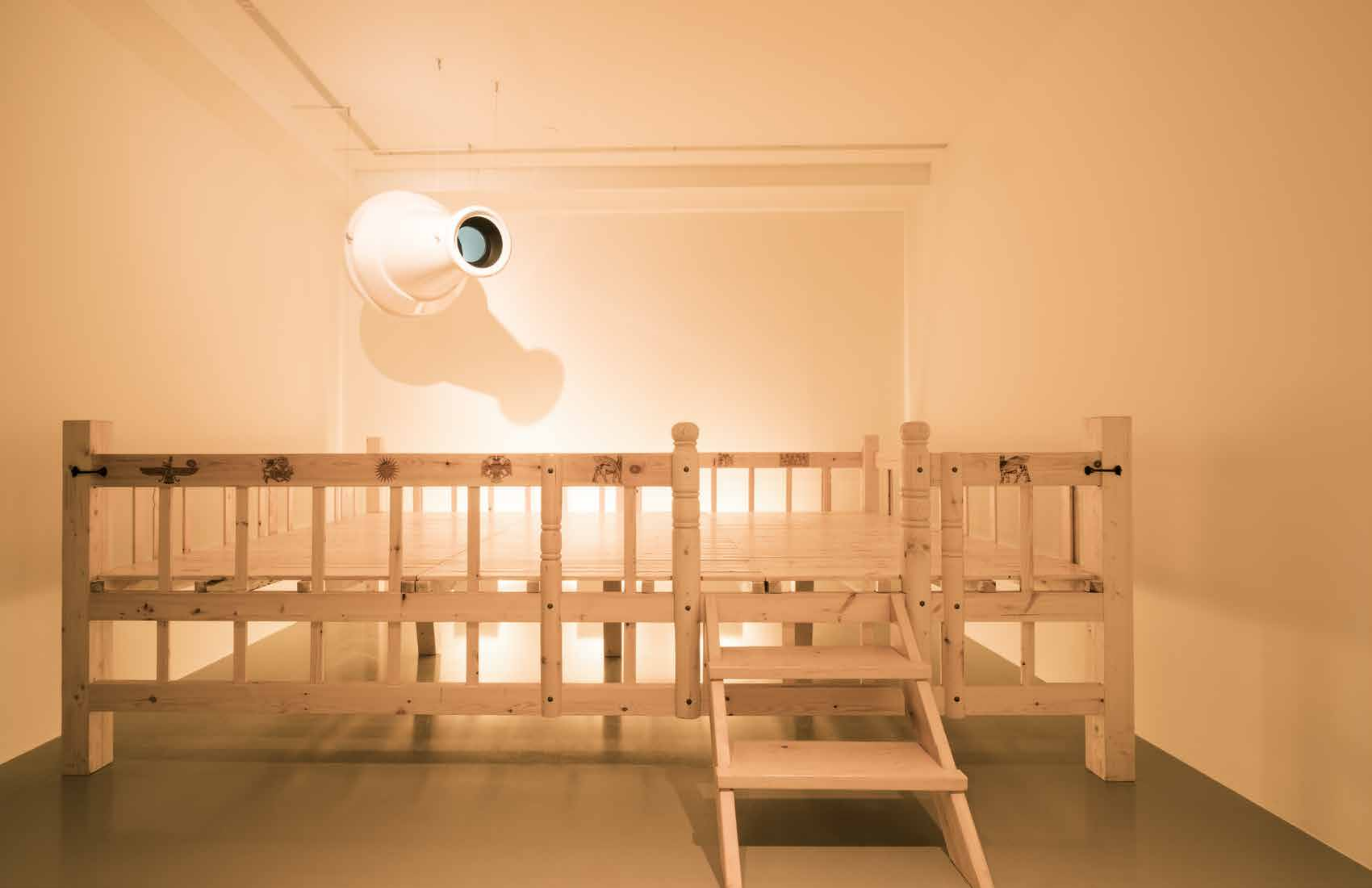




An Overcast Day-Koh Samui, 2016
Fiberglass, glass, Slide Viewer Light Box, Duratrans photograph 120x80x40 cm















Tahts, 2016

Wooden construction, laser cut icons

TAHT 1: Wooden construction, laser cut icons, 110 x 380 x 260 cm

TAHT 2: Wooden construction, laser cut icons, 290 x 310 x 330 cm

TAHT 3: Wooden construction, laser cut icons, 110 x 260 x 200 cm





Media offline
メディアオフライン
Média hors ligne
Offline-Medien
脱机媒体文件
Medios sin conexión
Dispositivo multimediale non in linea
오프라인



Media offline
メディアオフライン
Media from ligne
Media-Modern
미디어 현대
Media sin conexión
Quemico multimedial from the line
오프라인









Taht I: The Artist Battling His Invisible Enemies'

Ozmen enlarged the "Single-View Master" he brought along from his childhood and carried it into the work "An Overcast Day / Koh Samui" he envisaged as a toy-like, candy-ish object. One of the objects appearing in the childhood universe of "Unfiltered Memories", a toy that travellers brought back as a present for children, expanded over time and evolved into "An Overcast Day / Koh Samui", an object into which Sener Ozmen placed a single image of a holiday moment he wished would come true. One of the most important consequences of the List of "I Want"s was the ability to open a window to the desires of the subject, which became visible postrecognition. This is how Koh Samui, a global holiday destination evoking images of a warm and distant land, came into the picture. The holiday image on the island of Koh Samui is like the epitome of all the "I Want"s and the peak of the entire exhibition. We reach Koh Samui and the coil springs us in the opposite direction. The artist confined to a room in Diyarbakir with a savage world outside, presents the seemingly most irrelevant things you could imagine: a holiday spent lying on your back at one of the most famous destinations of the Southern Hemisphere! The List of "I Want"s also provide an answer to an imaginary question. It is almost like the reply to a gruffly asked, "What do you want? What is your problem? What do you want from me? What do you want from us? What do the Kurds want? What do you want?" It also seems to state, "I want you to think of me say, 'why are we scampering away from sharp shooters on the streets? We also want to take a vacation in Koh Samui.'" The photograph of the island of Koh Samui is the product of the journey a scowling Sener Ozmen took in February 20016 while Diyarbakir, Cizre, Sirnak were all under fire. A single frame. A single moment in which representation caught up with the artist even on this remote island. On whose behalf is Sener Ozmen lounging on that beach under the palm trees? Whose borders is he pulling, stretching, and expanding? This is simultaneously the same taht that carries



the largest number of icons and the most common iconography of civilisations past. Amidst all these civilisations and through the new version of a lovely childhood toy that has been re-sized with a magical touch, I am looking at the most seemingly impossible to achieve, yet simplest desire we all possess: a moment of peace! A cocktail sipped in Koh Samui - the most basic, common ground of the "I Want"s that we cannot attain...Anyhow, I start getting ready-I don't want to take much with me as I would stay for a short while.

'Taht II: Things I Heard from Breasts'

This taht is caught on the horns of a dilemma; it contains a double bind. First, hope and desire (we see three young women joyfully walking along a dirt road, jumping rope at the plain they reach - three friends in good spirits) and then, at the most enjoyable moment of their play, as the three friends jump rope amidst nature on a hill, we see dust rising up from the ground, the dust the jumping feet raise covers the entire scene. Much like in love, fear takes over - fear that in the best moment, everything can fall apart. Much like in love, the circumstances are not as flawless as we imagine them to be. It is a sign of being unable to get accustomed to the liberties granted by recognition, the freedom extended by the right to speech. Just as that right is exercised - if we take joy, creating pleasure, and embracing that pleasure both on a personal and collective level as a form of speech - it demonstrates the fear of some pending disaster, fear of the possibility that anything good will be caught up in the mist of fairytales and come down from reality. What is more, the disintegration of the ideal moment, its suffocation may possibly have been caused by the dust their own feet raise. Causing words, friendships, fun, and recent pleasures to be lost in the confusion is the most threatening possibility of all. The fear of choking on the dust raised by one's own skipping feet muffles the expression of joy! Like a concrete, tangible pendulum reflecting a double bind, this video not only alludes to the right **of speech, the**

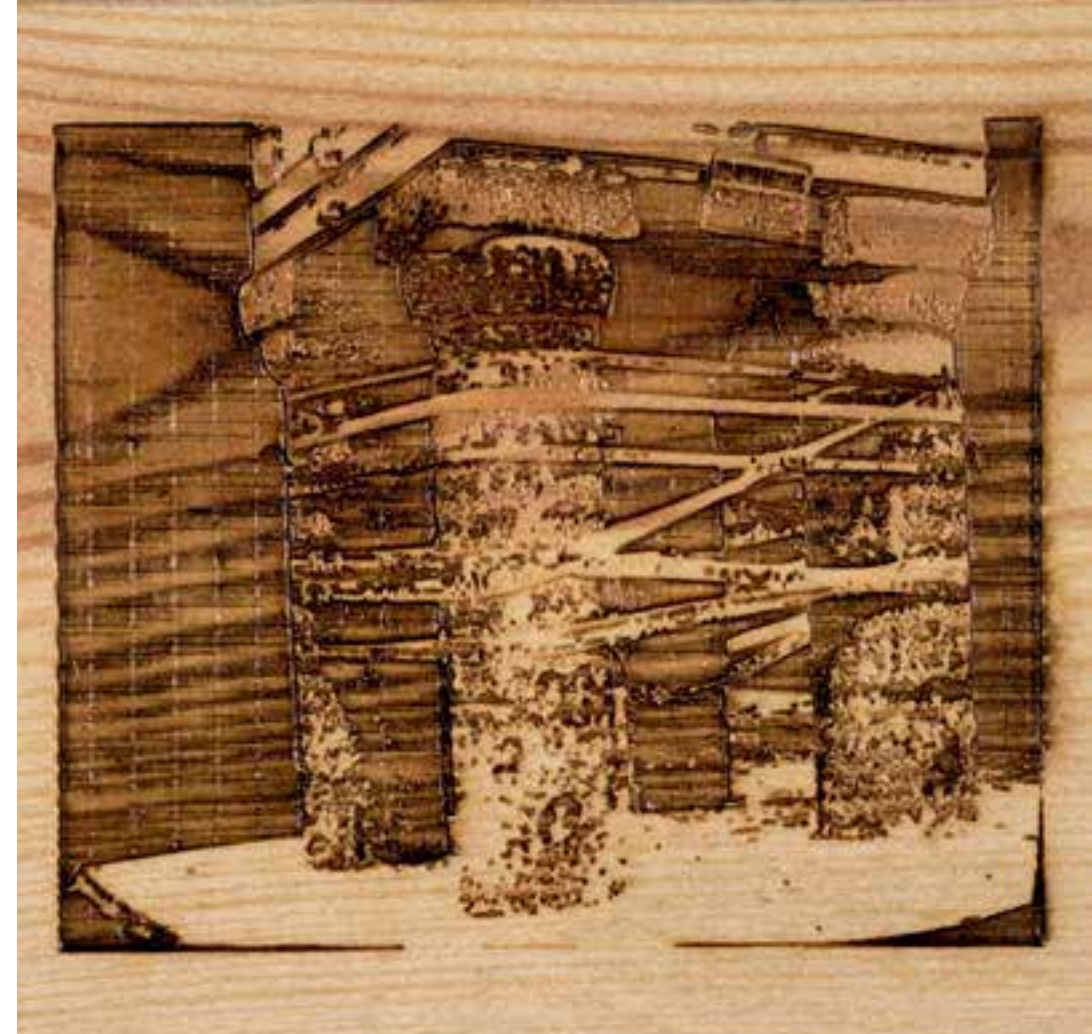
joy, and the beautiful moment of peace and prosperity brought by recognition and echoed from the curtains providing intimacy in the night, but it also insinuates its potential to vanish off the face of the earth. References to art history did not prove very functional in expressing this fear; irony was not very instructive, befuddled effects and eccentric approaches did not work, the cliched images of representational roles were exhausted. All we had left was the resistance of the artist’s identity, memory, and even geography against being fixed and the strength it derived - and offered - from its attempts at self-destabilisation.

‘Taht III: Play in Your Own Shadow!’

The video “The Remains of an Act of Censorship Applied by the Artist” on this taht takes the floor from such a broken unfiltered discourse that all we have left is merely the filter itself. What is more, filters are beautiful. Even charming, if what they filter becomes virtually invisible. “The Remains of an Act of Censorship Applied by the Artist”, in which censorships completely disappear and only leave behind the relationship, movement, and sweetness of aestheticised balls of censorship, might even possess a nihilistic aspect. The negative pan of the scale is heavier. It lacks the projections of the list of “I Want”s that contains future demands or wishes to transform the status quo in a desirable manner; nor does it include an unfiltered expression of one’s self and demands. On one hand, Taht 3 carries icons of selected Unfiltered Memories, allusions to coded states of unfiltered discourses, and, on the other hand, it possesses the possibility of only looking at the filter, merely contemplating the state of being unfiltered. The filter is so dominant in the video “The Remains of an Act of Censorship Applied by the Artist” that we have nothing to filter at hand anymore. The content cannot be found.

CNC Laser Icons





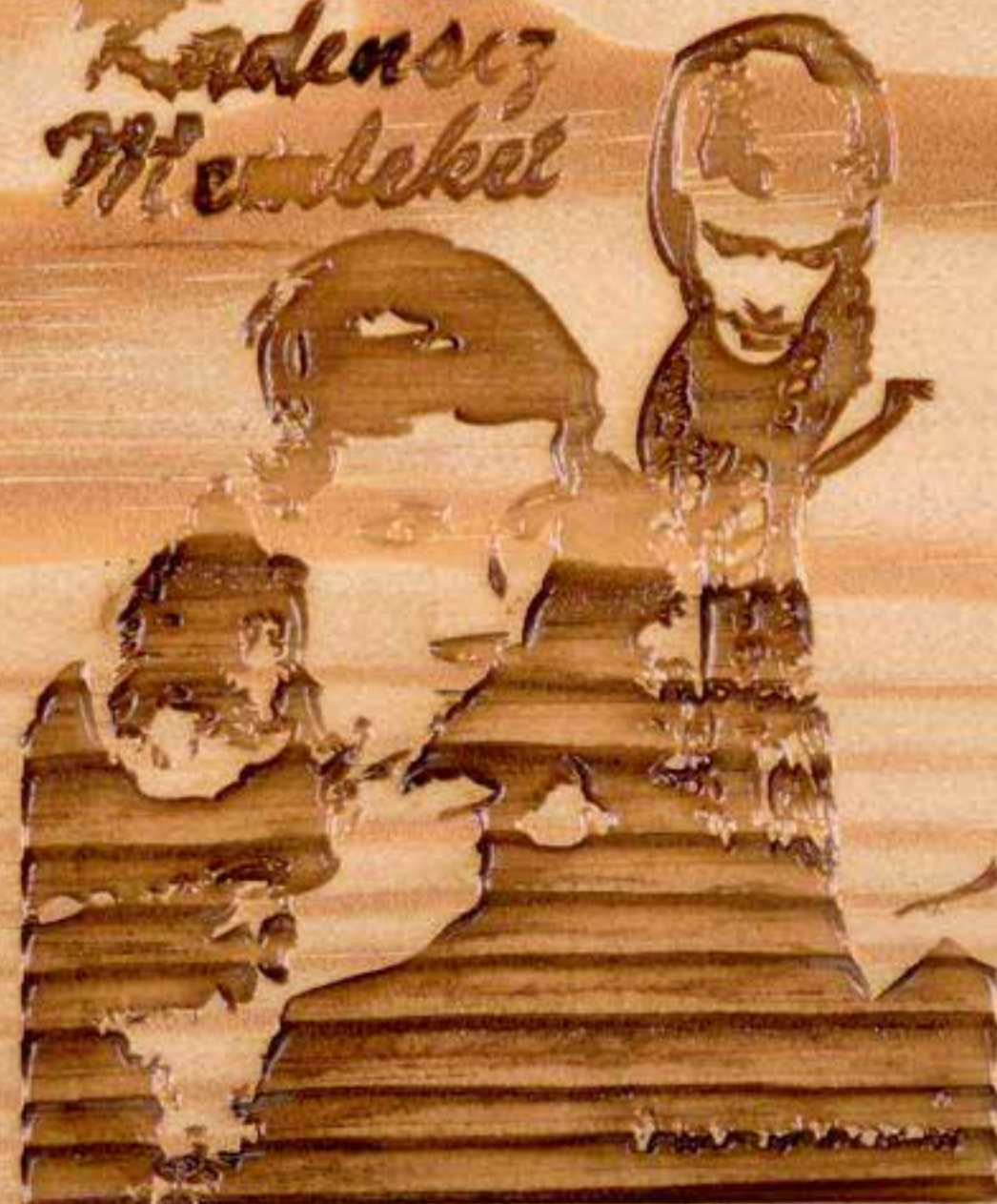


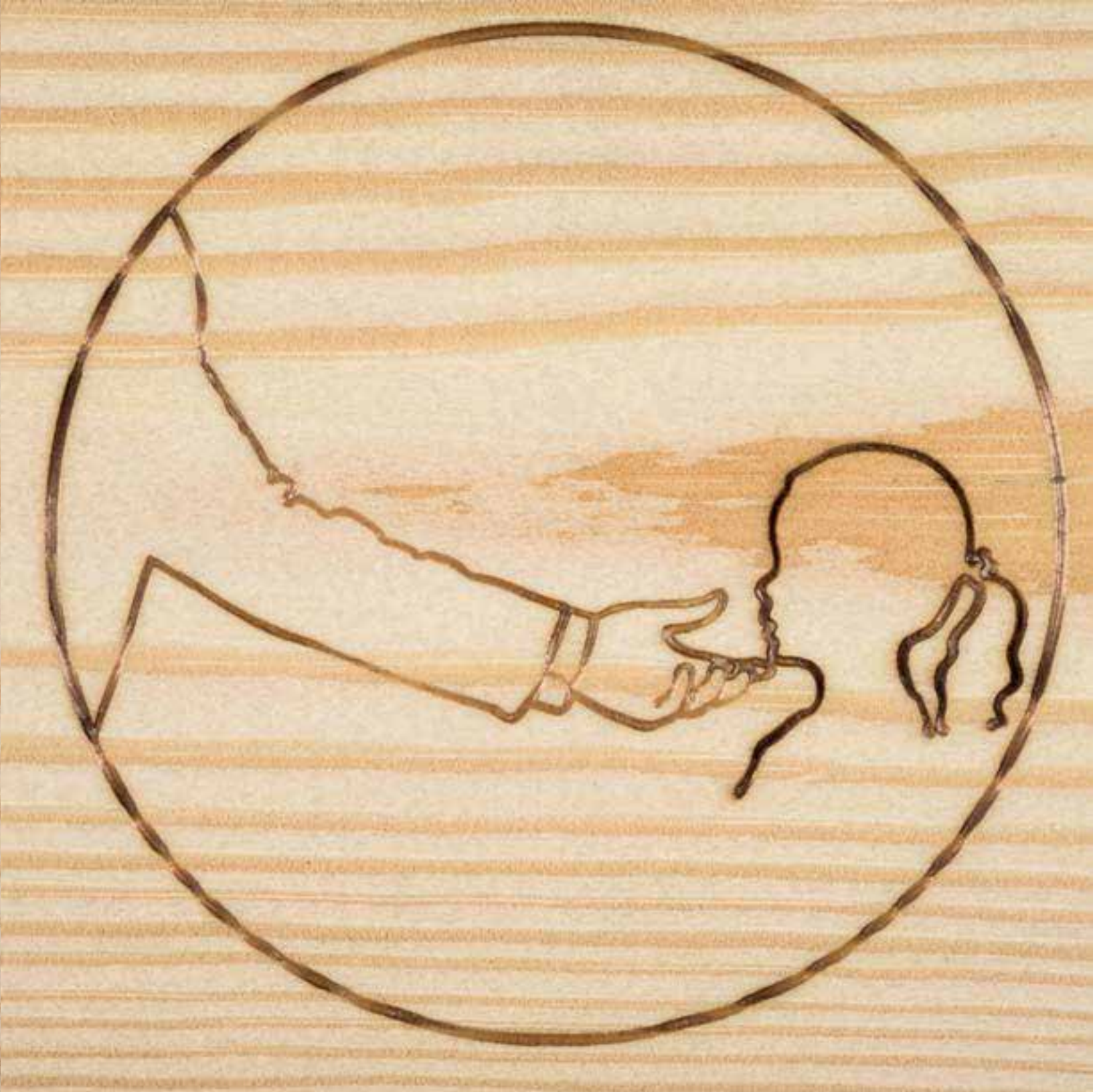


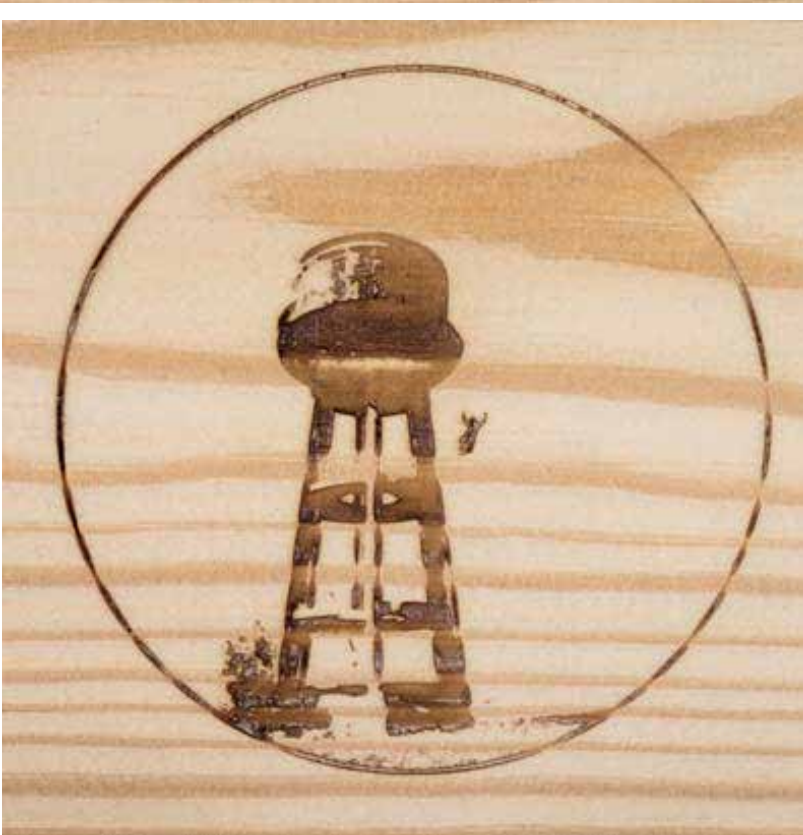
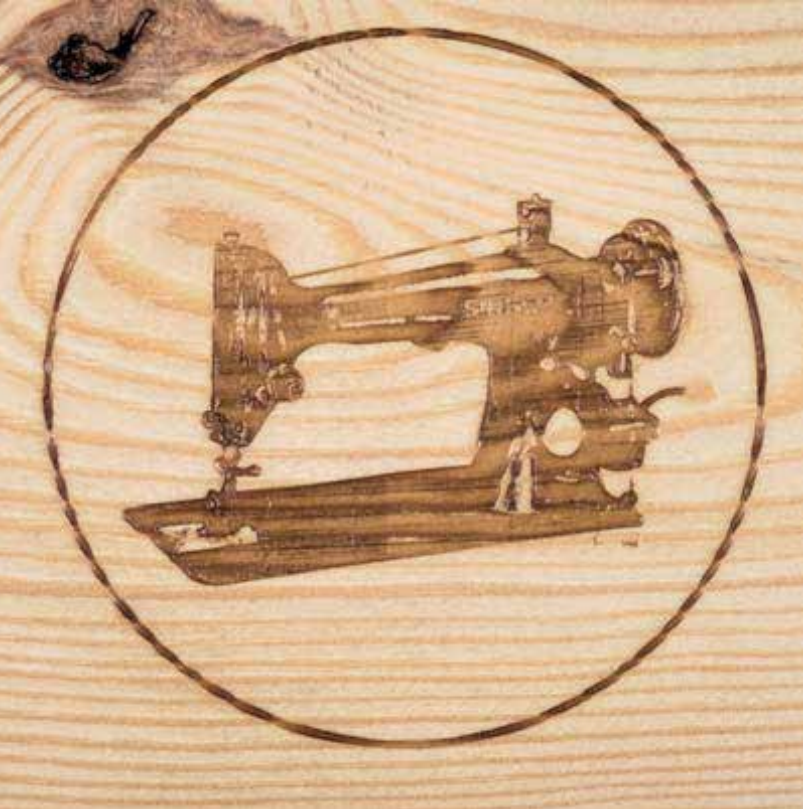


FRANK RICHARD

Kadensiz
Memleket











Aphrodite, 2019

Torso made of compressed white marble dust, metal handcuffs, 75 x 40 cm
Unique

The Aphrodite torso appears with a simple but mandatory intervention on a headless and limbless Aphrodite sculpture, an important inventory of standard academic education of fine arts also used for decorative purposes. Ozmen's peculiar view is hidden in the familiar pose of Aphrodite - the Goddess of Love and Beauty, slightly bending her waist and lifting up her hip. When we look at the sculpture, we get the impression that something's not right with Aphrodite's ideal torso. The idea that the sculpture's broken arms are joining behind disturbs the artist (all starting with an illusion).

Ozmen doesn't look at the sculpture with the "eyes complete the missing limbs" rhetoric classical art education misinforms. Weirdly, he doesn't even see an anomaly or absence on the sculpture. He is trying to prove that what he sees is, in fact, an excess, that it shouldn't be there, that it doesn't coalesce with, nor is it a part of this ideal body. When we pass behind the sculpture, we acknowledge the artist to be right, seeing that his concerns are caused by an object. Ozmen, clearly wants us to witness this historical moment. When we see the Goddess of Love and Beauty handcuffed, we understand that love, beauty, lust, coquetry and affinity has faded away.

Here, Ozmen refers to the Trierer Venus. Trier is the oldest city in Germany, founded by Roman Emperor Augustus near the Moselle River. The Venus sculpture in the Saint Matthias' Abbey in Trier was chained down and rectified throughout the Middle Ages during the holy weeks, by iconoclast Christian pilgrims with the accusation of having a magical effect on the viewers and eroticising them. Venus, her body lines eroded from the lapidation, has been brought to archaeological museum in Trier - Rheinisches Landesmuseum - in 1811, after the confinement of St. Matthias' abbey following the French Revolution.







Behind the Barrier, 2019
Video projection on concrete barrier, 12'34"

National borders are protected by couple meters-long, strong, concrete barriers. These barriers are installed with a slow and frantic labor on weak borders, for socio-economic and socio-political reasons, ordered to companies by the state in order to minimize the threat of immigration, to prevent illegal trespassing, to strengthen national borders in case of potential danger, as well as to clarify borders and to intimidate foreign politics, and to present the public with strong messages regarding the 'safety and peace' of domestic politics. Ozmen's *Behind the Barrier* reveals that the concrete barriers where he lives (in this video, Diyarbakir) are built not for the purposes of preventing drug trafficking or illegal trespassing, but concealing the public from security forces under 'safety purposes' and transforming the city into a labyrinth difficult to live in, and creating new moods and behavioral patterns, especially following the intensified conflicts by the city walls. It shows chaotic images the public wouldn't want to witness, that the city being broken down by this kind of architectural intervention is supported by the idea that this will clarify the existing parties. When he and his wife went there at a time, when all prohibitions were temporarily lifted and entrance was allowed only in one street, to see the building she had spent her childhood in, but mostly to see what happened there and what was left behind, they were faced with the fact that the scene they confronted was much different from what they experienced up until that day. In the scenes captured by Ozmen's timid camera, we sense an unusual mourning seeing the people, who have hurriedly left their homes by the city walls after the conflicts, not making eye contact with the visitors and avoiding long conversations, and everyone concerned with their own problems buried deep within them. *Behind the Barrier* is projected on a security barrier placed in the exhibition space. In the introduction scene of the video, we are trying to enter the city walls through a hole resembling an eye placed in the center of the barrier. Unlike the other videos, Ozmen shows it without an introductory title, or without the classic, blacking-out ending with a text. The bloody times are screened taking in the texture of the cold and grey surface of the concrete barrier and the beginning and ending of those times are ambiguous.



Coloring Book

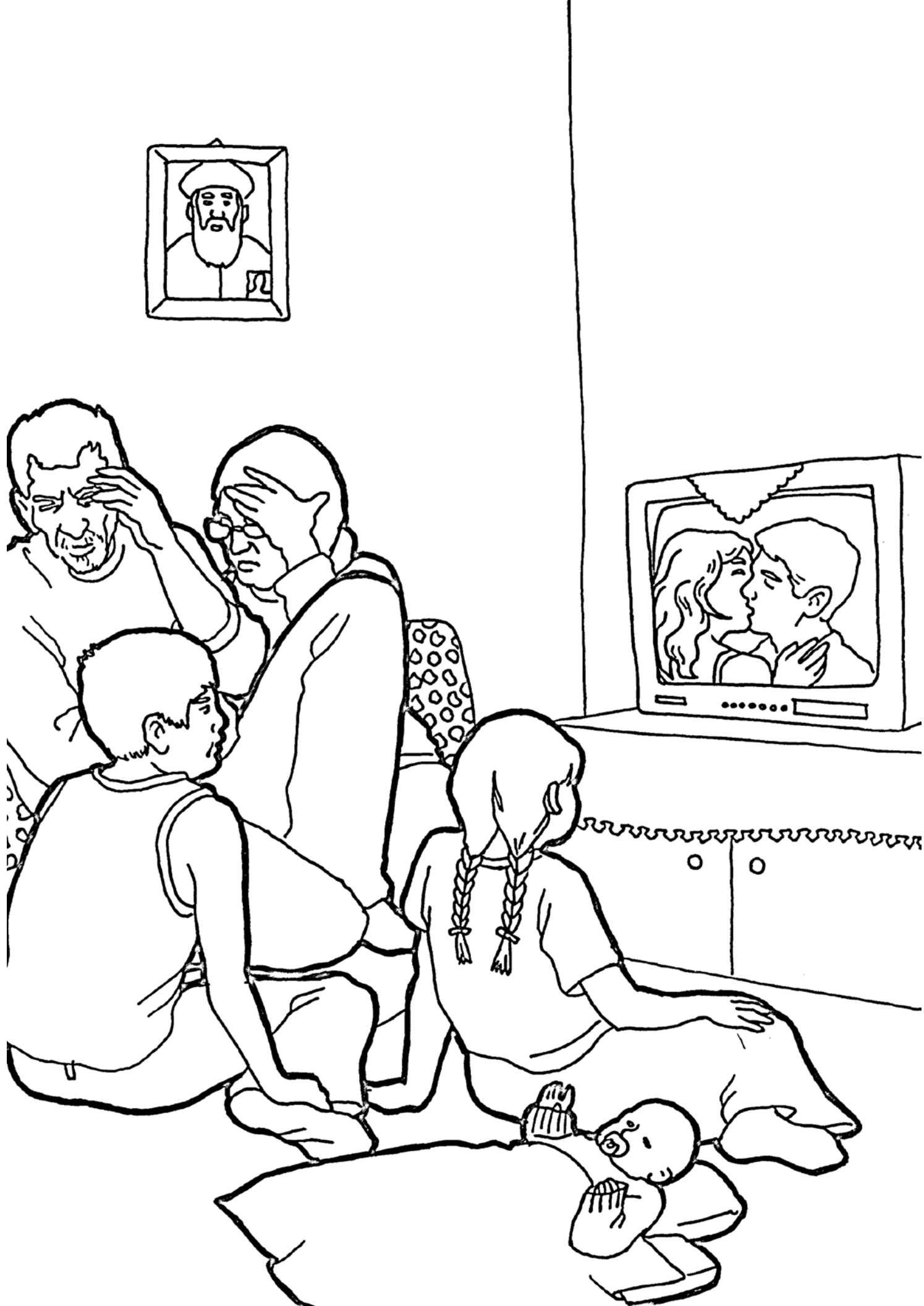
Sener Ozmen&Ahmet Öğüt

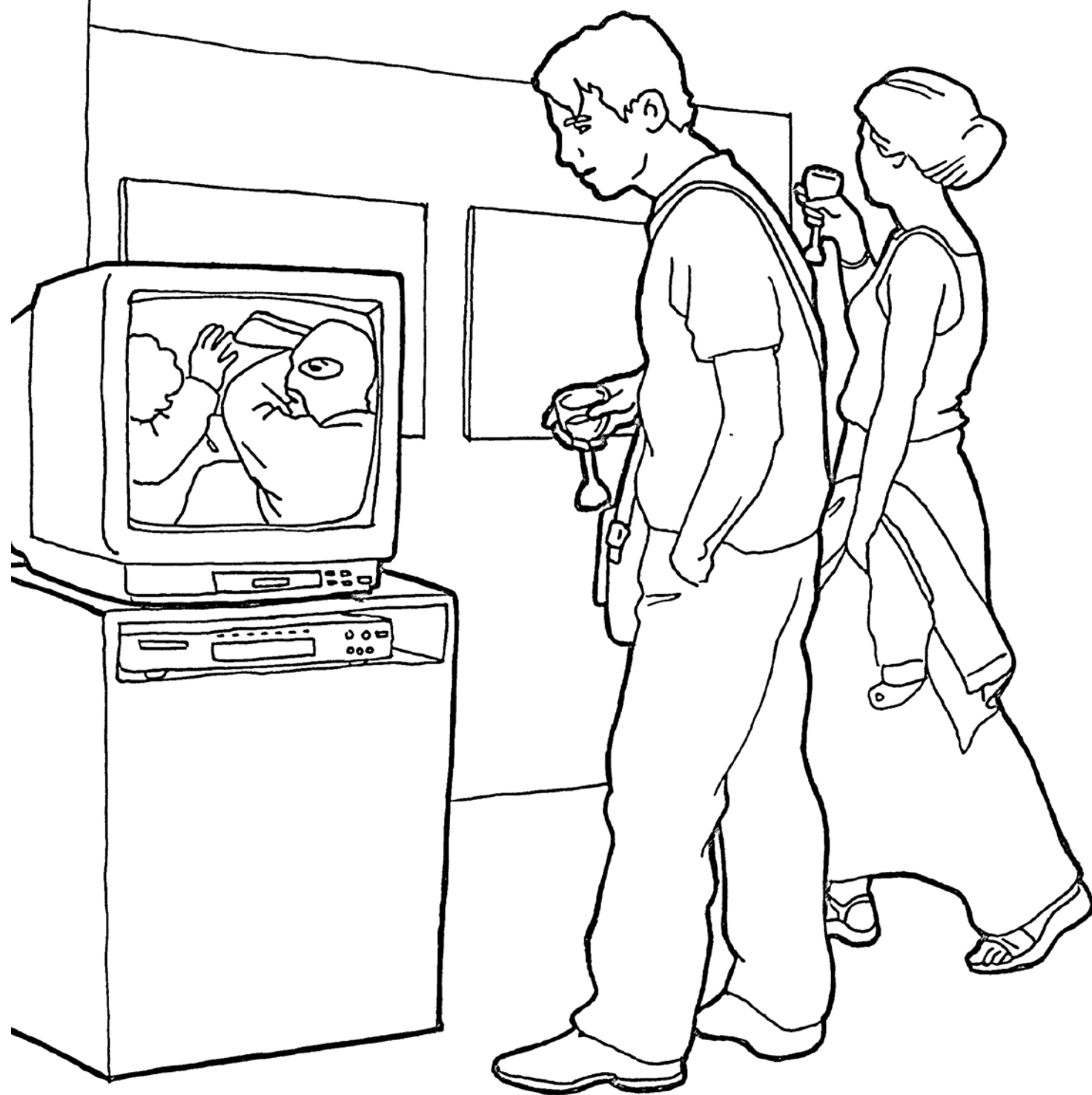
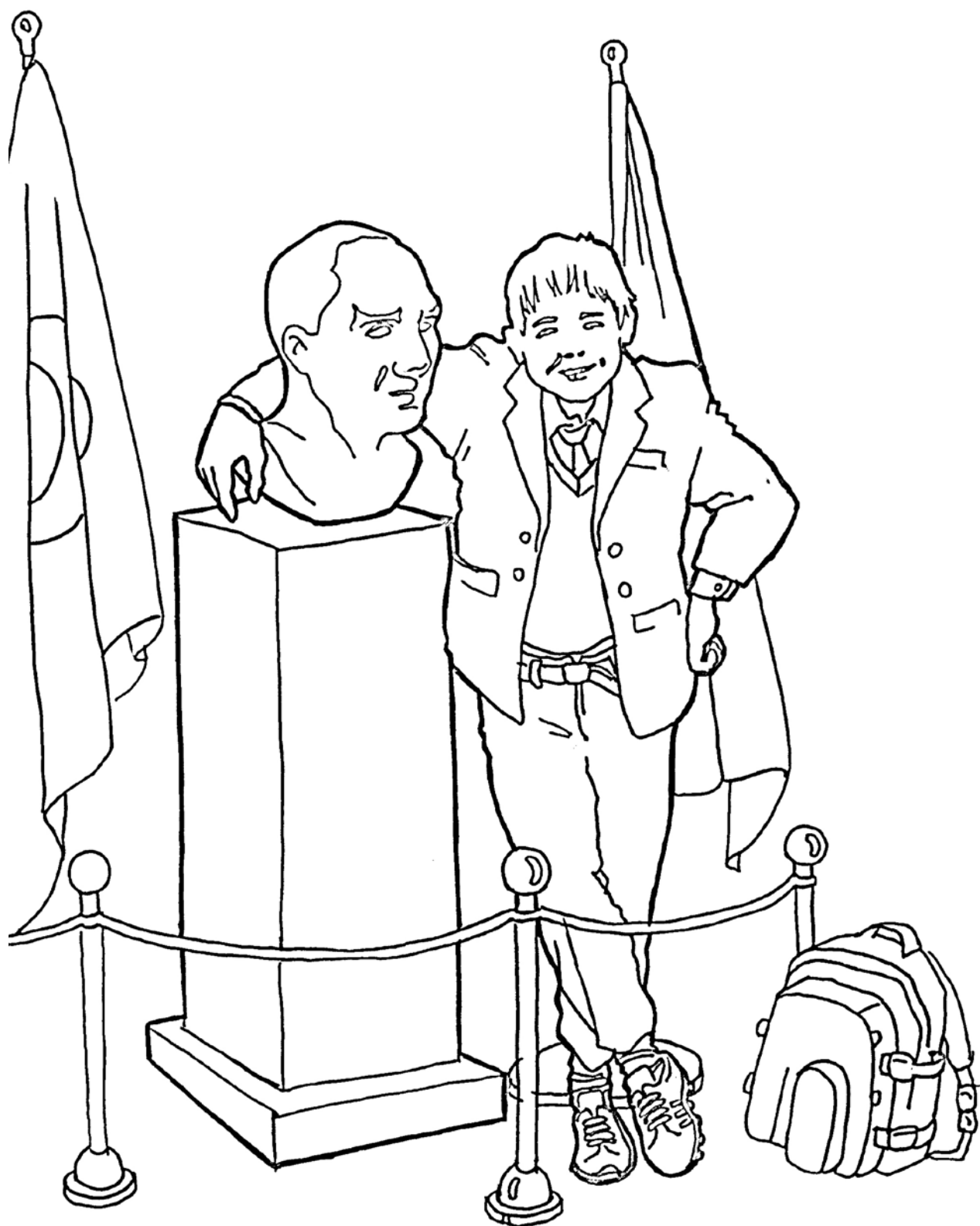
A Contemporary Art Project, 2004

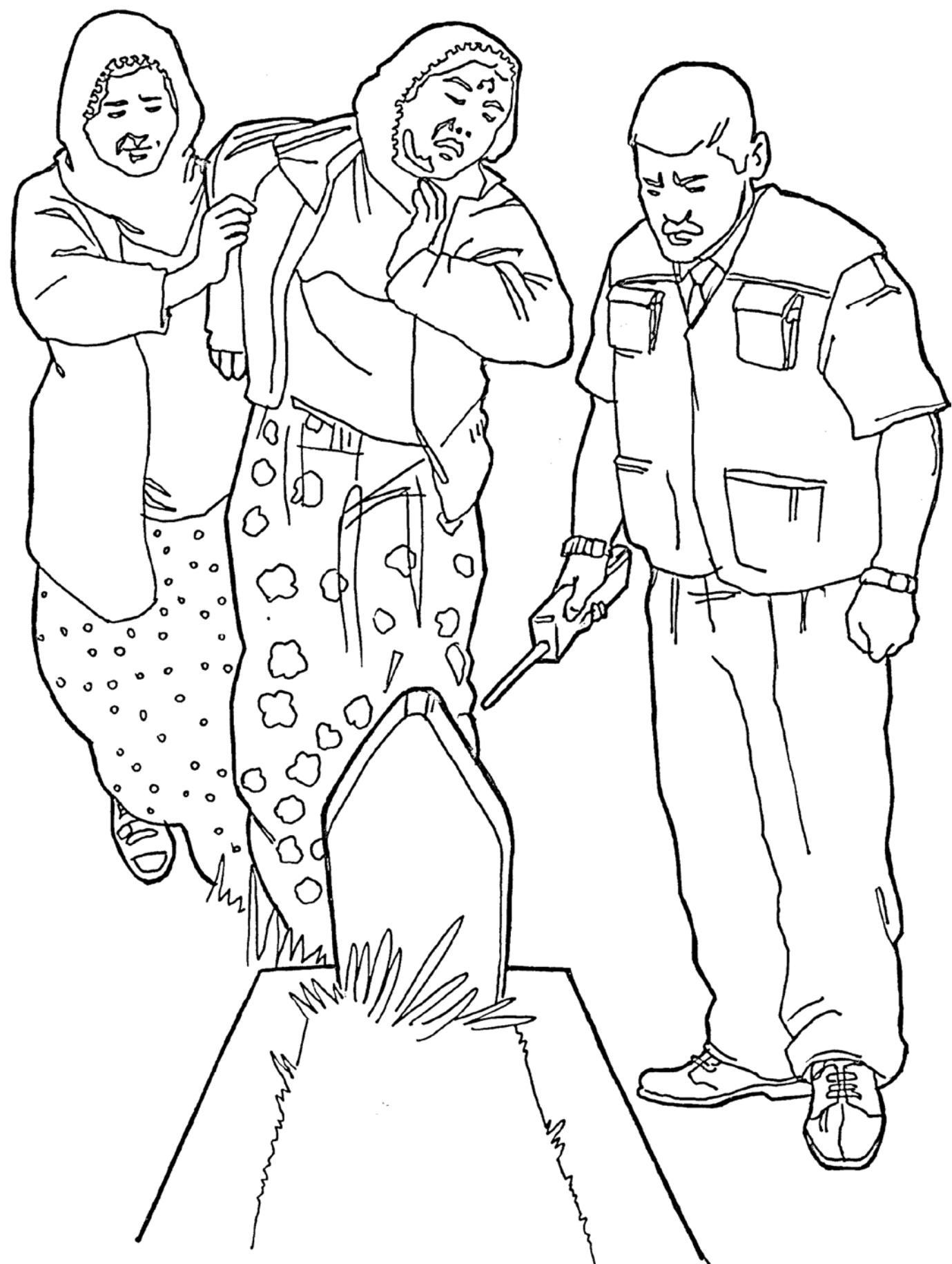


UNIQUE ART BOOKS

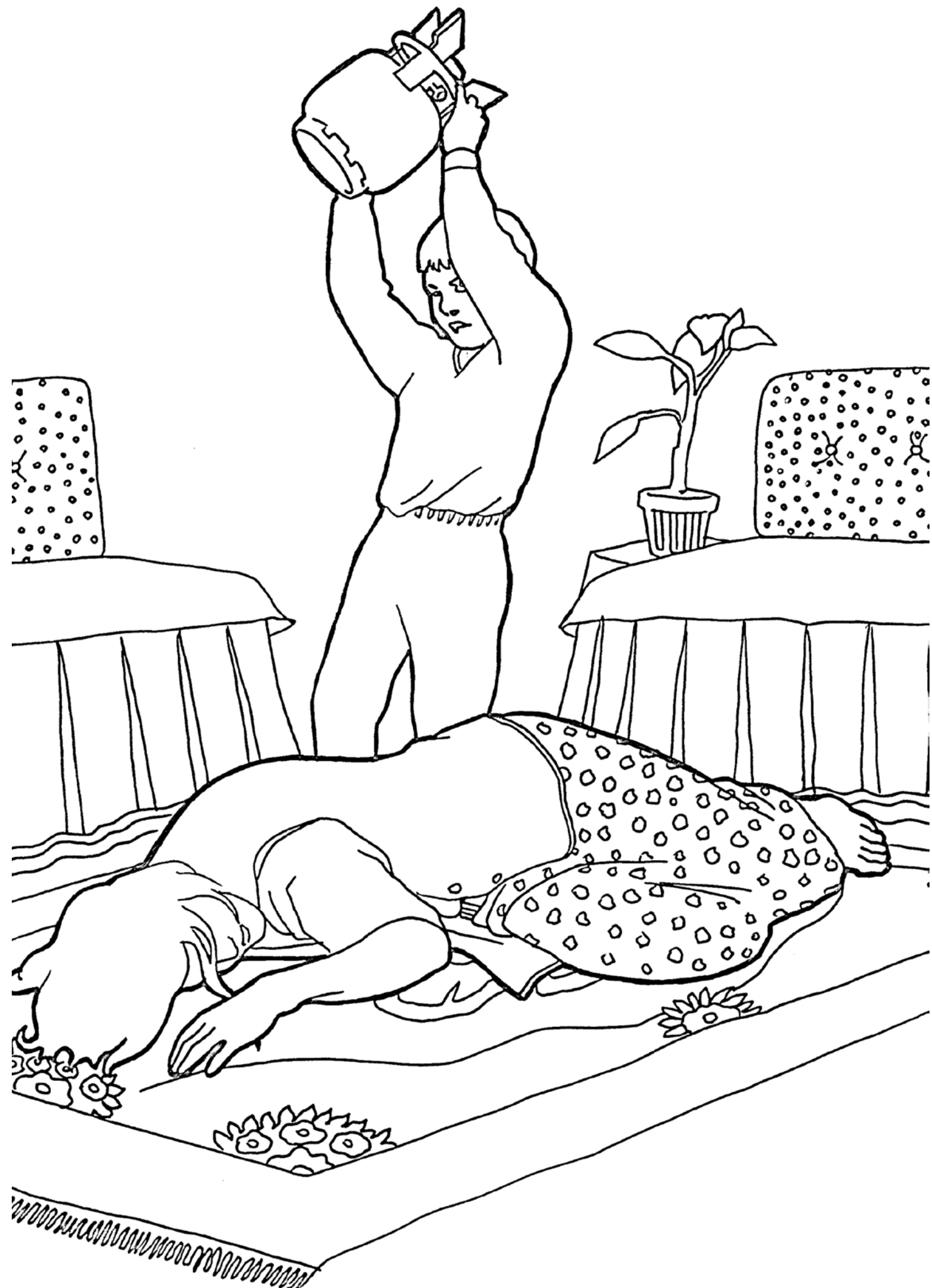
Coloring Book, 2004
16 pages, B&W (with Ahmet Ogut), Courtesy of the artists

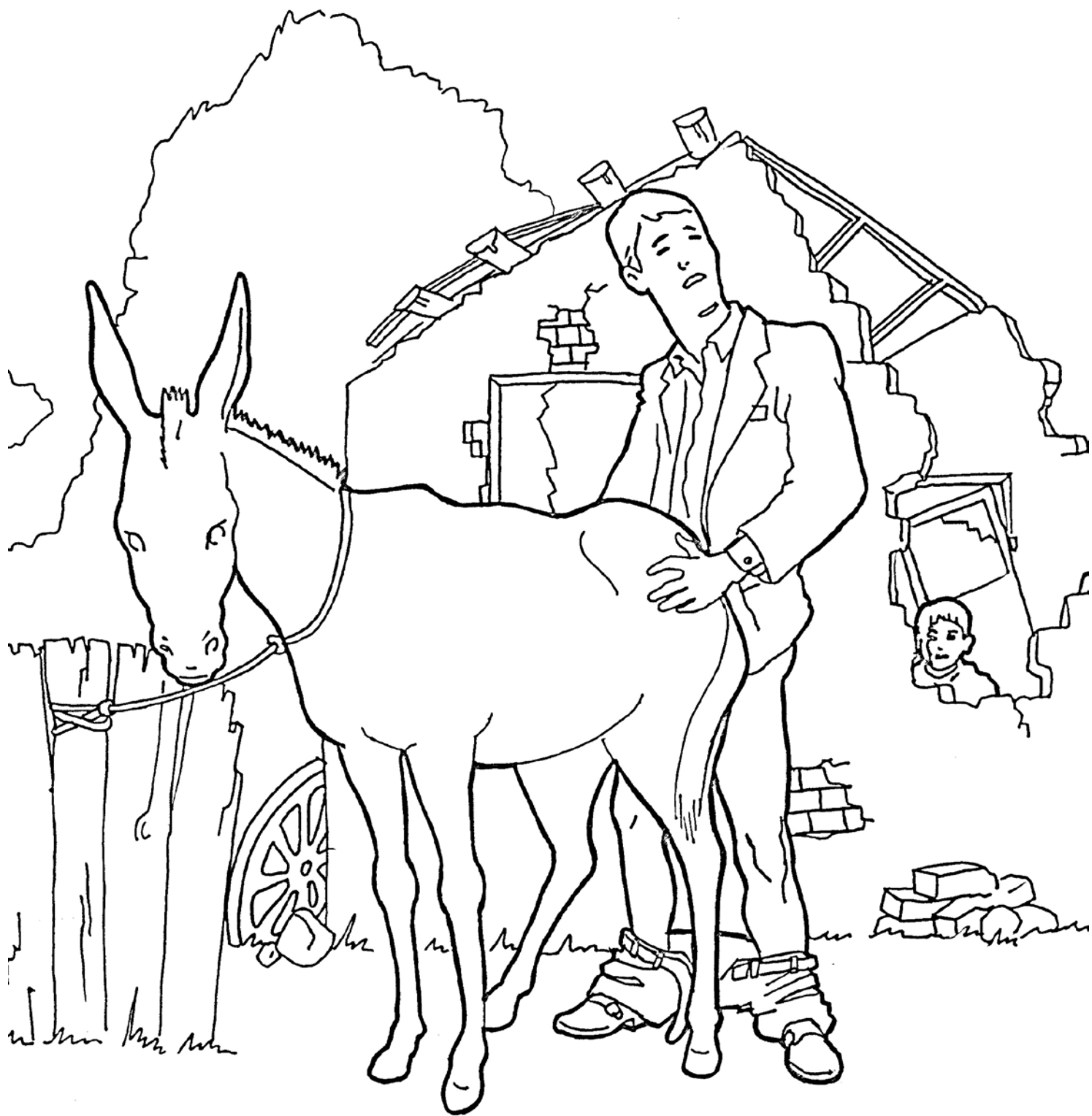


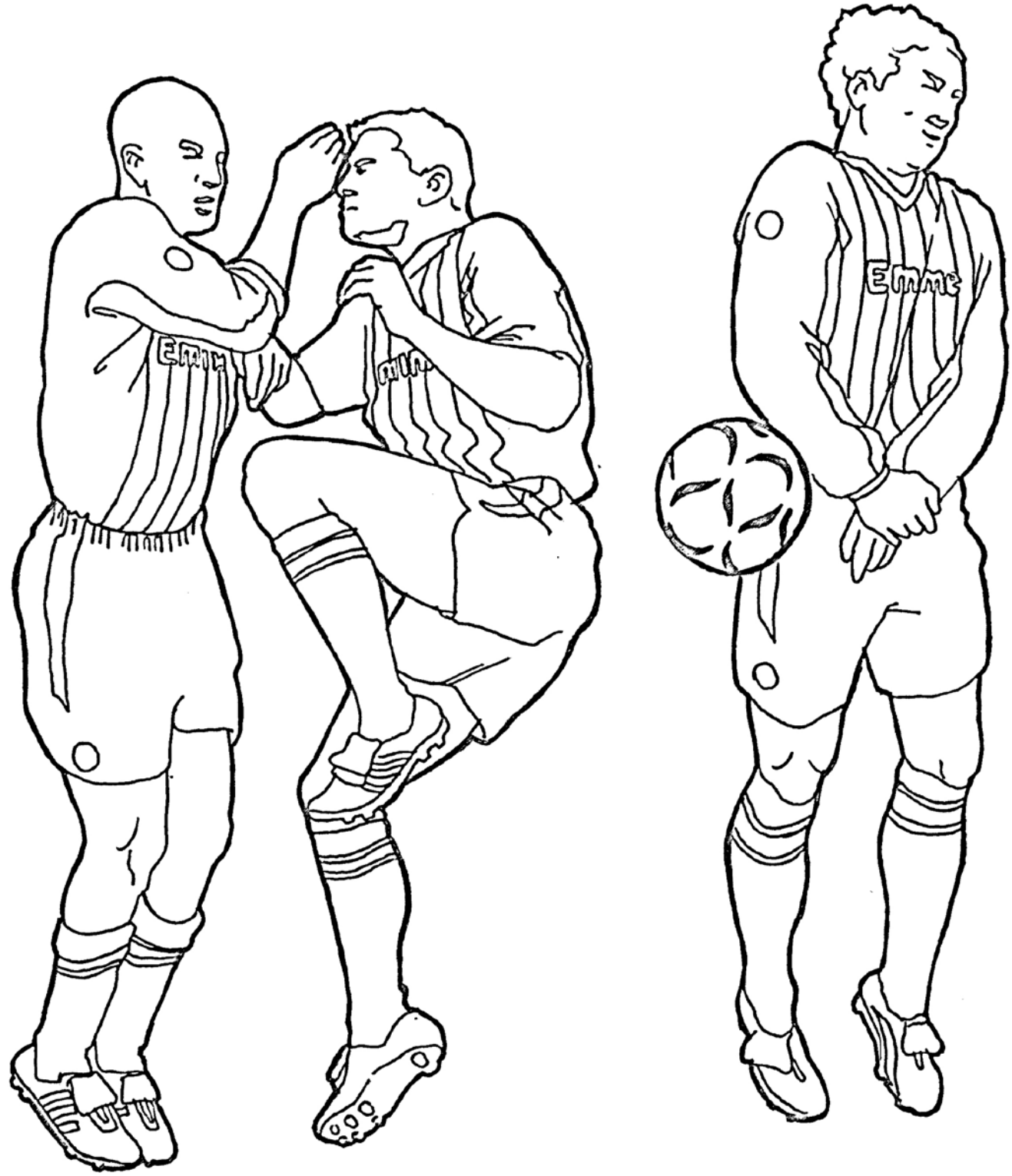














Kan Baldan Tatlıdır *Blood Sweeter than Honey*

Senar: Özgür Akın, Ahmet Oğut



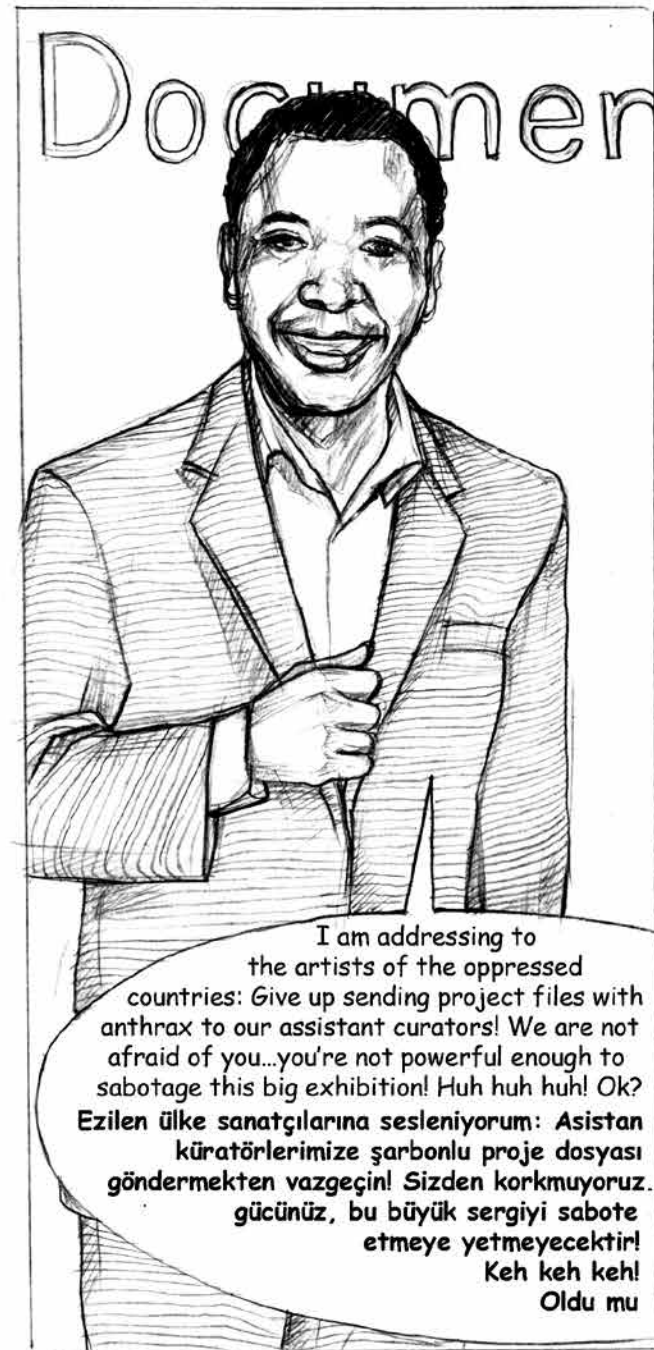
Blood Sweeter Than Honey, 2004

24 pages, B&W (With Ahmet Oğut) Courtesy of the artists

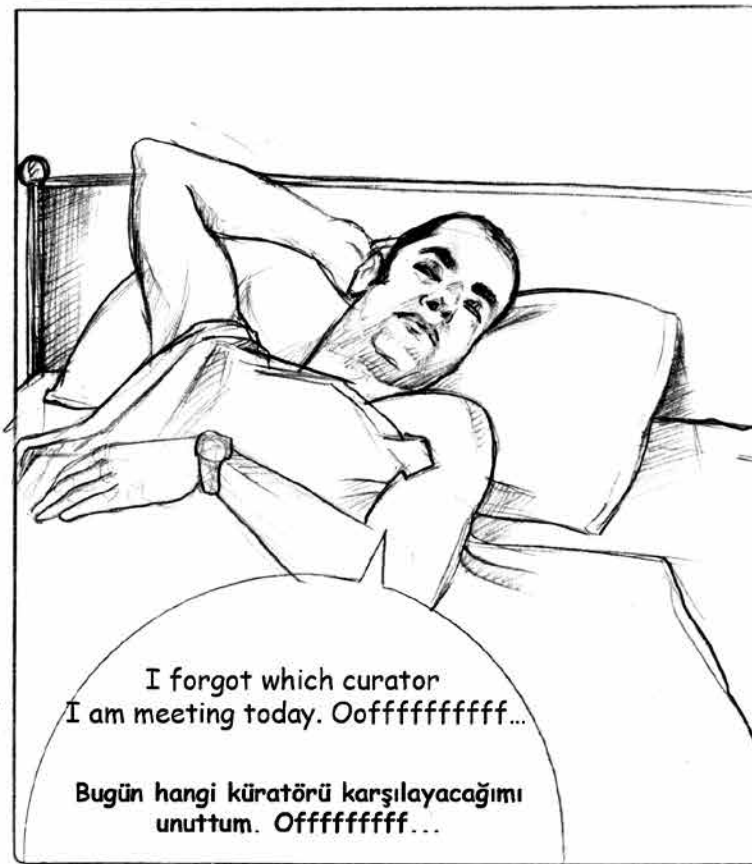
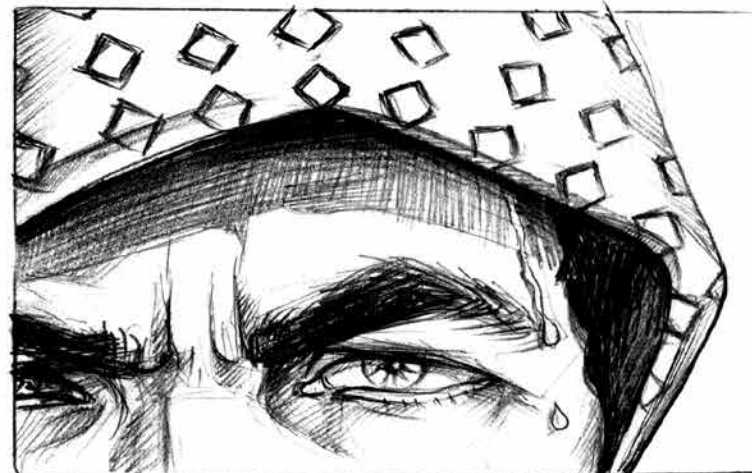
Her Güncel Sanat Projesi, A Contemporary Art Project, 2004



Here comes the son of a bitch!
More to the left come on my friend!
Damn it, one of the participant
artists has come in front of him
-Çıkıyor işte orospu çocuğu! Biraz
daha sola, hadi dostum!
Kahretsin, önüne katılımcı
sanatçılardan
biri geçti...



I am addressing to
the artists of the oppressed
countries: Give up sending project files with
anthrax to our assistant curators! We are not
afraid of you...you're not powerful enough to
sabotage this big exhibition! Huh huh huh! Ok?
Ezilen ülke sanatçılarına sesleniyorum: Asistan
küratörlerimize şarbonlu proje dosyası
göndermekten vazgeçin! Sizden korkmuyoruz...
gücünüz, bu büyük sergiyi sabote
etmeye yetmeyecektir!
Keh keh kehl!
Oldu mu



I forgot which curator
I am meeting today. Ooffffffff...

Bugün hangi küratörü karşılayacağımı
unuttum. Ooffffffff...

Vasif Kortun has liked it this time. Keep it
between us, recently I have heard him telling
Serkan Özkaya that he wasn't nursing a
grudge against you, and added a lot more.
Then he said something about Under the Beach:
Paving Stones exhibition, but I missed that.
Vasif Kortun da bu kez beğendi. Aramızda
kalsın, geçenlerde Serkan Özkaya'yla
konuşurlarken duydum, sana karşı kin
beslemediğini söylüyordu ve daha fazlasını.
Sonra, Plajın Altında: Kaldırım Taşları
sergisiyle ilgili bir şeyler anlattı.
Orasını kaçırdım işte.

I wrote that this exhibition was a mistake.
Then things went in a new direction. It was a paranoid
process. Ahmet and I could not control our trail of thought.
We were in contact with Vasif through e-mail.
One night I rebelled and declared a war against him.
If I am not mistaken he was in Amsterdam then.
His reply was instant and short: Who are you?
Who do you think you are? Vile colonialist,
I answered.

O serginin bir hata olduğunu yazmıştım. Ne olduysa,
bundan sonra oldu. Paranoid bir süreçti Ahmet ve ben
düşüncelerime hakim olamadım. Vasif'la e-mail üzerinden
yazışıyoruz, bir gece, isyan bayrağını çekip,
savaş açtım, yanılmıyorsam Amsterdam'daydı,
yanıtı hızlı ve kısa oldu: Sen kimsin?
Kendini ne sanıyorsun? Pis sömürgeci diye
yazdım ben de...





**Diyarbakir
mala min e...**

(*) Diyarbakir benim evim,
(*) Diyarbakir my home



**Diyarbakir
warê min e!**

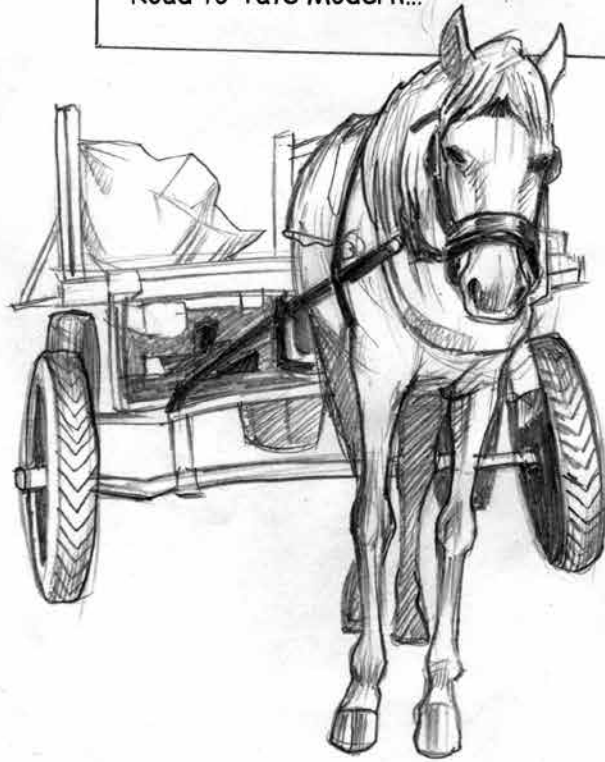
(*) Diyarbakir benim yurdum.
(*) Diyarbakir my homeland



Harry and I are writing to each other(*). Yes, I heard about that exhibition. You call me a colonialist, but I wonder what you will call the ones that send a package exhibition there like a colonial governor. Please decide whether you are a feudal lord or an artist, and don't bother me any more! I prefer a quiet arrival in Diyarbakir, and don't exaggerate it! I won't give anyone a preferential treatment, I have never done it up to now.
Harry'le (*) yazışıyoruz, evet o sergiden haberim var, bana sömürgeci diyorsun ama, sömürge valisi gibi, sizin oralara paket sergi gönderenlere ne diyeceksin, doğrusu çok merak ediyorum. Derebeyi misin, sanatçı mı, lütfen karar kıl artık, canımı sıkmal Diyarbakir'a gelince, gelişimin sessiz sedasız olmasını isterim, büyütmeyin... Kimseye özel kredi açmam, açmadım bugüne kadar.

(*) Harry Potter or Harald Szeemann

Road to Tate Modern...



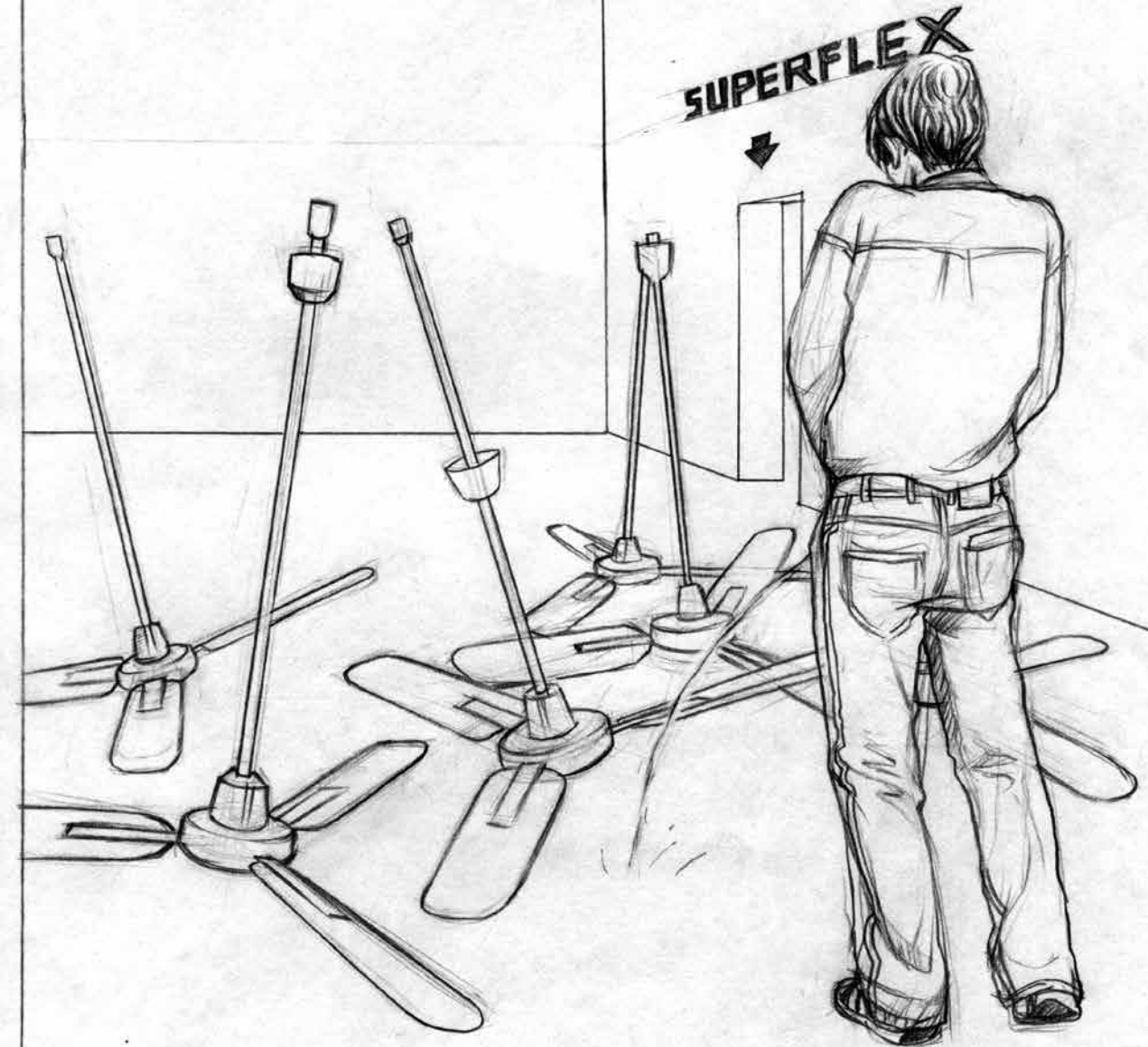
Kim?
Who?

Erden,
Erden! Erden Kosova...
yani o çalışmayı kapitalizmle nasıl ilişkilendirdi, hâlâ anlayabilmiş değilim. Göndermenin olmadığı sanat dönemlerini özledim Ahmet.

Erden, Erden! Erden Kosova...I still cannot understand how he related that work with capitalism. I miss the periods in art when there weren't any references, Ahmet.

There are some artists who have bladder problems, and this problem created a tendency towards a stinky and extremely primitive art entailing pissing on Duchamp's fountain and polluting Louvre Museum (Halil Altındere); and contemporary art scene has been divided into two distinct sections as that of the ones that cannot control their pees and the ones that pee unwillingly when faced with a work of art (Alexander Brener).

Mesaneleriyle başı dertte olan sanatçılar vardır ve tuhaftır ki bu dert, Duchamp'ın pisuarına işemekten, Louvre Müzesi'nin köşe bucağını kirletmeye (Halil Altındere) değin uzanan kötü kokulu ve aşırı ilkel bir sanat eğiliminin de yaratıcısı olmuş; güncel sanat, çişini tutamayanlarla, sanat şaheserleri karşısında altına kaçırانlar (Alexander Brener) olarak sathi dönemlere ayrılmıştır



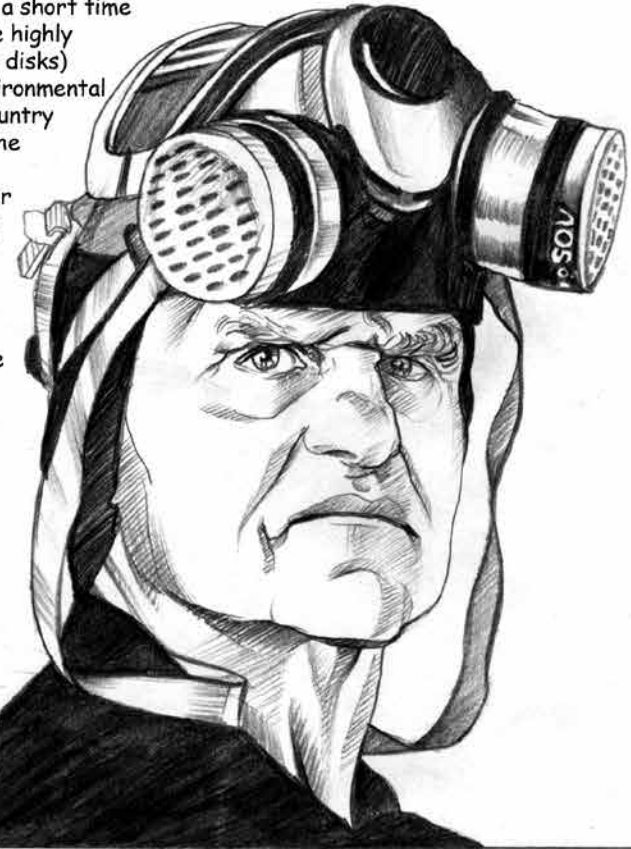
ZARINA Ghimji

Diyarbakır'a gidiyorum arkadaşlar!
Beuys'un vasiyetini yerine getirmekten son derece mutlu olduğumu da söylemeliyim. Biliyorsunuz, ölümünden birkaç yıl önce Beuys, Diyarbakır'daki keçe ve hayvansal yağ kaynaklarının bilinçsiz kullanımına ilişkin bilim dışı araştırmalarda bulunmuş, bu konuda bir de kitap yazmıştı: Kavramsal Sanatın Yağları...

I'm going to Diyarbakır, my friends! I must add that I am extremely happy to realize the legacy of Beuys. A few years before his death, Beuys made unscientific researches and wrote a book about the ignorant use of animal fat and felt in Diyarbakır: The Fats of Conceptual Art.



The curatorial weapons have a capacity for massive destruction or wounding of the artists in a short time due to their genetic effects; and they are highly toxic, portable (lap-tops), storable (flash disks) colonial poisons resistant against the environmental factors. They are provided in a target country /society as a threat in order to exclude the young contemporary artists and non-governmental art critics, to decrease their creative abilities, poisoning and disposing critical and artistic resources. In fact, international treaties have prohibited the production, storage and use of them. Normally they are found in foreign languages and e-mail forms; and penetrate the body through mouth, nose, throat, eyes, skin, lungs and digestive system. They can have short or long term effects depending on the conjunctures.



Küratoryal silahlar, kalıtsal etkileri nedeniyle sanatçıları kitlesel olarak çok kısa bir sürede öldürme veya yaralama kapasitesine sahip, zehir etkisi yüksek, çevresel etkenlere dayanıklı, taşınması (diz üstü bilgisayarlar) ve saklanması kolay (flash diskler) kolonyal zehirlerdir. Hedef ülkede/toplumda genç güncel sanatçı ve sivil sanat eleştirmenlerini saf dışı bırakmak, üretim kabiliyetlerini azaltmak, eleştirel ve sanatsal besinleri zehirleyerek kullanılmaz hale getirmek amaçlarına yönelik kullanılmak üzere tehdit unsuru olarak bulundurulur. Esasında yapımı, saklanması ve kullanılması uluslararası antlaşmalarla yasaklanmıştır. Normal şartlar altında yabancı dil, yoğunluk ve e-mail halinde bulunurlar. Vücuda ağız, burun ve boğaz, göz, cilt, akciğerler ve sindirim sistemi yoluyla girerler. Konjonktüre bağlı olarak kısa ve uzun süreli etki yapabilme özellikleri vardır.



Santiago Sierra

Guleke min
 hebû yek gul
 Min neqandibû
 Min av dabû bi
 hêstra çavan

 Gul, gula min
 Daxwaziya min

I had a rose/
 my rose/
 I chose it/ watered it/
 with my tears/
 rose, my rose/
 my desire...

Hüseyin
 Alptekin,
 Cengiz Çekil,
 Hüseyin Alptekin,
 Cengiz Çekil, Hüseyin
 Alptekin, Cengiz
 Çekil, Hüseyin
 Alptekin,
 Cengiz
 Çekil.

Alışmalı belki de,
 alışmalı, alışmalı...
 Szeemann'ın Sevilla Bienali var,
 o da yatarsa, bu işi bırakmalı...

Maybe one should get use to it,
 one has to get used to it, get used
 to it...Szeemann's Sevilla Biennial
 is next. If nothing comes
 out of it, one should
 give up...

- Dear Sener Ozmen,
 I am addressing you
 from Manifesta 5
 the Contemporary
 Art Biennial, which
 will take place in
 Donostia-
 San Sebastián from
 11th June to 30th
 September 2004.
 The curatorial team
 is interested in
 learning more about
 your work and in
 order to do that we
 would appreciate if
 you could send us
 samples of your
 work or a portfolio.
 We would be really
 thankful if this could
 be done in the
 shortest time
 possible since the
 final list of possible
 participants has to
 be closed before
 the end of the year.
 Should you need any
 more information on
 Manifesta 5 I will
 only be too happy
 to provide it to you.
 Thank very much in
 advance. Best
 wishes, Tevi de la
 Torre/MANIFESTA 5
 European Biennial of
 Contemporary
 Art Donostia-
 San Sebastián 2004



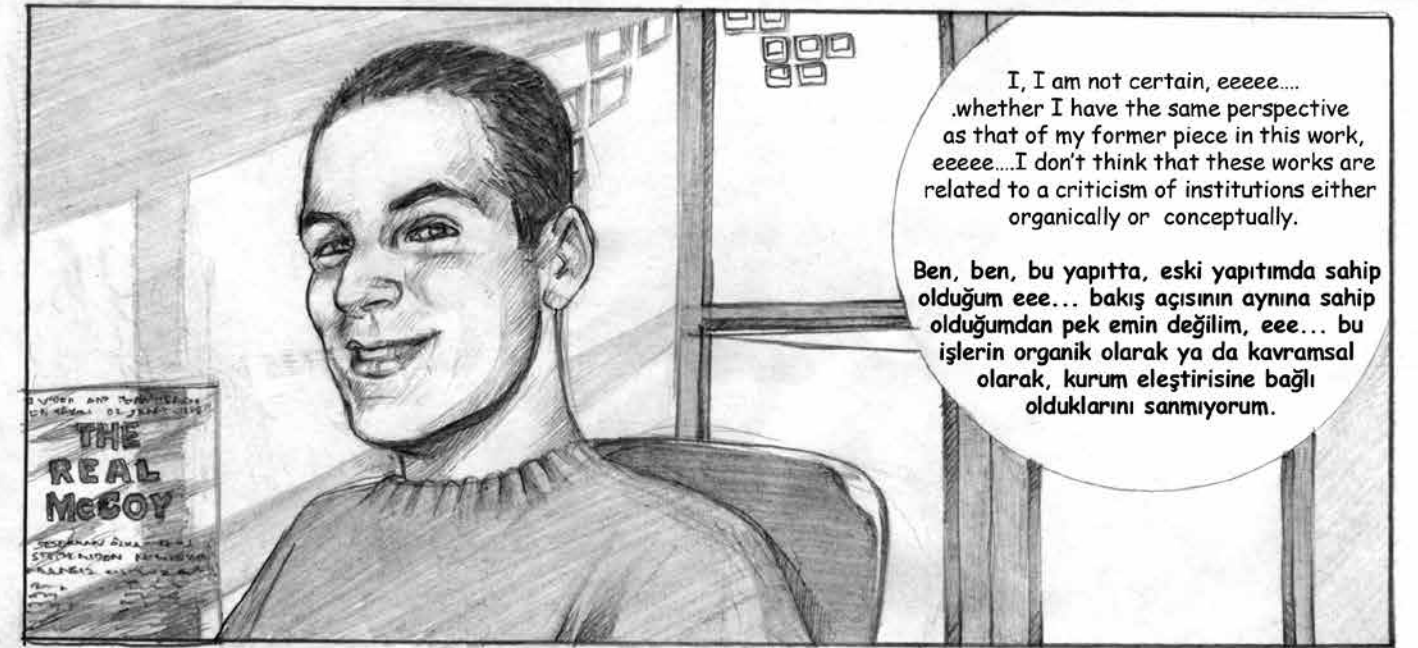
Ahmet Öğüt'e acil e-mail:
 "Sevgili Ahmet, durum
 kontrolden çıktı, şu an,
 şu saatte, Diyarbakır
 Asker Havaalanı'nda
 kendilerini almam için
 bekleyen tam 44 bağımsız
 küratör ve ve bir o
 kadar da asistan küratör
 var. İstanbul'dan gelen
 103 genç sanatçı ise,
 askeri çadırlara
 yerleştirildi. Kar
 yağıyor ve ben ne
 yapacağımı bilmiyorum.
 Hoş, bazılarının adını
 da bilmiyorum. Lütfen
 Halil Altındere veya
 Vasıf Kortun'a ulaşmaya
 çalış. Saygılarımla,
 Şener Özmen."

Urgent e-mail to Ahmet Öğüt:
 'Dear Ahmet, everything is out
 of control. Right now there are
 44 independent curators and about
 the same number of assistant curators
 waiting to be picked up by me at
 Diyarbakır Military Airport. 103 young
 artists from Istanbul have been
 accommodated in military tents. It
 is snowing and I don't know what to
 do. I don't know the names of some,
 anyway. Please, try to contact
 Halil Altındere or Vasıf Kortun.
 Yours Sincerely,
 Şener Özmen.'



Ahmet Ögüt'e acil e-mail:
"Sevgili Ahmet, durum
kontrolden çıktı, şu an,
şu saatte, Diyarbakır
Asker Havaalanı'nda
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küratör ve ve bir o
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accommodated in military tents. It
is snowing and I don't know what to
do. I don't know the names of some,
anyway. Please, try to contact
Halil Altındere or Vasıf Kortun.
Yours Sincerely,
Şener Özmen.'



I, I am not certain, eeeee....
whether I have the same perspective
as that of my former piece in this work,
eeeeee....I don't think that these works are
related to a criticism of institutions either
organically or conceptually.

Ben, ben, bu yapıtta, eski yapıtımda sahip
olduğum eee... bakış açısının aynına sahip
olduğumdan pek emin değilim, eee... bu
işlerin organik olarak ya da kavramsal
olarak, kurum eleştirisine bağlı
olduklarını sanmıyorum.



I don't think so!
Sanmıyorum!



I don't think so! I mean, this exhibition is
not composed of only the Kurdish artists
...Ma ne wilo bira? (*)
Sanmıyorum! Yani bu sergi sadece
Kürt sanatçılarından oluşan bir
sergi değil...
(*) Öyle değil mi kardeş?

Sanmıyorum! Proje4L'deki forumda
saldırıya maruz kalan tek sanatçı bendim.
Serginin küratörü bile düşüncelerime sahip çıkmadı. Vasıf
Kortun bir yandan, Ressam Erinc Seymen diğer yandan, adamlarıma
vereceğim bir kaş göz işaretiyle durumu kendi lehime çevirebilirdim,
ama yapmadım. Ben terörist değilim!

I don't think so! I was the only artist that was attacked during the forum
at Proje4L. Even the curator of the exhibition didn't support my ideas.
On one side Vasıf Kortun, on the other Painter Erinc Seymen;
I could have turned the situation to my pims with just my sign at
my men, but I didn't do that. I am not a terrorist!

An exhibition that joined young artists from different cities of the country at Proje4L last summer is an example of this situation. This exhibition entailed creative speculations on the very sensitive social issues, and additionally the whole conceptual base was reduced to the outstanding presence of artists from regions of Turkey where there is a Kurdish majority by the greedy media that wanted to interpret the activity as a sign of post-trauma period for the region. [Erden Kosova&Suzana Milevska are discussing, Sanat ve Edebiyat'ta Yaratım, No:3, Nov.- Dec. 2003, Diyarbakır] (Erden Kosova)

Ülkenin çeşitli kentlerinden gelen genç sanatçıları geçen yaz Proje4L'de bir araya getiren bir sergi bu durumu örnekliliyordu. Oldukça hassas bazı toplumsal temalar üzerine gerçekten yaratıcı spekülasyonlar barındırmaktaydı bu sergi ve buna ek olarak, bütün kavramsal zemin, Türkiye'nin Kürt nüfusun çoğunlukta olduğu bölgelerinden gelen sanatçıların sergideki belirgin varlıklarına indirgenmişti, etkinliği, bölgenin travma sonrası bir vereye geçmesinin işareti olarak görmek isteyen, olaya aç medya tarafından.
[Erden Kosova&Suzana Milevska Tartışıyor, Sanat ve Edebiyat'ta Yaratım, Sayı: 3, Kasım-Aralık 2003, Diyarbakır] (Erden Kosova)



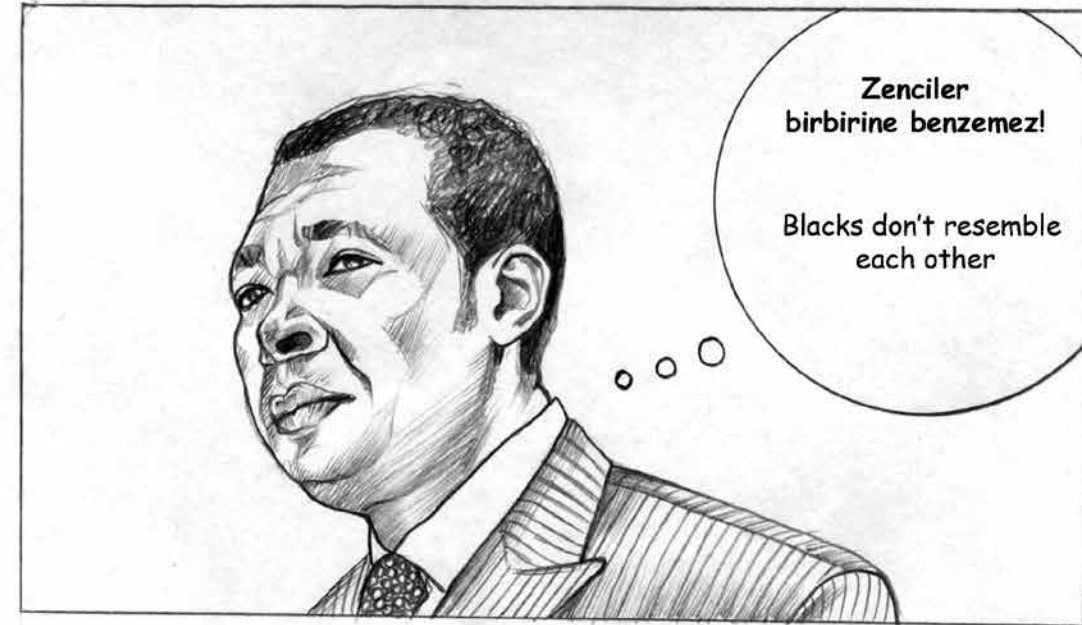
What do you think about
SANJA NEKOVIC?

- Ⓐ She is the best artist
- Ⓑ She isn't an artist
- Ⓒ She is very boring



You mean, they are asking a Kurdish villager on horseback and another on a donkey where Tate Modern is, don't you? Very banal!

Yani biri at sırtında, diğeri eşek sırtında, oradan geçmekte olan bir Kürt köylüsüne Tate Modern'in yolunu soruyorlar, öyle mi? Çok banal!



Zenciler birbirine benzemez!

Blacks don't resemble each other



The objective is finding artists from places that are no places; feeding and growing them, introducing them to Balkan artists and exhibiting with a small staff in the future...well, uhmmmm...in Keçiburcu...(

Amaç, yer olmayan yerlerden sanatçı bulmak, onları besleyip, büyütmek, Balkan sanatçılarıyla tanıştırmak ve ileride dar bir kadroyla sergi açmak... şey de, uuuuum, Keçiburcu'nda...



"Hocam, belki inanmayacaksın ama, art-ist'in sayfalarına bakıp bakıp otuzbir çekiyorum tuvalette. Hani şu öküzün yarağını tutan kadın vardı ya, yahu hocam, yani ne diyeyim... yeni sayı gelmedi mi Hocam? Hocam eğer gelirse, bana bir tane ayırın Hocam..."

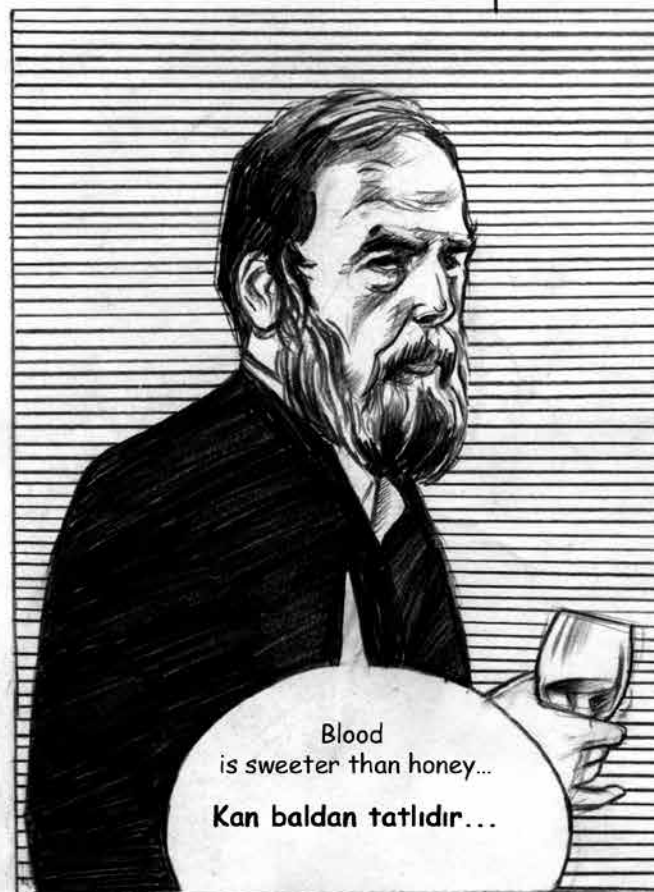
'Professor, you may not believe me, but I do a hand job looking at the pages of art-ist. You know the woman holding the cock of a bull, Professor, what else can I say...Has the recent issue arrived, Prof.? If it has, reserve one for me, Prof...'



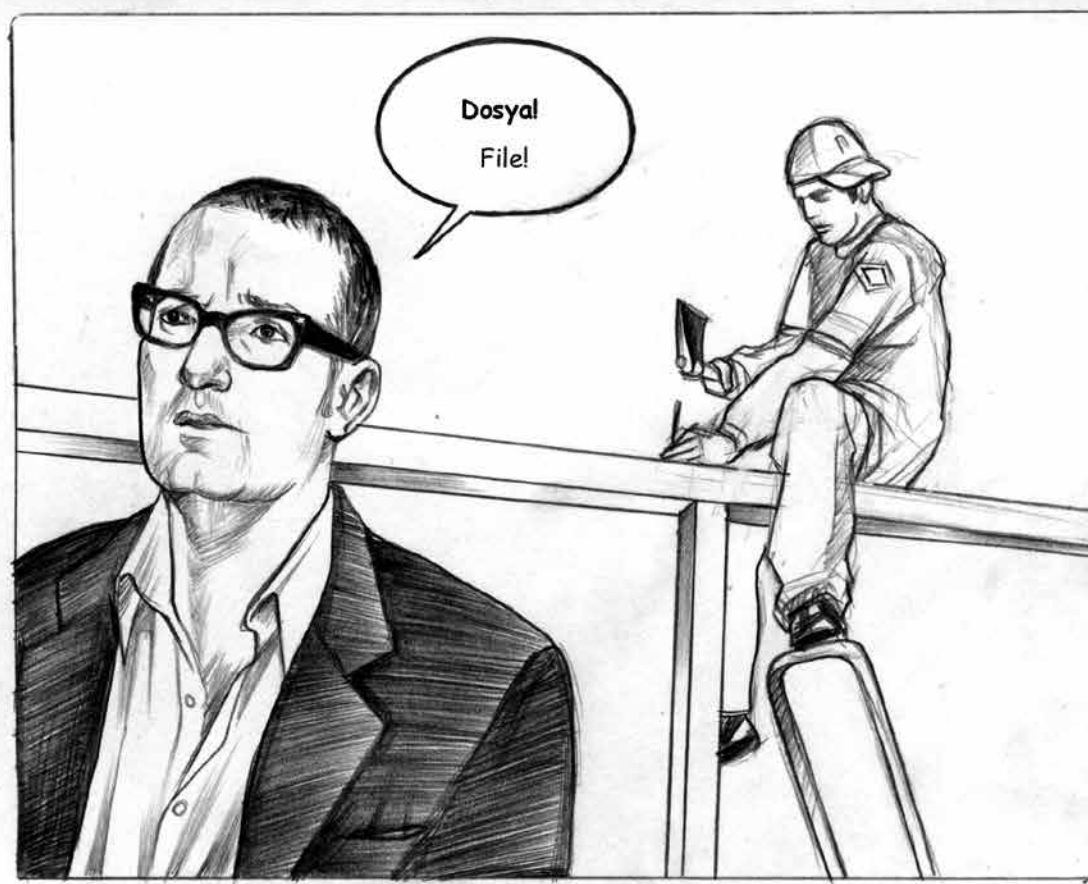
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hottanja@hotmail.com

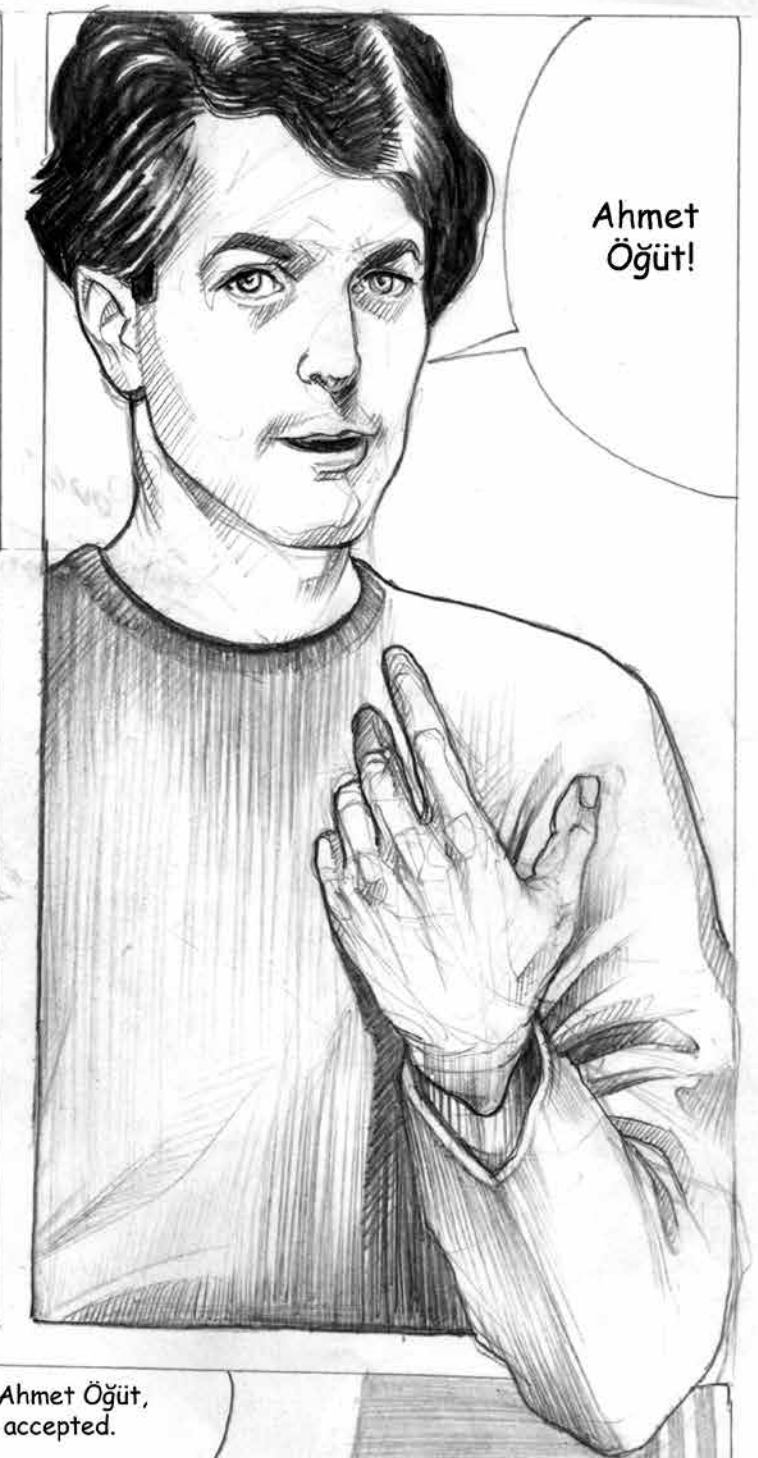
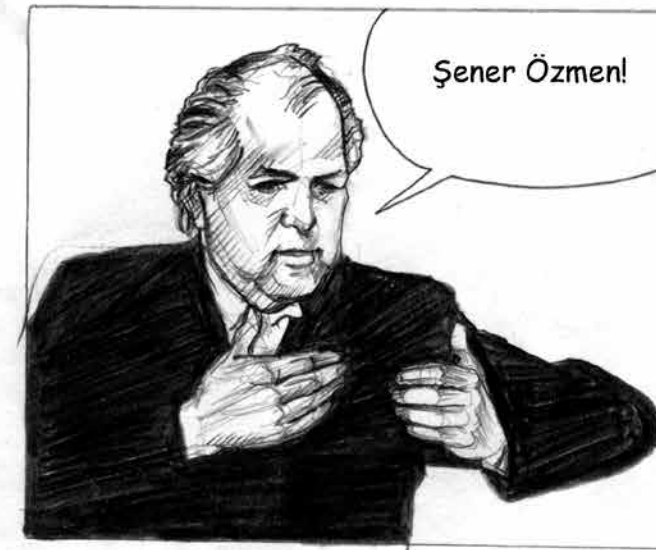
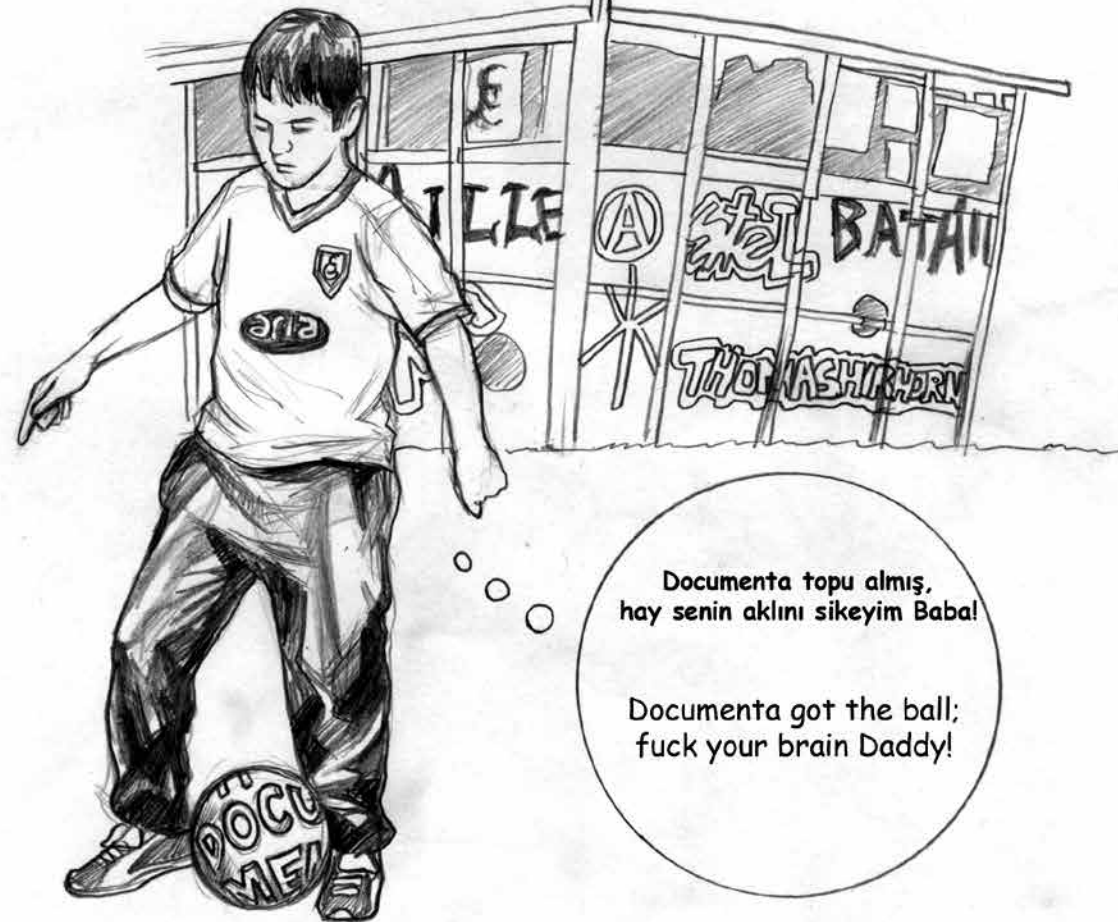
Looking for a husband with a EU passport



Blood is sweeter than honey...
Kan baldan tatlıdır...



Informationen zum «Bataille Monument»





There is no such a thing as an educational institution in Turkey! There is no art education in Turkey. People are self-thought. They improve with their own wills, desires, ambitions and zeal, or talking with each other. There are classical models. 99% of the teachers are ignorant countryman, and has no ability other than forming the artists in their image. I have been sent to organise this fucking community and I don't want talk about it further. Esra, Esraaaaa! Esraaaaa! Bring my pills! (Interview with Vasıf Kortun, art-ist 2, Dec. 99)

Eğitim kurumu diye bir şey Türkiye'de yok! Türkiye'de sanat eğitimi verilmiyor. İnsanlar kendilerini yetiştiriyorlar. Kendi iradeleri, kendi arzuları, hırsları, şevkleriyle yetiştiriyorlar. Ya da kendi aralarında konuşarak yetiştiriyorlar. Klasik modeller var. Hocaların % 99'u da bihaber cahil, taşralı, sanatçıyı kendi arzuladığı görüntüde yetiştirmek dışında hiçbir becerileri yok. Amina koyduğumun camiasını adam etmek üzere gönderildim, şimdi ağzımı açtırmayın, Esra, kız Esraaa! Esraaaaa! Haplarımı getir kız!

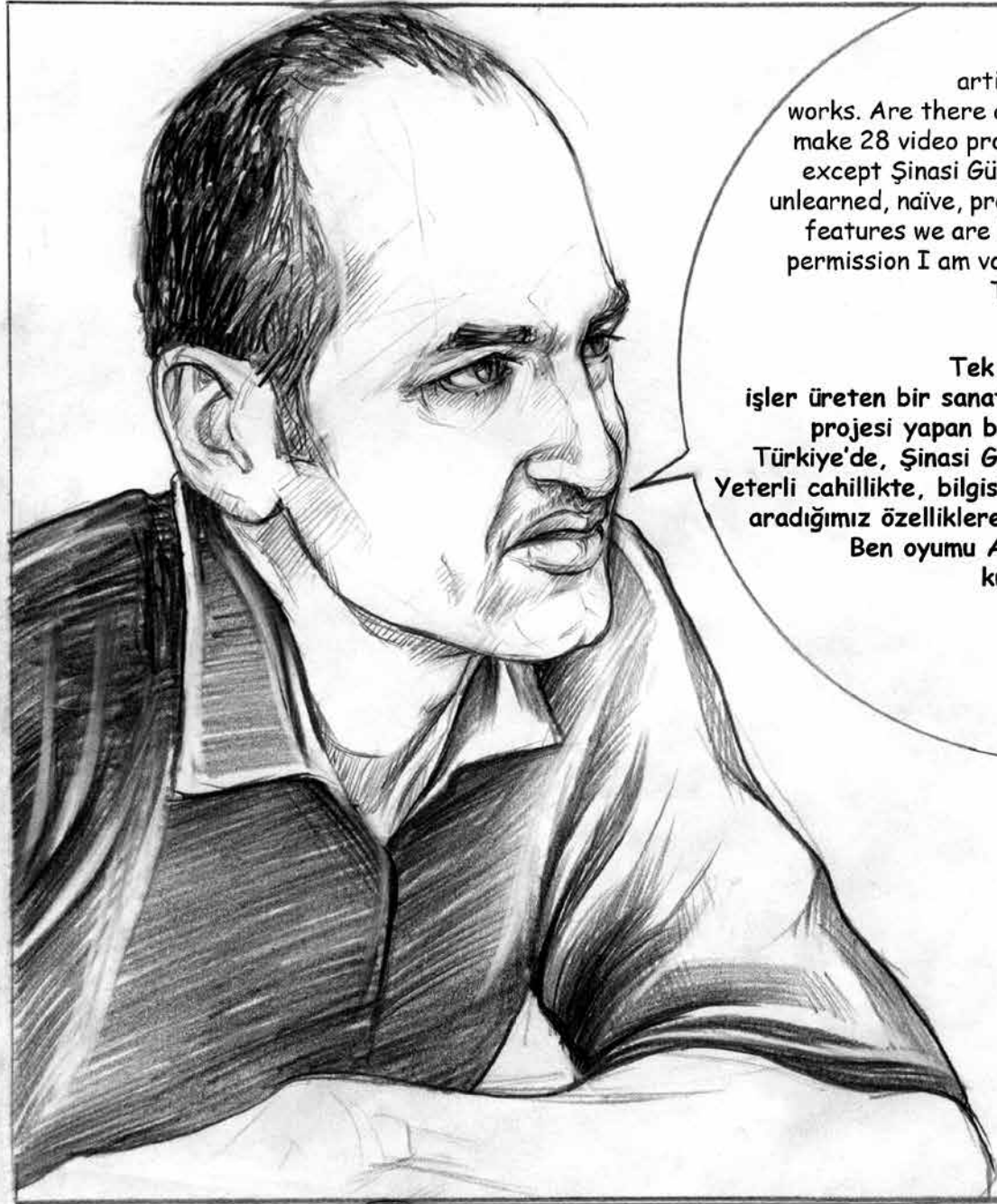
Yok yok..Uzatmayın beyler, Şiirsel Adalet
tamam, ama adil olmak zorunda değilsiniz.
.. Ahmet Öğüt'ü alın.

Cut it short, man, it's ok with Poetic Justice
but you don't have to be just...
Accept Ahmet Öğüt.



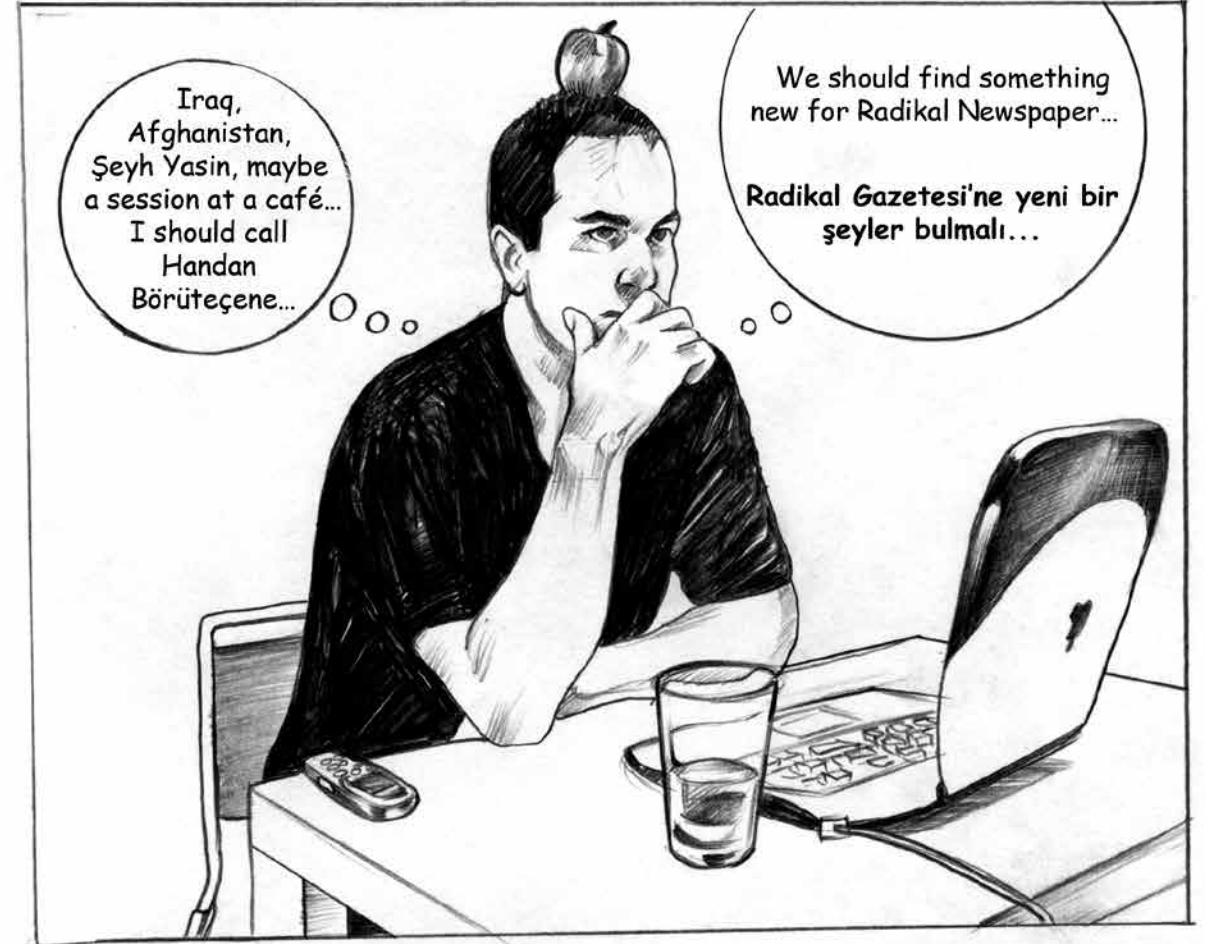
Simply, an
artist that creates great
works. Are there any other artists that
make 28 video projects a day in Turkey
except Şinasi Güneş...Ignorant enough,
unlearned, naïve, provincial; he has all the
features we are looking for...With your
permission I am voting for Ahmet Öğüt.
The discussion is over!

Tek kelimeyle muhteşem
işler üreten bir sanatçı. Günde 28 video
projesi yapan başka sanatçı var mı
Türkiye'de, Şinasi Güneş'i saymazsak...
Yeterli cahillikte, bilgisiz ve saf, taşradan,
aradığımız özelliklere fazlasıyla sahip...
Ben oyumu Ahmet Öğüt'ten yana
kullanıyorumuznizle.
Konu kapanmıştır!

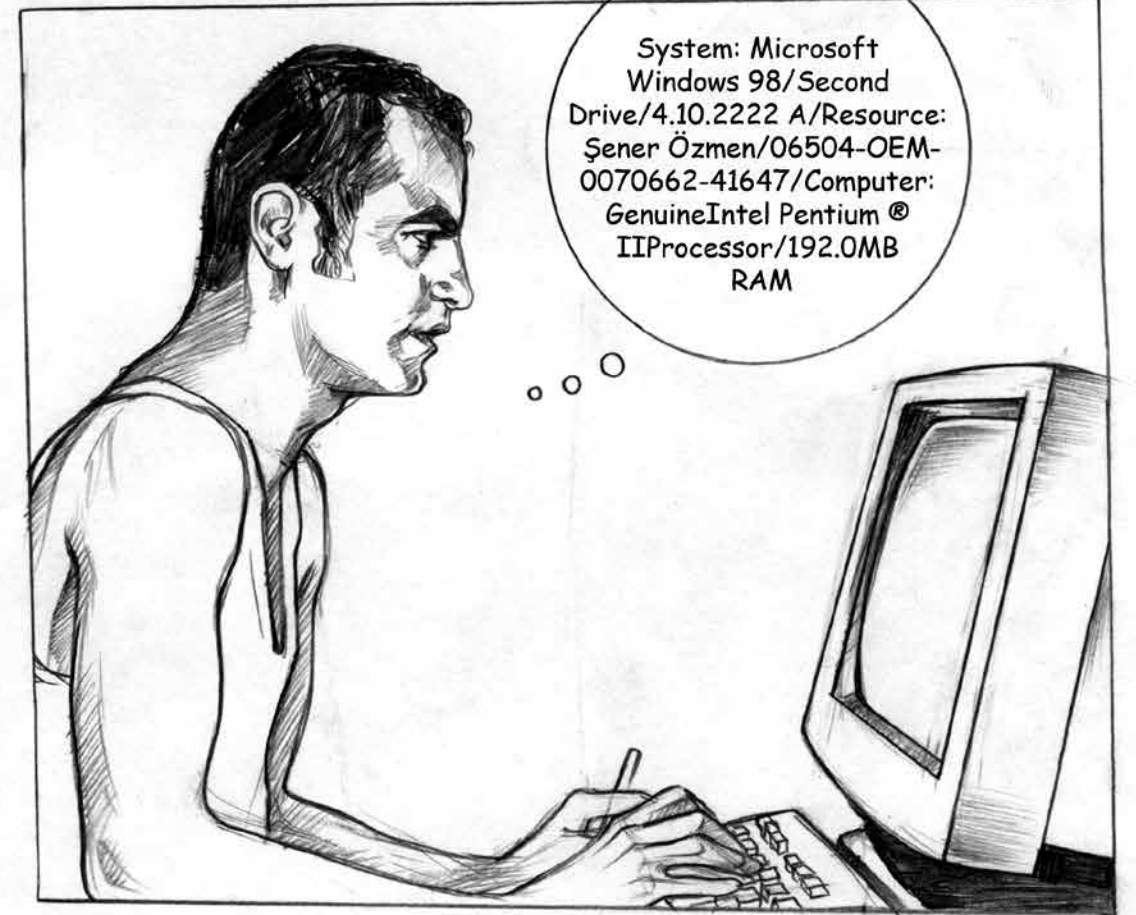


Iraq,
Afghanistan,
Şeyh Yasin, maybe
a session at a café...
I should call
Handan
Börüteçene...

We should find something
new for Radikal Newspaper...
Radikal Gazetesi'ne yeni bir
şeyler bulmalı...



System: Microsoft
Windows 98/Second
Drive/4.10.2222 A/Resource:
Şener Özmen/06504-OEM-
0070662-41647/Computer:
GenuineIntel Pentium®
IIProcessor/192.0MB
RAM



Of course, we can observe the references especially in the works with animals. For 'Fatto in Italia' (Produced in Italy) I prepared an Ostrich (untitled) at London Contemporary Art Institute in 1997. [Maurizio Catellan, art-ist, No:3, Dec. 1999]

Tabii, bu göndermeler işte kendini gösteriyor- hayvanlı eserlerde özellikle- . 'Fatto in Italia' (İtalya'da üretilmiştir) için, Londra Çağdaş Sanat Enstitüsünde 1997'de yaptığım Devekuşu (İsimsiz) var bir de. [Maurizio Catellan, art-ist, Sayı 3, Aralık 1999]



An ostrich? No; or was it a panda?
I can't recall.

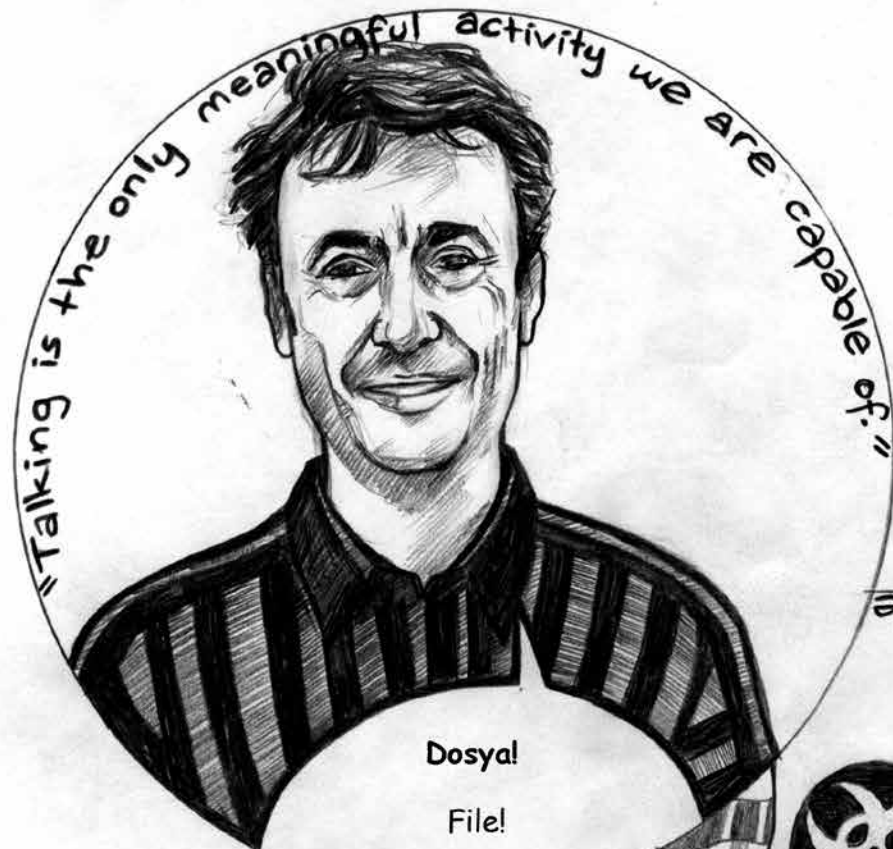
Devekuşu mu, yok, hayır, yoksa
panda mıydı, anımsamıyorum.



Ahmet Ögüt, 22.Uluslararası İstanbul Bienali'ne seçilmedi. Sanatçı, Artuklular'dan kalma camii ve medrese maketleri üzerinde uzmanlaştı ve hiç evlenmedi. Bugün, 87 yaşında olan Ahmet Ögüt, Garanti Platform Güncel Sanat Merkezi'nin önünden her geçişinde gözyaşlarını tutamamakta, kaldırma çöküp, bastonuyla camları tıklatarak, ağlamaktadır. Bir rivayete göre, Vasıf Kortun'un mozolesine siyanürlü karanfiller bırakan esrarengiz şahıs, Ahmet Ögüt'tür.

Ahmet Ögüt wasn't accepted for 22. International Istanbul Biennial. The artist has been specialised in models of Artuk mosques and medreses, and never married. Ahmet Ögüt, who has reached his 87, sits down on the pavement, knocks on the gallery window, and can't help his tears falling and starts to cry each time he passes by Garanti Platform Contemporary Art Centre. Reputedly, the mysterious personality who leaves carnations with cyanide at the mausoleum of Vasıf Kortun is Ahmet Ögüt.





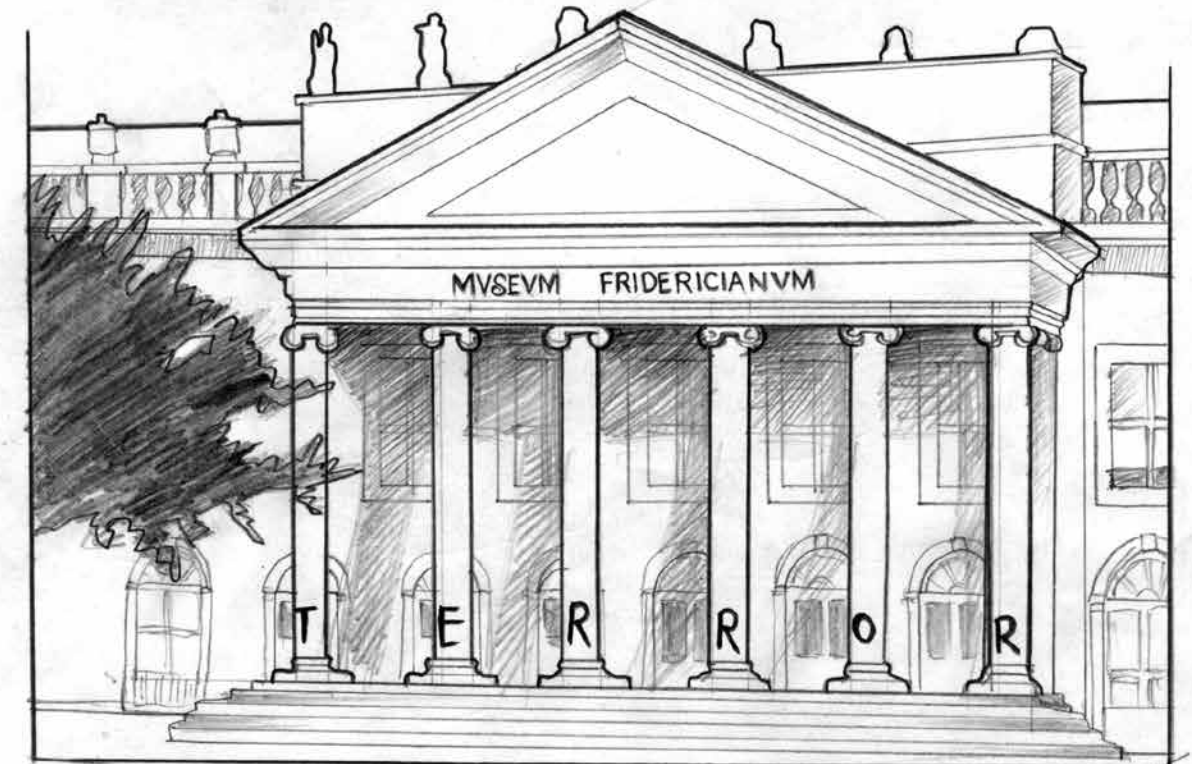
Terro in Fridericianum! Marc Bijl jettied flames at Senior Curator Rene Block's face during his latest magic show.

Fridericianum'da Terör! Marc Bijl son hokkabazlık gösterisinde, Senior Kûratör Rene Block'un suratına alev püskürttü

Don't approach, I tell you, don't dare to come nearer! Shut that telephone, you bitch! Şener, Şenerrrrrrrrr, watch out my backside!

Yaklaşmayın, yaklaşmayın diyorum! Kapat o telefonu orospu! Şener, Şenerrrrrrrr, arkamı kolla!

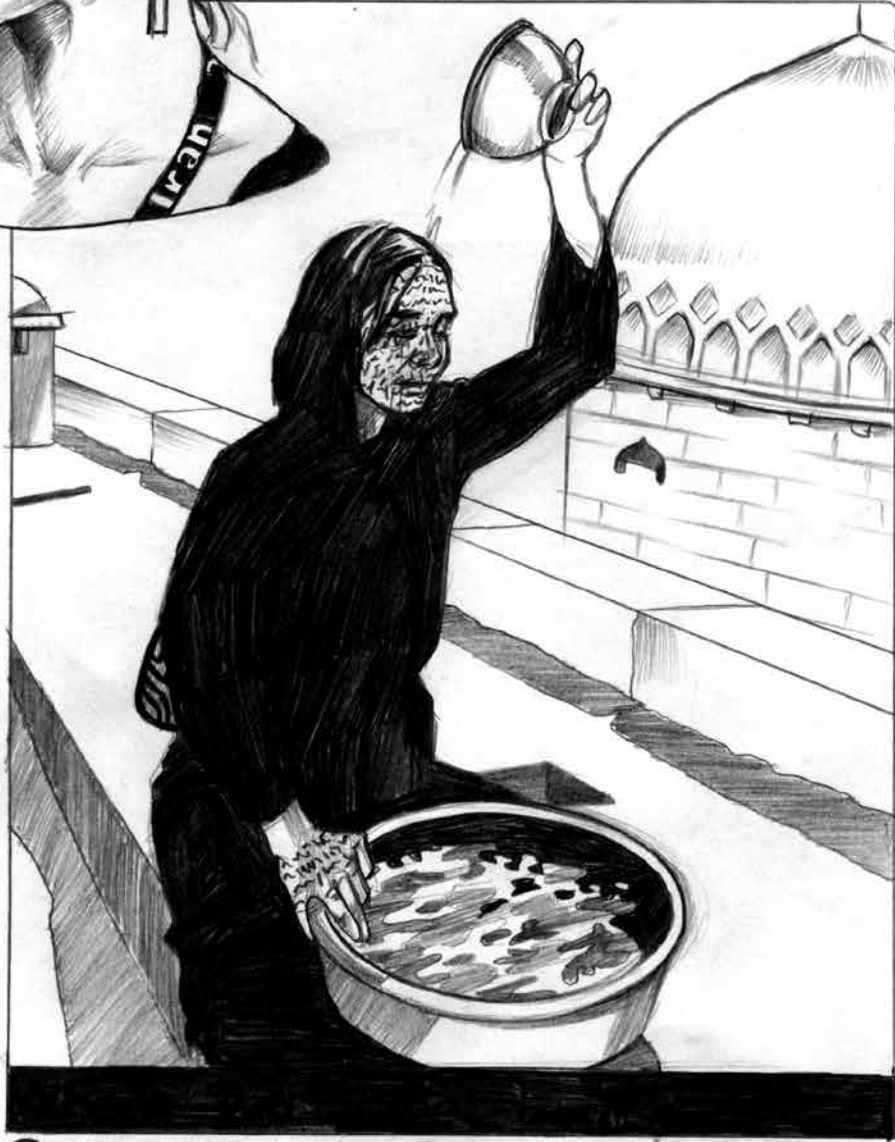
We're done!... Yandık! ...



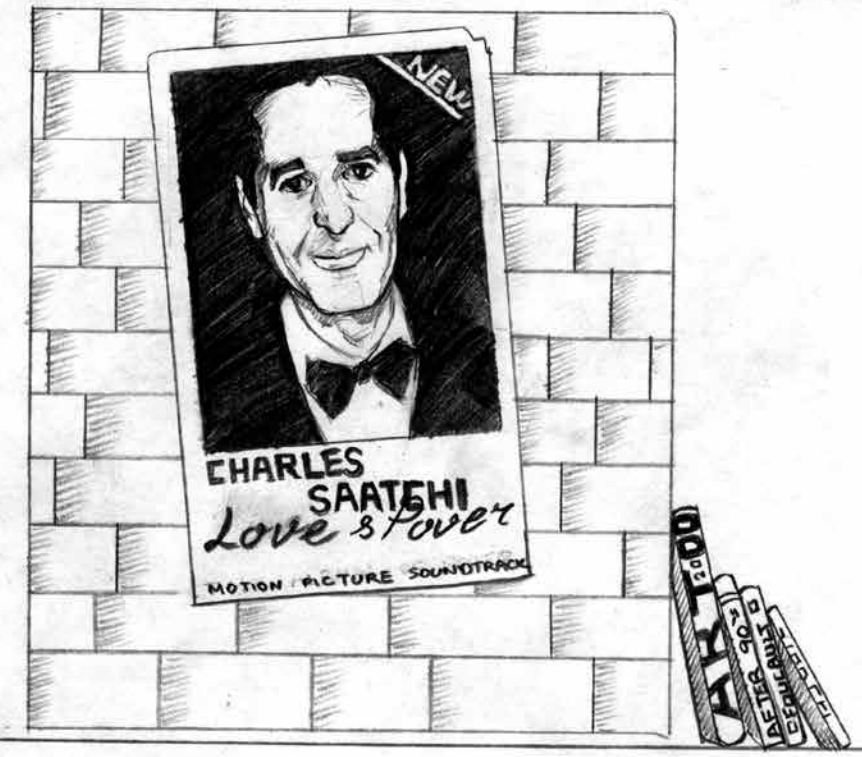


No, no, I am not a convert.
I chose it to get an art fund from EU,
and there is nothing wrong with it!

Hayır, hayır, din değiştirmedim, Avrupa
Birliği'nden sanat fonu almak için bu yolu
seçtim ve bunda yanlış anlaşılacak
bir durum yok!

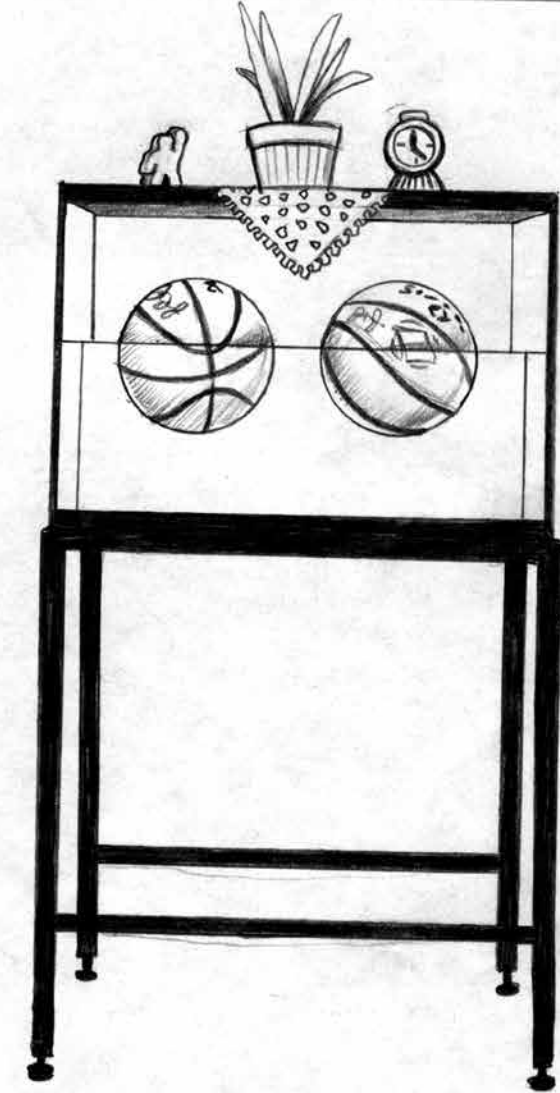


© Manhattan © Iran © Cetinje



Anyone knows how much I paid for a Saatchi poster? Do you think it's easy?

Saatchi'nin afişine ne kadar para saydım, bileniniz var mı?
Bu işleri kolay mı sanıyorsunuz?





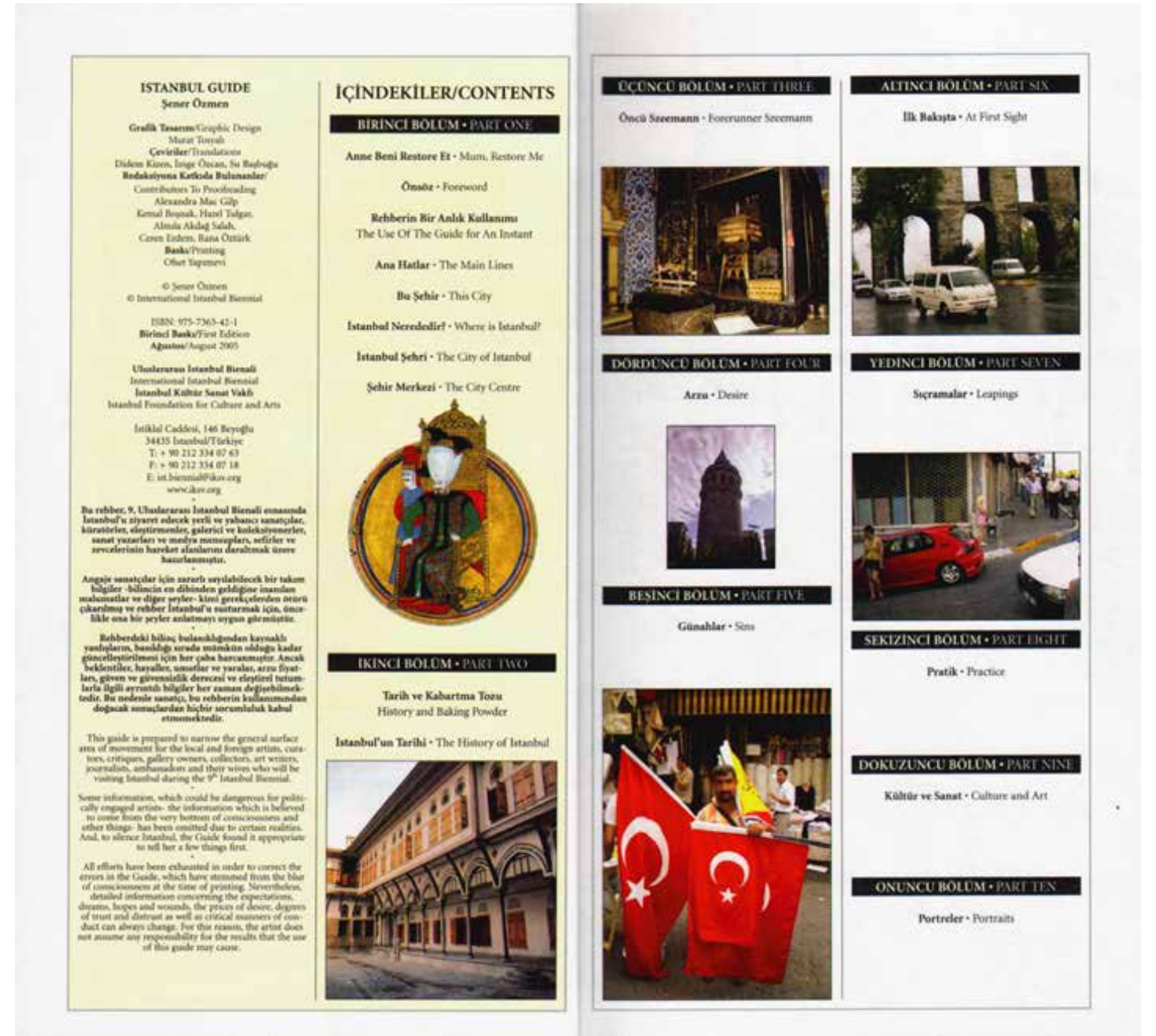
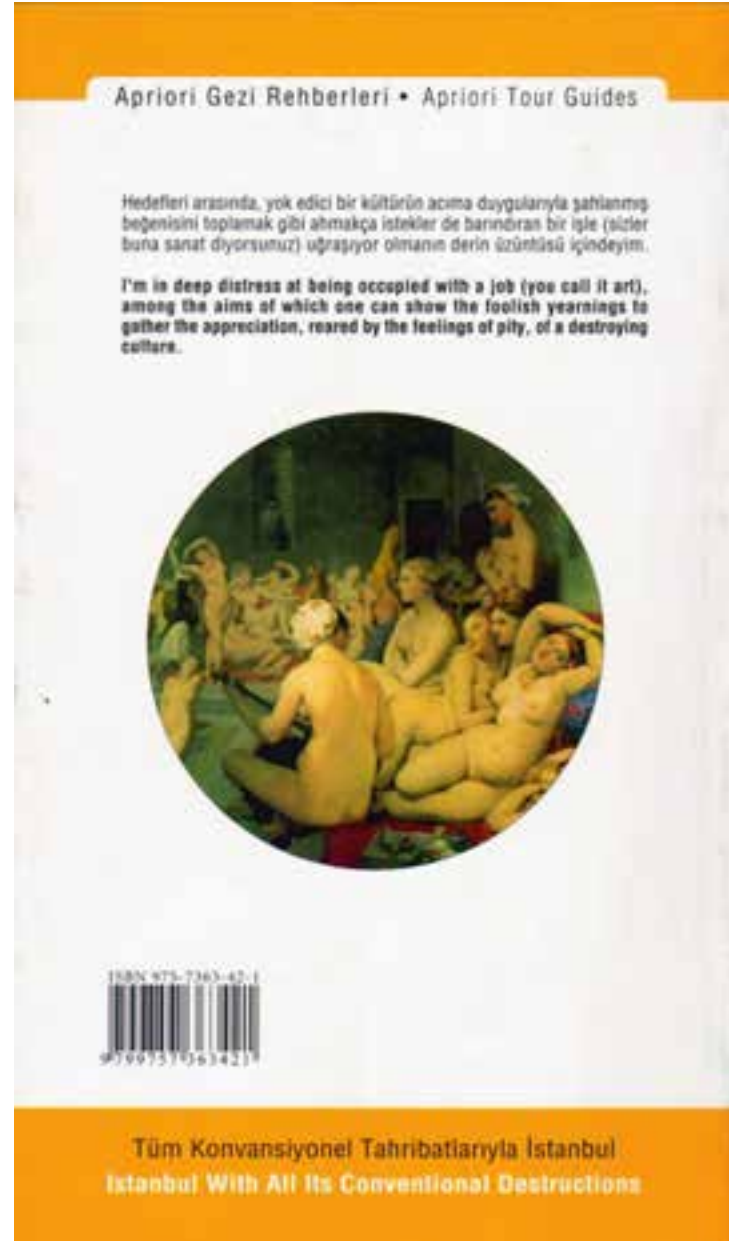
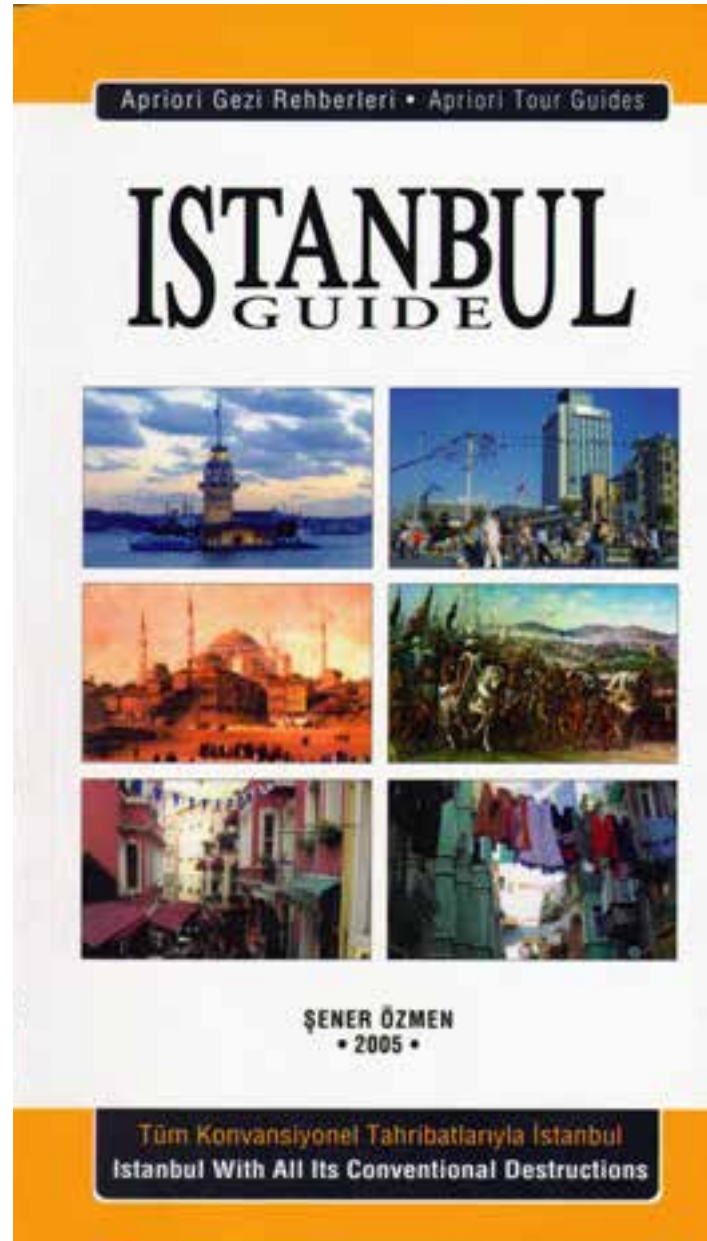
I have enemies!
Düşmanlarım var!

He will never work with Turkish artists! One day he will leave and cut the power of artists of Turkey. He may ask an artist to accompany him. It's impossible to predict who will be this artist, from which ethnic group or art milieu he will be...It's ambiguous. It is said that he was influential in the division into three at the Room Project, or he may have a share in Apex... He would move to Diyarbakır...

Türk sanatçılarla asla çalışmayacak!
Bir gün, apansız çekip gidecek ve fişini çekecek Türkiyeli sanatçıların, Belki, yanına bir de sanatçı alır, kim olacağını şimdiden kestirmek olası değil, hangi etnik kökenden veyahut sanat cemaatinden... muğlak konular bunlar. Oda Projesi'nin üçe bölünmesinde etkili olduğu söyleniyor. Apex'de hissesi olduğu falan... Diyarbakır'a taşınacakmış...

DVD or VHS!





Istanbul Guide Istanbul with All Its Conventional Destructions

176 page, colored.

9th Istanbul Biennial, 2005

Curated by Vasif Kortun & Charles Esche

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İç, hatta oda-İç'nden seslenmeler... Sanatçılar, agorafobinin aşılması için hiçbir girişimde bulunmadıkları gibi -yapabilecekleri bir şey yok-, kamu denilen mutabakat olanagından da uzaklaşarak, sahip oldukları tek fanusun içinden şeyleri gözlemlemeye devam ettiler. Dolayısıyla, "tek ve biricik kamusal alan, sergi mekânıdır" diyen ve bundan öteye en azından Şizotopya'da yaşadığı sürece gitmeyecek olan bu anlayış, yadırganmamalı ve bu durum asla ve asla "yoksunluk" olarak telaffuz edilmemeli, hiçbir platformda hem de! Şizotopya'da "normalizasyon" görüldüğü üzere, normal veya doğa yollarından değil, koşulların zorlamasıyla gerçekleşen "izolasyon" pratiklerine tabii olmakta. Kendisini hiçbir yere ait hissetmemenin verdiği acı -kimileri için rahatlık-, rehberdeki lekelerin en koyusu

Göreceğiz

Biliyorsunuz, İstanbul merkeziliğinden -ve süngersi yapısından- hiçbir şey kaybetmedi. Pek yumuşak ve koparılması güç bir jehir oldu her zaman. Onu Şizotopya'dan ve kuşkusuz diğerlerinden ayıran en belirgin özellik, gözeneklerinin çokluğu muydu? Bunu göreceğiz...

Şener Özmen

Diyarbakır, geçici esenlik günleri...

(1) Bakım, Gunnar Ekelerf, Engjyon Premi Överine, Dönan, Çev: Ebat Ayta, Hildelaf Press, Stockholm 1992. Alıntılayan: Rahat Alakım, Eski İstanbul Kırkları (1453-1925), Avesta, İstanbul 1998.
(2) Eski İstanbul Kırkları (1453-1925), Rahat Alakım, Avesta, İstanbul 1998, s. 23.



assessed -there is nothing they can do- becoming more and more distant from that instance of agreement called 'public'. Therefore, the understanding which claims that "the only and the single public sphere is the exhibition space" and which won't go beyond this (at least during the time it inhabits Schiziotopia) shouldn't be seen as odd. Furthermore, this situation should never be regarded as a "deprivation", in any platform whatsoever! As it is seen, in Schiziotopia, "normalisation" corresponds with the "isolation" practices that are realised through the manipulation of the conditions, as opposed to the normal or natural ways. The pain -ease for some- that comes from the feeling of belonging nowhere is the darkest of all the stains in the guide.

We'll see

You know that İstanbul lost nothing of its centrality -and its spongy structure. It has always been a city very soft and hard to tear off. Is it the abundance of its pores, which distinguishes it from Schiziotopia and from the others doubtlessly? We'll see this...

Şener Özmen

Diyarbakır, days of temporary well-being...

(1) Gunnar Ekelerf, Collected Poems On the Prince of Engjyon, Trans: Ebat Ayta, Hildelaf Press, Stockholm 1992. Quoted by: Rahat Alakım, Old İstanbul Kırkları (1453-1925), Avesta, İstanbul 1998.
(2) Old İstanbul Kırkları (1453-1925), Rahat Alakım, Avesta, İstanbul 1998, p. 23.

Hedefleri arasında, yok edici bir kültürün acıma duygularıyla şahlanmış beğenisini toplamak gibi ahmakça istekler de barındıran bir işle (sizler bunu sanat diyorsunuz) uğraşıyor olmanın derin üzümlüsü içindeyim.

I'm in deep distress of being occupied with (you call it art), among the aims of which one can show the foolish yearning to gather the appreciation, feared by the feelings of pity, of a destroying culture.



The Story Of Tracey Emin

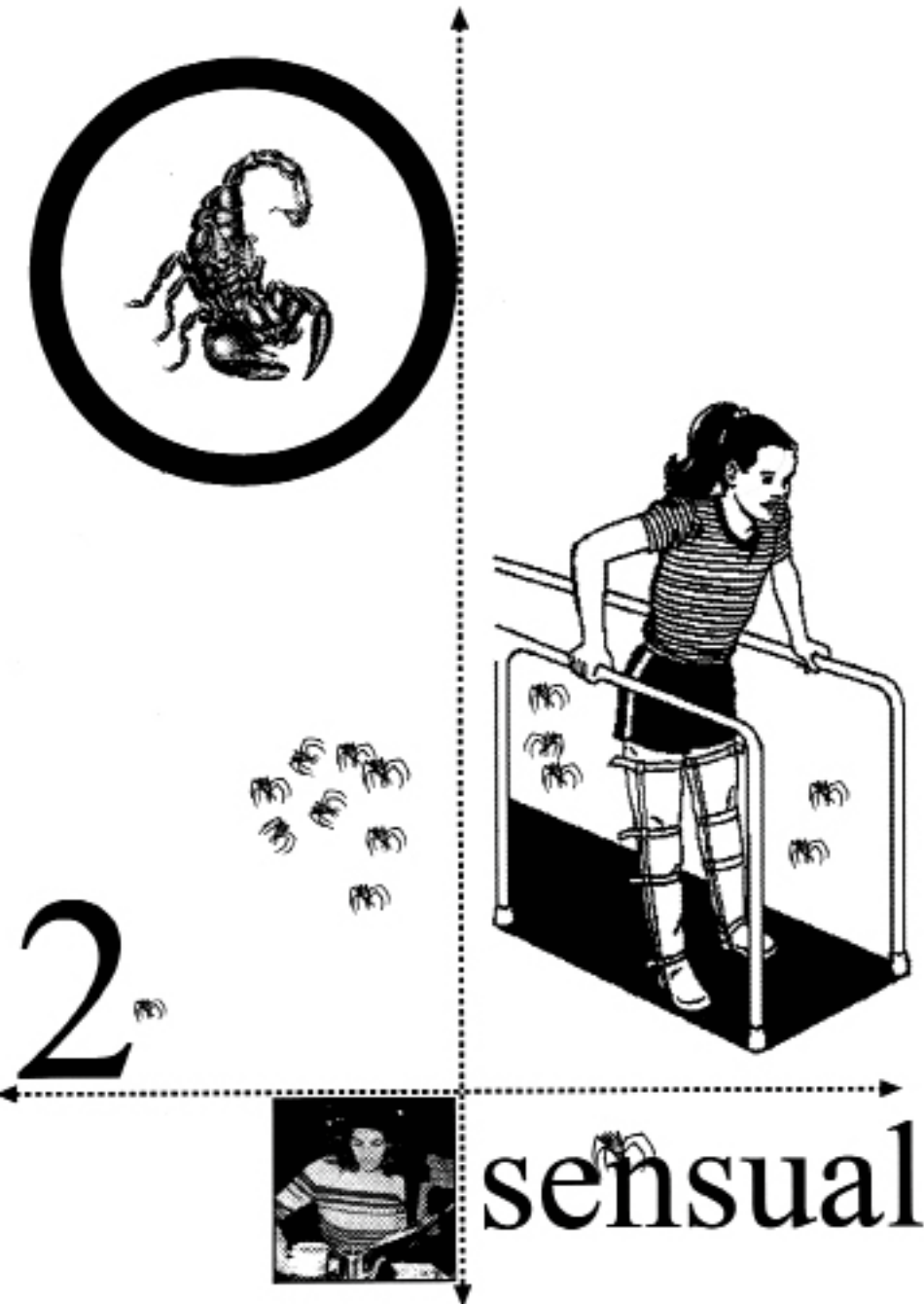
An imaginary kidnapping of Tracey Emin with adult content. Following the Şener Özmen exhibition at Kunstlerhaus, curated by Adnan Yıldız and Edition Taube, the original book from 2000, is now reprinted in a new limited edition. Edition Taube 2011, München, Germany. Numbered edition of 100, saddle stitched, 48 pages, 1c riso print, wrapped in platin bag 16x21 cm, ET028

THE STORY OF TRACEY EMIN

TWENTY FIRST CENTURY

Abdulkaki Readymade welcomed the twenty-first century in the castle, with plans of abducting Tracey Emin, the pampered girl of Young British Art. There were neither any windows nor a door in his modestly furnished room. That did not disturb him at that moment, and besides, he could share now the excitement of the swallow that was trying to put its nest in the corner of the ceiling. Watching the birds struggle helped him make up his mind. Could he do it? Could he kidnap Tracey Emin from London to the Autonomous Zone as he planned? Abdulkaki Readymade assured himself that he could -if everything goes all right. His lips revealed a sardonic smile. It seemed to him, that every single part of his sweating body looked forward for the realisation of his plan. That was a positive sign, he thought. They weren't going to let him down. He could still not believe how on earth he came up with a conceit like this. It would be the most reckless performance of the new century. And the only witness of that would be the pampered girl of London. Abdulkaki Readymade suddenly rose out of his bed, crouched on the ground, started to move his body rhythmically back and forth, like in a reading session of the Koran: "T-ra-cey! T-ra-cey! T-ra-cey! you'll be mine!" As the sun disappeared behind mountains turning into a glorious vista, Abdulkaki Readymade fell into a deep sleep.

1



KARL MARX

He was in the middle of a strange dream. He was sitting beside the tomb of Karl Marx and crying like a woman. Clad completely in black, Abdülbaki Readymade shed his tears onto the grave that was formed like a swallow's nest. The graveyard watchman was observing him with curiosity and murmuring: "The mode of production of the material life determines the political, intellectual and cultural aspects of the life as well." Suddenly a woman appeared. She claimed that she was Tracey Emin. She was beautiful. Caressing Abdülbaki Readymade's hair, she told him: "Darling, let's make love. Let us experience a trans-ideological adventure." Abdülbaki Readymade screamed violently. He woke up. His room was dark. Half-naked, he ran outside. His friends were eating sweet melon under the pale light of a gas-lamp. Abdülbaki Readymade wanted to have water. They gave a glass of water to their reader and didn't ask him anything. "I don't know how we can survive the winter", he said, "the conditions of the castle are obvious. Any further spending would be foolish. Tomorrow you should check the rooms, and seal the cracks and the holes with whatsoever. We have to prepare firewood now. Cover the windows with your blankets."

3



Biraz su iç baba. Çok konuştun. Ağzın, dilin kurumuştur. Sözlerinin önemli pasajlarını yazdım. Bu defteri hayatım boyunca yanımdan ayırmayacağım. Bir kardeşim olduğunu bilmem iyi oldu. Söz veriyorum, bulacağım onu baba. İç baba, iç, kana kana iç!

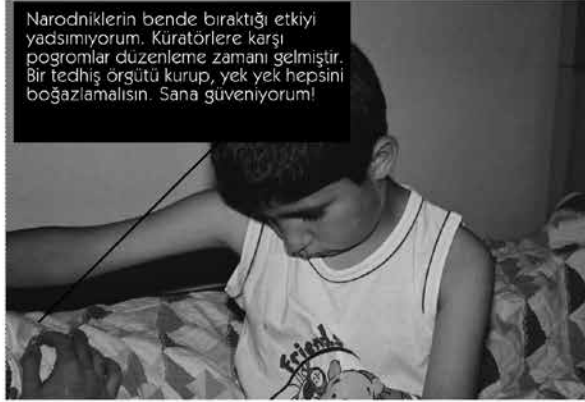


"Bence en iyisi, biz buna son derece temel politik eylem diyelim. Acımasızca, Seattle'ı, Lubiana'ya getirmektir. Ve bu atmosferi. Bence gerçekten başarılıydı. Sanırım son derece resmi ve boktan bir sunuma, radikal demokratik ve anar*ist bir havayı getirebildik. Amaç bir yandan da bunu izleyicinin tatminine yönelik olarak yapmamaktı. Bu da önemli. İnsanlar alkışlamaya başladığında onlara..."

Küçük Dadam, yavrum... güçlü kuratörler sanatı ve sanata dair tüm konseptleri kendi tekellerine almayı başardılar. Bugün onlarsız sanat yapılamıyor. Hiçbir sanatçı, kuratörsüz hareket edemiyor. Tam bir esaret durumu! İğrenç! Oysa sanat, esaretten kurtuluşun yoluydu. Sanat esarete bir başkaldırıydı. Bir isyan!



Narodniklerin bende bıraktığı etkiyi yadsımiyorum. Kuratörlere karşı pogromlar düzenleme zamanı gelmiştir. Bir tedhiş örgütü kurup, yek yek hepsini boğazlamalısın. Sana güveniyorum!



Sanat hiçbir dönem, şimdilerde olduğu denli yavaşça temsil edilmemiştir. Bu temsiller seni yanıltmasın. Sponsorluk üzerinden giden bir yaratıcılıktan söz ediyorum. Bu bağımlılık hali, yaratıcılık denen mayayı, bir ishal yığınınna çevirdi. Boktan bir durum anlayacağın!



Sanat öldü mü baba? Bu göstergeler sanatın öldüğünü imlemiyor mu? Geçenlerde biraz Sartre takıldım. Bir angajelikten bahsediyordu. Ama sanırım yazara ilişkin olarak...

Benim oğlum Sartre okuyor! Mükemmel! Bir parça Derrida, az biraz da Nietzsche öğren. Marks'ı unutma sakın! Kitaplığimdaki Hegel'leri yak! Spinoza'ya burun kıvrma! Lenin'den uzak dur!



manifesta cinayetleri-11

Kalbim tekliliyor... Ahhh! Dadam, Dadacığım! Barbara'ya gidiyorum! Barbara çağırıyor! Duyuyor musun? Annenin tatlı sesi bu! Geliyorum Barbara! Geliyorum bebeğim! Sana söylediklerini harfiyen uygula Dadam! I-ghh-ghh! Alexander Brener gidiyor! Hay sikiyim! Seni belli belirsiz görüyorum. Gözlerim de gitti! Gelince, top yekun geliyor şerefsizler! Hüseyin Bahri Apteğin'e biraz borcum olacaktı. Ode onu!



Baykam'ın Kemik Roman'ını okudun mu? Bende korsanı olacaktı. Bir asansörde oku okuyacaksan! Sil gözyaşlarını! Sil diyorum sana! Alexander Brener'in oğlu ağlamamalı! Ali Akay'a "Dikey ve Yatay Kùltürler" diye çiftl bir kavram vermişim. Al onları! Onlar benim kavramlarım!



Azrail kapıda... Çiçekler soluyor... Güneş batmak üzere... Yel değirmenleri durdu... Söndü Zerdüş'tün ateşi... Mabret kapanıyor... Son Kürtler de uçtu... Dada! Dadaaa!!! Dadaaa!!! Da.....



HAYIRRRR!!!
HAYIRRRR!!!
HAYIRRRR!!!
HAYIRRRR!!!



BABAAA!!!
BABAAA!!!
BABAAA!!!
BABAAA!!!

Brener öldü. Çağın en büyük sanatçısı ruhunu teslim etti. Dada çığlık çığlığıydı. Sanat Tarihi'nin Alexander Brener'e ayrılan sayfaları taş kesildi. Bu trajedi karşısında Küçük Dada'nın küçük yüreği dayanabilecek miydi? Dada, babası gibi güçlü olabilecek miydi? Babasının vasiyetini harfiyen yerine getirebilecek miydi? Tüm bu soruların yanıtını ben de merak ediyorum. MANIFESTA. CİNAYETLERİ tüm hızıyla sürüyor. Yaşasın Alexander Brener ve ardılları!



BABAAAAA!!!

manifesta cinayetleri-12

Schizo-Notebook, 1998
Handmade notebook



SÖZ'ün masumiyetine inanırdım bir zamanlar. Bir zamanlar ben de deli gibi sevmiştim... Çok sonradan, Heideggerce söylersek; "dünyanın içinde ke dünyayla birlikte olarak", bir insanın başına gelebilecek en büyük felaketin "ölüm" değil de, "Dil" olduğunu farkettiğimde; o bençe yüklenmiş masumiyet imgesi, yerini giderek deruni bir korkuya bıraktı. Dil bir gazaptı! Söz ve onun gizli imlere dönmüş gerçekliği, işte bu gazabın lanetlenmiş birliğiydi. Dil diyorum ya, esasen söz tabanındaki o tahrik gücü yüksek bombadan bahsediyordum. Şa da asla görünmeyecek bir kombinasyonla, üzeri mukozayla örtülü toprağına mayınlar ekilmiş arkak bir cürümden. Bu cürüm kanımı dondurmuş benim. Dehşet içinde bekliyordum.

Bir nekropolise girdiğimi anımsıyorum. Eski bir şehrin büyük kabristanına. Veyahut, adına "gelenek" dedikleri ve ustalarınca bir cennetmekân, bir söylem kolonisi; bir söz imparatorluğu, kurtarılmış bir bölge, bir katharsis yurdu olarak tasarlanmış, ama bugün karanlık ve dolambaçlı sokaklarında sadece duyurğasız birkaç böcek türünün gezindiği günümüz sanatına... ve bir dinibütün gibi, yümüllardır süregelen şu yanılsama ayinine bir an önce katılmak üzere, us'u sonsuza dek terk edip yolları düştüğümü... de anımsıyorum.

Günümüz sanatı, mucizeler yaratan büyüklü değneğini kaybetmiş, büyü yapamaz olmuştur. Modernizmin beyaz otlu prensini, çiftin bir postmodern kurbagaya dönmüşken o kurbagayın yok edecek sanatı neredeydi? Ve neden, birzot bu kurbagayın kendi, çağdaş sanatta yeni bir eğitim, stillara durgunluk verecek bir ilerleme, tarihin hiçbir döneminde tonk olunmamış bir vitalite olarak gündemleşiyordu?

Genç yeteneklerin verilmiş sadakası var. Onlar, çağdaş sanatın en müstesna buluşlarından biriyle, sanatın "arasılık" denilen ara-formülüyle ödüllendirildiler. Şimdi, bir genç fakatlık marşına hayır diyemem. Tam zamanı!

Haziran 1998, Diyarbakır

Asım Kızılçanak, koca bir günü zahidesiz geçirdi. Öğkaye doğru, umudu hepten tükendiğinde, canı epey sıkılmış olarak yatağı boşalttı bedenini. Baftanijenin altında gündüz düşleri kurarak, bile isteye acı çekecekti...

Buları buralara kadar getiren dil yanlışlarının hesabını tutmaktansa, cürümün telerür olasılığını ortadan kaldırmak daha doğru olur diye düşünerek, sivişum kolları.

GÖNDERMELİ YILLAR

90'lı yıllar, özellikle plastik sanatlarda "göndermeli" çakemaların ağırlikta olduğu yıllar oldu. Göndermeyen hiçbir sanatçı kalmadığı gibi, gönderme bir çığır olarak hareketle işlene durdu. Sergi demek, gönderme demekti. Birün demek, gönderilmiş bir şeyler var demekti.

(Duram edebilir...)

Şanlı bir rey! ya da bir adale kasılması...

İGERİĞİN BU MU DÜNYA!?

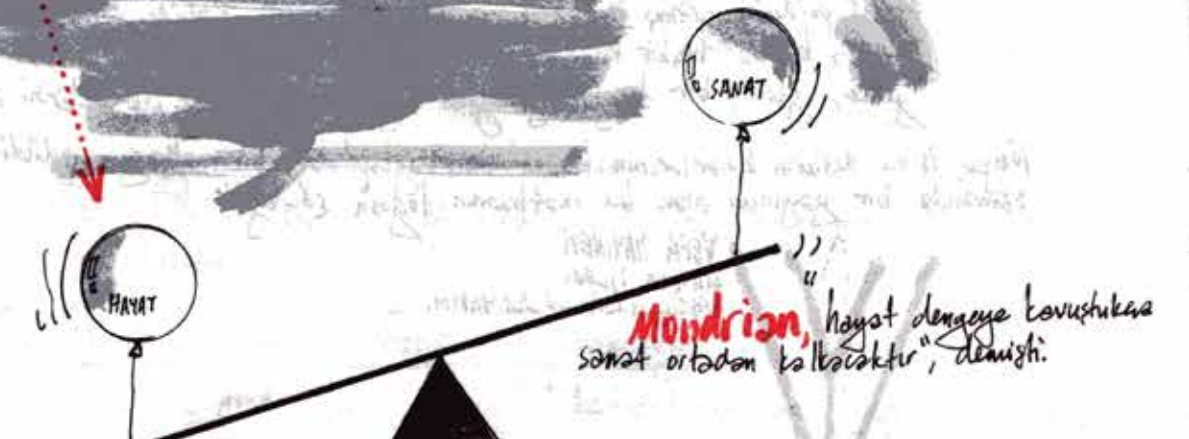


İki yaşlı ve genevaz kadın bindi Ergani dolmuşuna, hareket etmeden önce. Yolu sayı 11'e tamamlanmıştı. Kadınlar en arka koltuklara gökti. Birer birer, oluksa dinamik bir Kürteyle konuşmaya başladılar. Yanındaki herif, uykü serseriliğinden olacak, kadınlara dönüp, nereye gittiklerini sordu. Gormaz olundu. Öyle bir yükleniler ki herife... Herif, pes etmek zorunda kaldı. Şişmançası, biri sallaşp geçen her aşkeri kuu araca, duzlar atmaya başladı: Xwedê we star bike, xwedê we star bike...

KİMLİK KONTROLÜNDEN GEÇİYORUZ

Öğrencim soruyor: Hocam, insan resmi giymek günah değil mi?

Tanıt veriyorum: Senin, şu an benimle konuşan bile günah!



4 km'yi göre alıp yürümeye koyuluyorum. Tuzlanmış ve tuzlanmış bir Dil. Bir sülfür Dil! Sidde'li bir kor fırtınasına yatalanmış bir Dil olarak, benim dilim. Bilişiminin dili. Neyle körleşmenin kutsandığı sızdı uzam. Gözbaşı. Molayan bir kurtkule. Bağışlayan ve bağışlayan yaz. Bir ardukuşu: Tanrıların habercisi. Bir kıymetli ana süti. Alendilime. kan süti. Decol. Körpe bulut. Apansız bir ölüm, ölümler. Küskünlük. Sana othında direttiğim kamoye. DİCLE! Sarıkanatlı yalancı güneş kelebeği. Akşamın gıhacı. Dillerde bir sathilik. Uysal ter. Hiçbir yazı unutmam! Kundaga sarılı bataklık. Doğusunda yumuşak tığ. Hareket halinde bir böcek süresi. Gözbaşı diyor o anayirginden, keşerli süzgeci alırlan. Ayrılık, füzane bir düşünce olarak geçiyor. Bu oda, bu ışık, bu oturma ve olası yaban! Telas, çar-göp, sustalı, bir domingolu makasası. Hayanica, Pek Hayanica! Kromozom gümbürüsü. Çınlayan ayyar otu. Zar. Deşir bu günü Fener!

BİR ŞİİR-HEKTUP BELKİ DE, DİYARBAKIR'DAN İSTANBUL'A

Aylar sonra ISLIK'laştı bu yürüyüş! TOPLU KIYIM-ŞİİRLERİ OLARAK.

SONUT RESME EĞİT YOK DİYARBAKIR'DA!

Diğerbatur Devlet Güzel Sanatlar Galerisi'nde bir sergi gördüm. F. Hadler'in HAYAL KIRIK-
LİĞİNA UGRAMANLAR adlı sergisinin köhi bir kopyası var. Ressam, varoluşu olduğunu
söylüyor. Genem düşünür yine. Bu adamları Genç Etkinlik'e katılmaları için kışık eden-
ler var. Aklına, UPSD'nin 2036 yılında, "BİLİNG VE OLASI-BİLİNGLER" konseptiyle kırk
birincisini gerçekleştireceği Genç Etkinlik sergisine göndermeyi umut ettiğim "BAĞIMSIZ
KÜLT-TABLETLER adlı düşsel gelişim geliyor. Kafa yormaya değer.

Eski cazibesini yitirmiş, yeni imajıyla köşe başındaki yerini tutmuş olan
Nietzsche'ye bir kınaya, önünden geçmekte ısrar eden genç, şehircengiz
bir üslupta sesleniyor: İyi muamele ederim. Geliyor da!

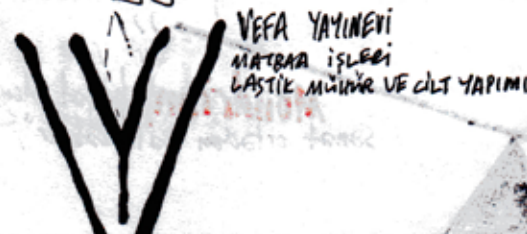
Acaba, derin anlamlarını idrak etmekte zorlandığımız ürünler var mıydı? Bunlar ne
tür ürünlerdi. Dayanılmaz derecede sıkıcı ürünler vardı.

BİR UYARI:

FLASH BACK Kızılkostüm soyadını, Kızılotkinlik olarak değiştir!

Asım Kızılotkinlik, günbogu, sönmüş, kamışında bir kaputla çarşı-pazar doluşup, dur-
du. Ar perdesini yırtmış dışlar kurmuştu bütün gece. Zehide, tam vaktinde
geliyor, başka hiçbir işle meşgul olmadan, sevmeye başlıyorduk. O gelme-
yince, gıcır bir beygüzlüğü jilet niyetine kullanarak, bileklerini zımmıştı.

Nayce, iş bu defa kenarlarının kesimi için, Dağkapı'daki bir matbaaya göndirdi. Aynı
zamanlarda bir yayınevi olan bu matbaanın logosu şöyleydi:



Ağır yorganlar altında biçimleniyor uyku. Tanker Vesile'nin serpilmiş kızları gırıl gırlak.
Kadınlar ağda partilerinde buluşuyor. Zekine, çocuk düşürmenin yeni bir yolunu bulmuş.
Yasemin öğretmenin ağzı büyük. Orası da büyüktür diyor Aco. Semra den döndü.
"Teslim ol" çağrısı. Tabakaduk. Asker ödüllendirilecek. Komutanı künemi çıkarıyor.
Hımm... Resim Bölümü... öğrenci... Lan oğlum, yanlış adamı yakalamışsınız. Bu
meteoroloji memurunun oğlu. Öyle mi? Erret. Ya değilken? Asker, şununla evine kadar
git. Sor bakıyım babama, oğlum, değil mi?

Dikiş makinesinin parçaları. Çark lastiğini buluyor. "Bulduk, komutanım!" Ne bu? "Komutanım,
fıtil, fuy fıtili...eee..." Oktalı bir tokat iniyor suratına. Düşüyor kepi.

SİNEMA

Asım Kızılotkinlik, Lahdo'nun sinemasında işe giriyor. İlk yömniyesiyle, oynamak
bir cep sineması alıyor. Anısına, bir hard-porno filminden alınmış kareyi gös-
teriyor.



Erdoğan'ın oğlu öğretiyor ona nasıl oturur bir çekildiğini. Asım Kızılotkinlik, fıstıktan sıvının
beyin olduğunu düşünüyor. Accayıp korkuyor. Yine de yapmadan edemiyor. Bir gece,
sinemadan eve dönerken, ateşli iniltiler geliyor kulagina bir tümülükten. Merakla, tüm-
lüse doğru ilerliyor. Aman Allahım! Sano bu, bizim Sano, Süryani Sano! Sano'ya,
o karanlıkta düşü mi, erkek mi olduğu belirsiz bir egeci düzeten yakalayıyor.

acının bunları. Bir cürmün tanığıym ben. Adı "cürm" olan bir cürmün. Bir vezidi
güzel idi Besna. Gönlü verdiği Lato'ya kaçı. Lato müslüman. Cennete git-
mek isteyenler vardı. Veriler peşlerine. Bir kaç ay sonra, bir kuyasığının
buldular ikisini de. Lato'nun kafasına kurşun sıkıldı. Besna'ya taşıyarak
öldürdüler. Uç aylık hamileydi.

Doğru mu bütün bunlar?

Elbette, hatta şu simsar Bedro'nun da cumeilerden biri olduğunu biliyoruz.

Sonra?

Sonra olaylar başladı işte. Süryanilerin düğünleri basıldı. Çocukları zincirlendi.
Köpekleri boğazlandı.

Anaem, Maryem'in saçlarını örüyor. Dünyanın en güzel süryani kızı. Bir Şamiram!

Haç i Dicle'de, balık avlarken buldum. Oltama takılmıştı. Yıllarca sakladım. Sonra
ne oldu bilmiyorum. Herhalde, göste kaybolup gitti. Ya da birine verdim.

ZIRRRRRR!..... Alo. Merhaba. Çalışıyorum. Seni özledim. Fotoğraflar...
Fatma mı? Bulabilirsem.

BİR UYARI: Asım'ın soyadını Kızılkonsept olarak değiştir!

ENKAZ-1 COĞRAFYA. Akademisyen bir polisevi, "çok karmaşık" diye açıklıyor.

P A N E L

BODY ART: AĞRISIZ KANSIZ FENNİ SÜNNETİN TARİHİ

NİLGÜN DÜĞÜN SALONU

TARİH: 7 MART 2039

SAAT: 17.15

ORGANİZATÖR: HAKİKAT KİTAPÇI

FLASH BACK

GÜNÜMÜZ SANATINDA BUNALIM...

Asım Kızıldaş, "daha başka ne yapabilirim?" diye düşünmeye başladı. Zahi-
de'ye daha neler yapabilirim? Bunalmış, tipteki günümüz sanatı-
nın içine girdiği günümüz sanatı. Sanatta da herşey" denenmişti.
Kimileri, "görsel olarak birşey olmadığını, artık salt oyun oynamak ge-
rektiğini" söylüyorlardı. Asım Kızıldaş kendi kendine söylüyordu. "Her-
neden geldiği dayandığı sınır nedir? Denenmeyen bir şey keldi mi
aslında? Asım Kızıldaş, Zehide'yi yanına çağırdı. "Unuttuğumuz bir
şey var mı Zehidem?" dedi. Zehide, "bilmiyorum, olabilir de, ol-
mayabilir de" dedi. Asım Kızıldaş "unuttuğumuz bir şey olmalı!" dedi,
sinikli sinikli. Zehide, kulağını indirip Asım Kızıldaş, dudaklarını
dayadı. "Hiç uyardım mı?" diye sordu. Zehide, "bilmem, hiç anım-
sıyıyorum" dedi. Asım Kızıldaş, tüpü tüpü ısırdı da ısırdı. Za-
hide müdahale etmese, klitorisinden ağlasak. Asım Kızıldaş,
koparmak istemiyordu. Zehide, ayağına rasmen geldi. Asım Kızıl-
daş, "bunu da yapmıştık, şimdi hatırlıyorum" dedi. Birden, derin
bir umutsuzluk kapladı Asım Kızıldaş'ın yüreğini. Sex öldü! di-
ye bağırıyordu. Zehide, arkasını döndü. Asım Kızıldaş "girmem"
dedi. Zehide, "n'olur" dedi. Asım Kızıldaş, "Sex öldü!" diye
bağırıyordu bir kenar dolaş. "Herşeyi, herşeyi denedik! Yapacak hiçbir
şey yok artık!" dedi. "Bekleyelim" dedi. Zehide ağlamaya baş-
ladı. Asım Kızıldaş, "ağlama" dedi. "Bekleyelim..."

BİR UYARI: Kızıldaş soyadını, Kızılbeğleyiş olarak değiştirdi!

ASIM KIZILBEKLEYİŞ
DOSYASI
ŞİMDİLİK RAFA
KALDIRILDI!

HİÇBİR ŞEY OLMADI!

BU PENCERE 8.30'da AÇILDI!



DANTEL SERGİSİ
EMRE ZEYTİNOĞULLU
10 OCAK - 22 ŞUBAT 2038

YER: OFİS ALTGEÇİDİ AÇILIŞ: 10 OCAK 2038 ORGANİZATÖR: ŞAHAR EŞLERİ



Kadına bakıp, büküklerini buruyordu bir yandan...

RUTİN'

«RUTİN'E GÜNCE» SAYFALARININ SAĞLIKLI BİR ŞEKİLDE
ÇÖZÜMLENMESİ İÇİN, DÖRT KİŞİDEN OLUŞAN BİR GÖSTER-
GEBÜLCÜ HEYETİNE GEREK VAR. LÜTFEN BU UYARIMI
DİKKATE ALIN.

Şener



